

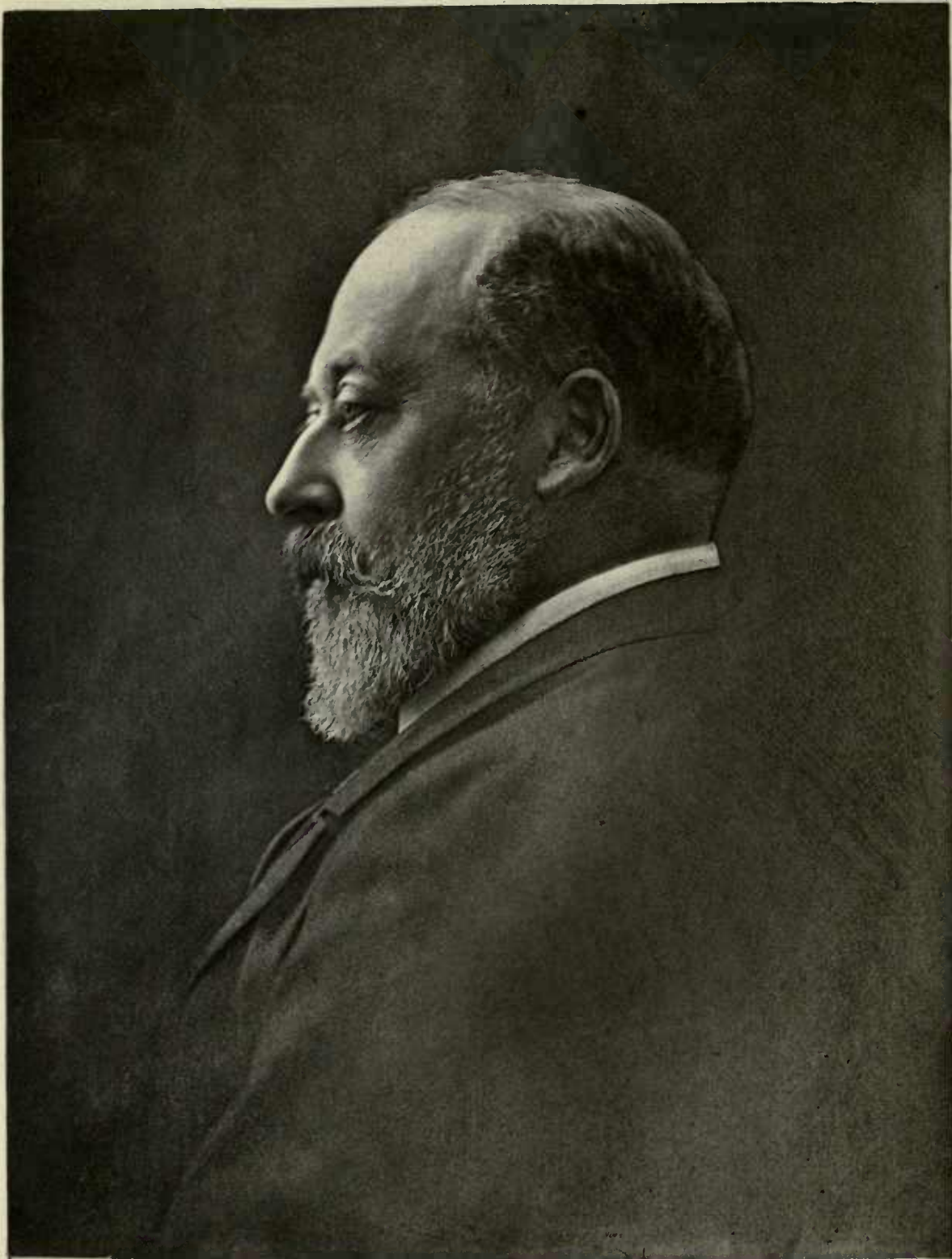
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His Majesty King Edward VII
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A HISTORY OF
THE
ENGLISH TURF

BY
THEODORE ANDREA COOK, M.A., F.S.A.

"If I were to begin life again I would go on the Turf to get friends. They seem to me the only people who really hold close together. I don't know why; it may be that each knows something that might hang the other, but the effect is delightful and most peculiar."—*Harriet, Lady Ashburton, to Lord Houghton.*

With Illustrations

VOL. III.



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THE BEST STALLION NOW ALIVE

AND OF

DONOVAN, AYRSHIRE, MEMOIR, MRS. BUTTERWICK,
AMIABLE, LA ROCHE, CARBINE, AND WILLIAM THE THIRD

WHO BEARS A

NAME

AS ILLUSTRIOUS IN THE ANNALS OF HIS COUNTRY

AS IT IS FAMOUS IN THE HISTORY OF

THE ENGLISH TURF

This Third Volume is by Permission Dedicated

BY

THE WRITER.

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(VOL. III.)

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A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH TURF.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME EARLY VICTORIAN OWNERS.

“ . . . The sport which Grafton loves,
Which Spencer, Portland, Albemarle approves ;
Which kings have fostered, and a country's pride,
Protest who may, will never cast aside.”

IT is a curious reflection that of the three men represented in the picture of *Miss Elis* (p. 462) which illustrated my chapter on Lord George Bentinck, two were alive when I was writing these pages in December, 1902 : John Kent, who holds the mare, and Abdale her jockey. The latter died about the middle of that month, and there cannot be many left who rode in the Goodwood Meeting of 1845, where the three-year-old *Miss Elis* won both Stakes and Cup. The field for the first numbered twenty-three, of which three besides the winner belonged to Lord George, his *John o' Gaunt* finishing fourth. Three were aged horses, two were six-year-olds, seven were five-year-olds, and four were four-year-olds. The mare only carried 5st. 7lb., and ran away with Kitchener nearly to the top of Trundle Hill after passing the winning-post. The next day she carried 7st., receiving 4lb. from Mr. Gully's *Weatherbit*. Abdale rode her without spurs, and she won easily from a field of twelve, bringing in a heavy wager for Lord George, who was not sorry to have “got the better of Danebury.”

Abdale had previously won the One Thousand that year on the Duke of

Richmond's *Picnic*, which is the only classic standing to his name. He also carried off the Newmarket Handicap on Mr. Drinkald's *Vol au Vent*, the Great Ebor Handicap on Lord Zetland's *Coheiress*, and the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster on *Princess Alice*, after which Mr. Kent entertained a jovial crew, comprising Mr. "Beeswing" Orde, Mr. Pedley, "Assassin" Smith, and others at the Turf Tavern, and Lord George cheerfully paid £75 for their champagne. In 1846 Abdale won the New Stakes at Ascot on Lord George's filly *Slander*, and for Count Bathyany



By permission of Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.

Mr. T. Parr's "Weathergale" (1849) by "Weatherbit."

he secured the Brighton Stakes with *Gannet* in 1846, and the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot with *Tragical* in the next season. At Goodwood in 1848 he won the Chesterfield Stakes with Mr. Drinkald's *Marquis Conyngham*. One of his earliest triumphs was the Great Yorkshire Handicap of 1842 at Doncaster on Sir Charles Monck's *Galanthus*, by *Langar*, when he beat both Tommy Lye and Jem Robinson. His best victory against the latter was in the match between *Miss Elis* (6st. 12lb.) and the Duke of Bedford's *Oakley* (9st. 4lb.) for £300 a side "Across the Flat." His decider on *Red Deer*, after a dead heat with *Newcourt* for the Somersetshire

Stakes, was always admired, and he won the same race again on the celebrated *Sweetmeat*. Twice in the same afternoon he ran a dead heat of three, the first for the Glasgow Stakes on *Binnacle*; the second a £50 Handicap Plate, Ditch In, for which he finished on *Naworth* on level terms with *Little Hampton* and *Alice Hawthorn*. In the Nursery Stakes next day he made yet another dead heat on *Green Pea*, with Chapple on *Dexterous*. Such close finishes seem to have been more common then than now. In 1827 in a handicap plate Across the Flat, Robinson on *Goshawk* (4 yrs., 8st. 6lb.) twice rode a dead heat with Arnall on *Stumps* (5 yrs., 9st. 2lb.), and only just won the £50 on the third attempt. The next year there was a dead heat for the Derby.

In 1840 five two-year-olds started over the last half of the Abingdon Mile, and S. Rogers twice rode a dead heat on *Jessica* against T. Stephenson on the *Fanchon* filly. Then the owners divided. In 1839 *Charles XII.* only won the Leger, after running off a dead heat with *Euclid*; and his half-brother, *Voltigeur*, ran

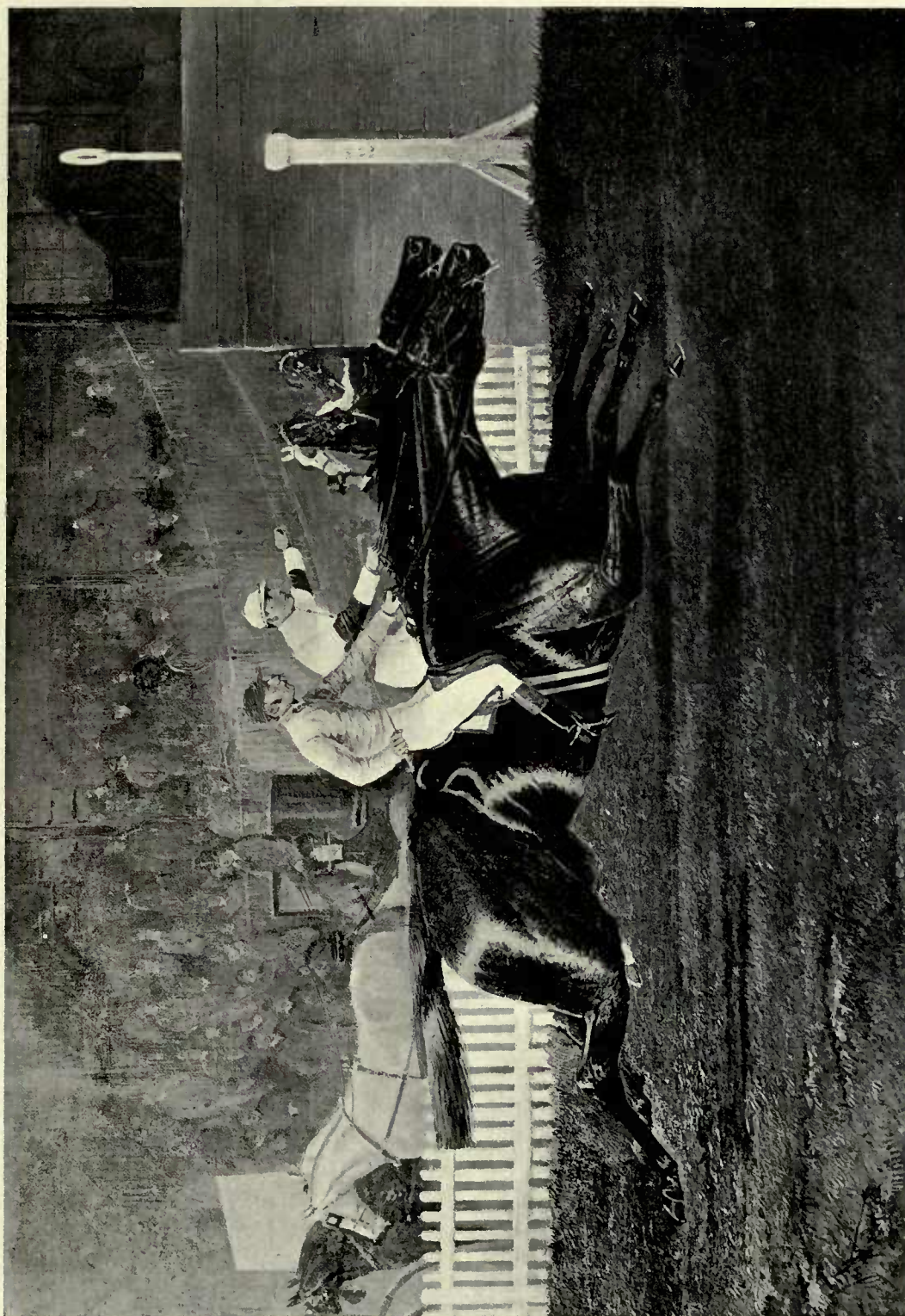


"Melbourne" by "Humphrey Clinker" (1834).

another dead heat with *Russborough* in the same event, but beat the Irish "dark horse" by a length in the decider. Curiously enough, both half-brothers won the Doncaster Cup two days later, as if to emphasise their previous hard-fought victories: *Charles XII.* beat *Beeswing* and *Lanercost*; *Voltigeur* beat *The Flying Dutchman*, with whom his jockey, Marlow, played the fool even worse than he had done in the Derby of the year before. Neither of these results tends to show that a dead heat is necessarily a severe test to a real good horse. *Liston*, a moderate bay belonging to Mr. W. H. Johnstone, also distinguished himself in this manner. Ridden by W. Oates, he ran a triple dead heat for a sweepstake of 10 sovs. with *Beauclerc* (S. Rogers) and *Jenny Lind* (Flatman). In the decider, ridden by F. Butler, he beat *Beauclerc* by a neck, and the mare was a bad third. He

exactly repeated the performance at the next meeting with *Festus* and *Isis*, in a handicap sweepstake of £140, and again won the decider, this time by a larger margin. John Osborne had several somewhat similar experiences as a jockey. He rode *Cathedral* in 1865 a dead heat over three miles at Newcastle with Mr. McKenzie's *Oppressor*, and both horses broke down in the decider, which John won by a neck.

Before Abdale took to training with *Shafto*, a smart son of *Colsterdale*, who ran some races with *Lifeboat* that created great interest in 1859, he had a mount on Lord Zetland's *Skirmisher* (who had been only a neck behind *Saunterer* as a two-year-old at Ripon) in the Derby of 1857. He was fined £10 for disobedience at the post, and among the other jockeys who were there, John Osborne, F. Bates, and William Day survived him, though he was seventy-eight when he died. *Skirmisher* was by *Voltigeur*, who never got a winner of the Derby, Oaks, or Leger, reserving the triumphs of his blood until his line was older. But *Skirmisher*, like *Buckstone*, won the Ascot Cup, though he could not get into a place behind *Blink Bonny* at Epsom. The field he beat at Ascot included *Gemma di Vergy*, *Saunterer*, *Pretty Boy*, *Leamington*, *Winkfield*, *Rogerthorpe*, and *Warlock*. He also beat *Strathnarer* for the Biennial at York, *Fisherman* for the Queen's Plate at Doncaster, at the meeting when the *Blink Bonny* riot took place, and *Saunterer* again for the Doncaster Stakes. Abdale was not in good circumstances when he died, a misfortune from which even increased fees have not sufficed to save all his successors. The first man who ever gave a jockey £500 is supposed to have been Captain Scott; but it is also related that Captain Dowbiggen (concerning whom Lord Panmure sent the enigmatical message during the Crimean War) gave Robinson £1000 for winning the Leger on *Matilda*. Certainly Jem was glad enough to get the Duke of Rutland's annual £50 in memory of *Cadland's* Derby, and was by no means well off at his death. Frank Butler, Nat Flatman, and Sam Rogers did better for themselves. But Aldcroft was not so fortunate; and Norman, who rode *Stockwell* in the Two Thousand and Leger, and *Regalia* in the Oaks, was not much better off in his latter days than Bell or Marlow; while Maidment, who won the Derby on *Kisber* and *Cremorne*, the Oaks on *Hannah*, and the Leger on *Hannah* and *Wenlock*, has become very poor, though not in such bad straits as the late Morris, *Galopin's* jockey. No doubt a boy learns something from his father's experience, whether that experience has been good or evil. The names of Watts and Cannon are sufficiently well-known examples; and there can



By permission of Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.

The Dead Heat between "Lucerne" and "Tristan" for the Champion Stakes of 1884.

hardly be a Loates alive who does not know all there is to know about his profession ; for there was H. Loates with *The Rake* and *Friponnier* ; Ben Loates with a promising son ; T. Loates with *Isinglass* ; and S. Loates with *Harvester* and *Sir Visto*. I do not know whether Abdale left a son ; but I am certain that he never forgot as long as he lived his connection with Lord George Bentinck, for the spell that noble owner left upon his generation is not forgotten yet.

In the pages of those memoirs which reveal as much of his own character as of the weaknesses of his companions, Greville describes his quarrel with Lord George as having begun over "the first good racehorse he possessed, *Preserve*, which I bought for him in 1833. . . . It was evident that our turf connexion could



"Collingwood."

no longer subsist, and accordingly it was instantly dissolved, and other arrangements were made for his stud." The situation improved when Greville had *Mango* in the St. Leger. "John Day told me he was sure Lord George would gladly try him for me. I proposed it to him, and he instantly assented. We went down together and

tried the horse. *Mango* won his trial, won the St. Leger, and George won £14,000 on the race."

The amazement of the Duke, Lord George's father, at "seeing a great number of horses running in the names of men whom he never saw or heard of," was only equalled by his indignation on learning that all those horses belonged to Lord George, who had promised "that he would not bet any more on the Turf." It was only the efforts of the Duchess which at last brought about reconciliation, and even pleasure in news of his son's doings. The quarrel with Greville was only temporarily made up. They became completely estranged, and irrevocably so, over *Crucifix*. The two cousins were as different as possible, and should never have been so closely associated in a pursuit as to the conduct of which they held

diametrically opposite views. Lord George, "iracundus, inexorabilis, acer," never forgave and never forgot. Ten years after their first quarrel, Mr. Greville's *Alarm* was at the post for the Derby in a field of thirty-one. Lord George had his eye upon them, through a large telescope, and it seems to have been with some satisfaction that he presently proclaimed in loud but level tones: "There is a tremendous row at the post. Mr. Hill's *Libel* has just savaged another horse. I think it is Mr. Greville's *Alarm*. . . . It is Mr. Greville's *Alarm*. Now Mr. St. Paul's *Mentor* is joining in the fray. Between them they have forced *Alarm* over the ropes. Nat Flatman is lying on the ground. It looks as though he had broken one arm, which he is nursing with the other hand. He seems unable to rise."

No wonder that Greville wrote in September, 1848, when the news of Lord George's death reached him: "He had the credit of virtues which he did not possess, or which were so mixed with vices that if all had been known he would have been most severely reproached in reference to the matters in which he has been the most loudly



Col. Anson's "Attila" (1839) by "Colwick."

and generally bepraised." This must be taken with all the reservation due to the "strong feelings of alienation and dislike" which the writer confesses to have existed between Lord George and himself. There is no doubt that the domineering attitude Lord George naturally and unaffectedly exhibited towards nearly every one with whom he came in contact accentuated and exacerbated the feelings of the Clerk of the Council. Only when he met men whose eccentricity of character and larger wealth enabled them to stand up to him, did Lord George in the least abate this haughty spirit. The tale of his coming into Crockford's on the eve of the Derby of 1843, and asking for "money" about *Gaper*, has probably been exaggerated by the gambling atmosphere of that notorious place; for it is said that Lord Glasgow promptly replied, "I'll lay you

£90,000 to £30,000," and that "the Napoleon of the Turf" was thereupon bluffed out of the room. I think Greville gives a more correct version of that transaction when he writes on June 6th of that year: "I have been very slightly concerned in this great speculation, but larger sums have been wagered on it than ever were heard of before. George Bentinck backed a horse of his called *Gaper* (and not a good one) to win about £120,000. On the morning of the race the people came to hedge with him, when he laid the odds against him to £7000; £47,000 to £7000 I believe in all. He had three bets with Kelburne of unexampled amount. He laid Kelburne 13,000 to 7000 on *Cootherstone* (the winner) against the *British Yeoman*, and Kelburne laid him 16,000 to 7000 against *Gaper*."



"Cossack" by "Hetmann Platoff" (1844).

With one more quotation from the writer of these memoirs, I must leave Lord George; and I copy Greville's words in this place because they seem to me a fair estimate of a very complex character, written, perhaps, under the disadvantage of strong prejudice, but written as justly as most of us can ever judge our contemporaries, and written by one who

probably knew his cousin more intimately than any one else.

Lord George, says Greville, "desired to win money, not so much for the money, as because it was the test and trophy of success; he counted the thousands he won after a great race as a general would count his prisoners and his cannon after a great victory; and his tricks and stratagems he regarded as the tactics and manœuvres by which the success was achieved. Not, probably, that the money itself was altogether a matter of indifference to him: he had the blood of General Scott in his veins, who won half a million at hazard, and the grandson most likely *chassait de race*. But to do him justice, if he was 'alieni appetens' he was 'sui profusus.'" Certainly it did not look as if he raced merely for money when

he cast away his whole stud at a moment when it promised the most brilliant results, in order to throw himself wholly into another pursuit which not only removed all possibility of gain upon the Turf, but promised no pecuniary rewards in compensation. "I have not the least doubt," concludes Greville, "that, for his own reputation and celebrity, he died at a most opportune period."

In spite of Greville's admitted distaste for the manners and methods of the Turf, he was not above owning the winner of the St. Leger; and, curiously enough, *Mango's* race was the scene of an accident, and a description of that accident which many must have remembered, even to its turns of phrase, when they heard Lord George Bentinck's little oration on the misfortunes of *Alarm*. Two years before, John Bowes, of Streatlam, had celebrated his majority by winning the Derby with *Mündig*, after a scene with his trustees about the horse which led John Scott to exclaim, "What an owdacious young 'un!" and which gave unfailing promise of his calmly successful career later on. In 1837 he had a colt named *Epirus*, whose first appearance was in the St. Leger at the starting-price of 2 to 1.

From the Jockey Club Stand at Doncaster he was watching the progress of the race, when, as the horses passed from the gravel road over the hill, every one near him became wildly excited over an accident that had evidently occurred. They appealed to him to know what had happened. Without a trace of emotion, and without removing his eye from



Mr. John Bowes' "*Cotherstone*" (1840)
by "Touchstone."

the telescope, he announced that "*Epirus* has fallen into the ditch. Bill Scott is lying prostrate and unable to move. I think he is killed. Another horse is down or has been pulled up. I think it is Alderman Copeland's *Prime Warden*."

Scott was not killed, though very near it. Ridden rather too close to a ditch near the side of the course, his horse had fallen into it, through the bank giving

way, and had thrown his jockey on to the course, where *Prime Warden* smashed poor Bill's collar-bone and very nearly fell himself. The impassive owner of *Epirus* was to win four Derbys, three Two Thousands, and one St. Leger, and to be a well-known—though never a prominent—figure on the Turf until his *Taraban* won the Northumberland Plate and the Goodwood Stakes in 1871, when George Fordham, who used to join the horse in a sponge of port wine before his races, hardly knew his owner even by sight. Even in his young days of victory Mr. Bowes was very reticent. Some one asked why he was "down in the dumps" one night at Crockford's. He had just won about £50,000 over *Cotherstone's* Derby, a son of *Touchstone*, from *Emma*, dam of *Mündig*. His most popular and his best winner was *West Australian*, who was first to wear the "Triple Crown." It was difficult enough to get him safe to the post for the St. Leger; but with the help of Mr. Frederick Swindell, John Scott eventually did it, only to find that *Scythian* was to be started with the express object of knocking him down. Lord Derby, who also trained with "the Wizard of the North" at that time, got a capital description of what followed from Frank Butler, who rode "*The West*" at Doncaster.

"He comed hat me once, m'lord," said the jockey, "and then he comed hat me again, and when he comed hat me the third time, close to the Red House, I see what he was hup to; so I hups with my whip and I says, 'You dam' young davvle, if you comes hat me again, I'll knock your dam' heye hout!'"

"*The West*" had seemed a trifle sleepy at the start for the Derby; but between then and the St. Leger his form changed completely, and he filled out from a colt into the smart, well-moulded horse he was, though the affection of contemporary artists has endowed him with more perfect points than even the admiration of posterity can ever credit. He had plenty of quality from his dam *Mowerina*, "the remnant of old *Emma's* race;" and John Scott's idea of getting bone from *Melbourne* turned out exactly right; most of *Melbourne's* foals were lengthy and plain-headed with lop-ears. "*The West*" was born on the 24th of April, and had such bad distemper in the autumn that he wasted very thin until the spring grass picked him up again for good. It was when he was alive that "The Druid" wrote: "For the type of what a really serviceable racer ought to be, commend us to the low and lengthy *Fandango*, with those great well-hooped ribs knit into the most muscular of quarters, and that stealing action close to the ground and giving nothing away. It is on the perpetuation of points like these, and not on beauty, that our English horse-fame depends." Again we are faced with the multifarious nature of the types in

London, H. Wilson & Co. 1874

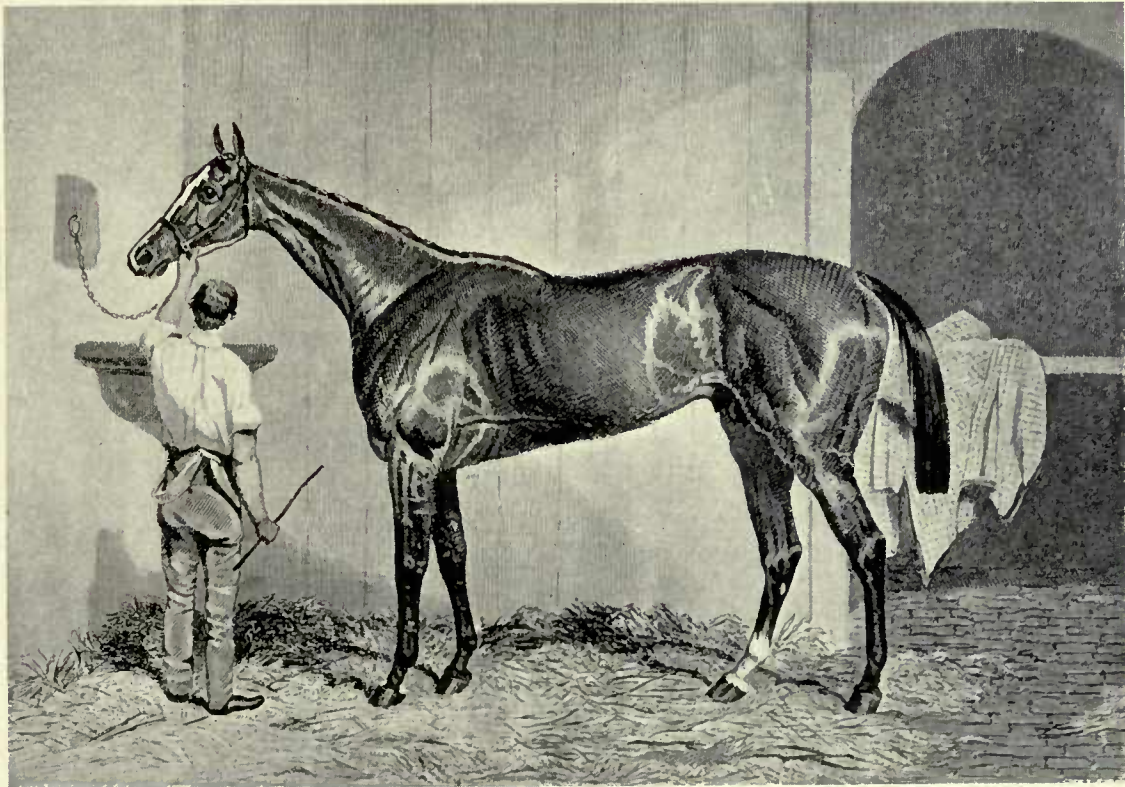


From the Painting by Emil Adams.

Libby Agnes and Fleur de Lys.

By permission of His Grace the Duke of Westminster.

which good horses win. I have often referred to it ; but the subject is inexhaustible, especially in view of *St. Simon's* stock at the present time. *Persimmon* and *Sceptre* proved certainly as good as they were beautiful. *Beeswing* was a beauty ; so was *Pantaloön*. Little *Rowton* was exquisitely proportioned. *Gimcrack* had not a lovely head, but if he is added to *Highlander*, *Meteora*, *Midas*, or *Mickey Free*, you get an average of fourteen-two, which could carry anything from 8st. to 12st., and win at all distances from one mile to four. The largest horses whom "The Druid" remembered as having run successfully were *Wild Dayrell*, *Filho da Puta*, and

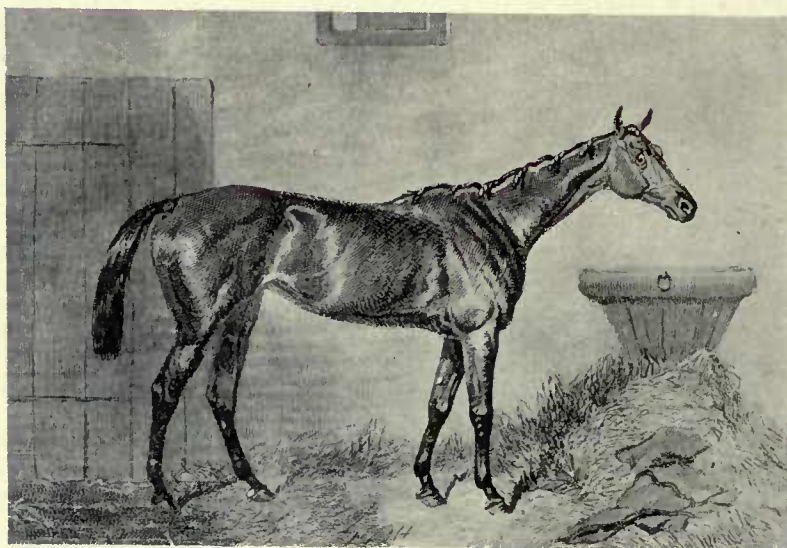


"*West Australian*" by "Melbourne" (1850).

Birmingham, who was sixteen-three, or as big as the French *Vinicius* in the Derby of 1903. For power and size combined with speed he picked out *Stockwell*, *Longbow*, and *Lord George*. Even of *West Australian* the same writer, describing his sale for 4000 guineas to France, thought that "he is only an ordinary horse to look at when his head is out of sight." But when he strode, with his beautiful white reach head aloft, into the ring, it was, "Here comes the pick of England." In 1854 he had won what was then the fastest race ever run for the Ascot Cup, beating *Kingston* and *Rataplan*.



When John Bowes died in 1885 many people forgot that, as "Mr. Valentine," Lord Falmouth had had *Hurricane* and *Queen Bertha* at Whitewall; the first won the One Thousand of 1862, the second won the Oaks in 1863; they were the two last of the great winners trained by "the Wizard of the North." Since *Blair Athol* had won the Derby and the St. Leger, *Jenny Howlett's* chance victory in the Oaks of 1880 was almost the only good thing from Malton before John Bowes died. For nearly half a century the home of John Scott, for twenty years after that the home



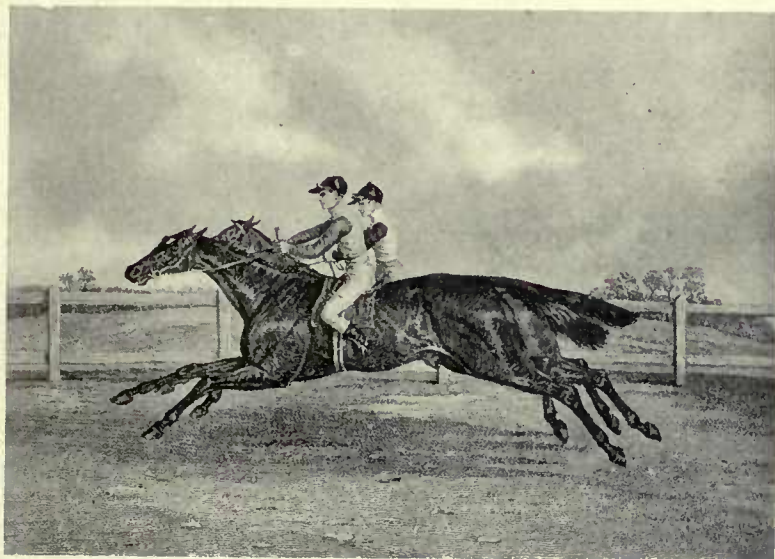
"Queen Bertha" by "Kingston" (1860).

of his widow, Whitewall House seems never likely to train another winner in its stables (1903). The Musley Bank establishment has been given up as well, where Mr. James Snarry, son of old Sir Tatton Sykes's stud-groom, used to breed and train. One of the presents John Snarry had received was *Polly Agnes*, whose blood went back to the *Spot* mare

foaled in 1762. She was the dam of *Lily Agnes* (by *Macaroni*), dam of *Ormonde*, and she stamped her excellence upon one of the most famous families of brood mares on the Turf.

It is curious that so few of the past Yorkshire trainers were Yorkshire bred; John Scott, the Dawsons, John Fobert, and old John Osborne were all born further south. When Osborne came to Ashgill in 1837, he found John Fobert at Spigot Lodge, where *General Chassé* was, whose great rival and conqueror was Lord Sligo's *Bran*, trained by Murphy not far off. At Brecongill, Tupgill, and Thorngill in turn the name of the Dawsons was well known, and from there came *Ardrossan*, sire of *Jack Spigot* and of *Beeswing's* dam, and *Charles XII.*, *Our Nell*, *Blue Bonnet*, *Van Tromp*, and *Lanercost*. The brothers Tom and John Dawson at Middleham also trained such famous racers as *Priestess*, *Rowena*, *Ellerdale*, *Ellermire*, *Ellington*, *Jonathan Wild*, *Grimston*, and *St. Bennett*; and it is

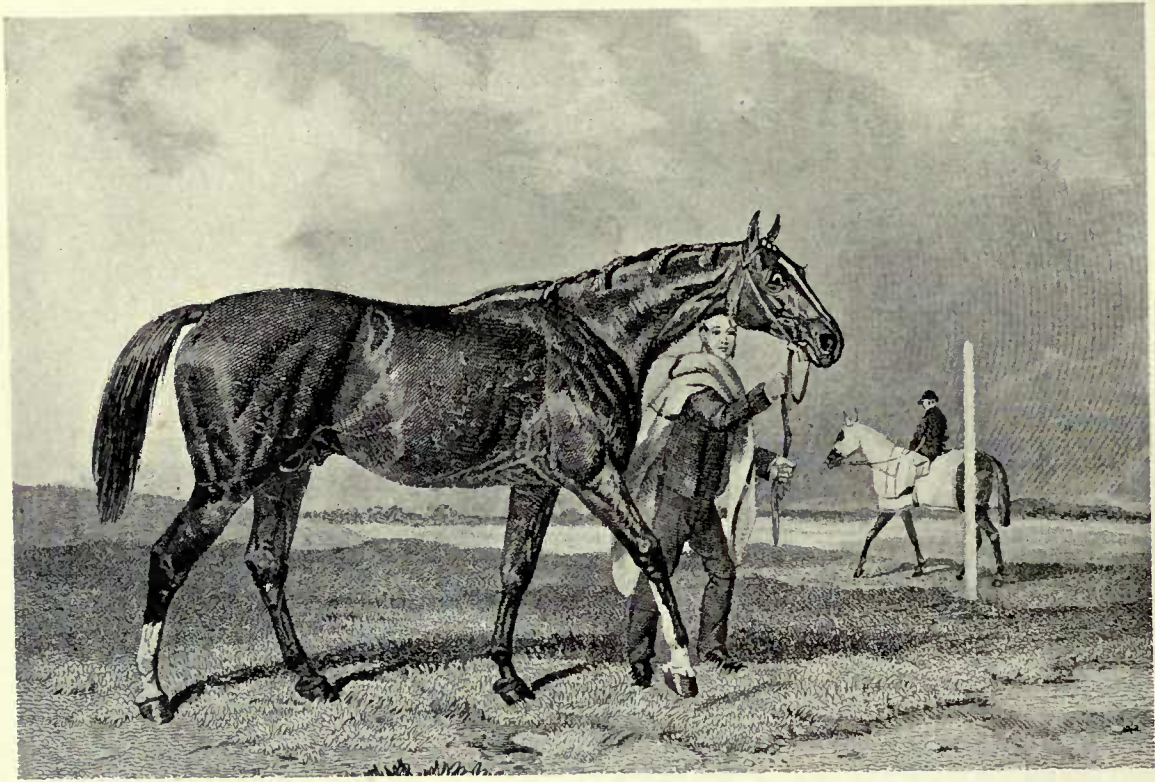
interesting to know that Thomas Dawson thought *Touchstone* a better horse than either *The Flying Dutchman* or *West Australian*. The *Polly Agnes* whom I mentioned as having been presented to James Snarry was by *The Cure*, out of *Miss Agnes*, a daughter (by *Irish Birdcatcher*) of *Agnes* (by *Clarion*), who was bought by old John Osborne in 1844 with her dam *Annette* (by *Priam*). At Middleham *Agnes* proved a worthy rival of Malton's famous brood mare *Queen Mary*. *Lily Agnes*, who lies buried at Eaton near *Shotover* and *Angelica*, was tried on Middleham Moor in the spring as a lop-eared, ragged-hipped two-year-old, and beat *Eubhrosyne* and *Organist* (both three-year-olds) at even weights. That season she was never beaten.



"*Lanercost*" by "*Liverpool*" (1835).

Next year she won the Northumberland Plate, the York Cup, and the Doncaster Cup. As a four-year-old she ran a dead heat with the French *Figaro II.* for the Queen's Plate at Manchester, and won the decider by a head, with other successes, including a victory over *Aventurière* for the Ebor Handicap, which very much upset Mr. Fred Swindell. Next year, again, she won the Queen's Plate at Chester, and went to the stud as a six-year-old.

It is interesting to notice that the excellence of the *Agnes* blood holds its own even during the last Ascot Meeting that has finished just as I revise these pages amid the rains of June, 1903. Lord Rosebery's *Oriole*, a three-year-old daughter of *Ladas* (whose other daughter *Montem* was the prettiest two-year-old filly at Ascot), won the Coronation Stakes. She combined the blood of *Rataplan*, *Doncaster*, and *Blair Athol*, with inbreeding to *Ellen Horne* through *Paradigm* and *Rouge Rose*, the whole being based on the *Agnes* taproot, which provided other winners at the same meeting in Lord Howard de Walden's *Zinfandel* and his Majesty's *Mead*, besides the two-year-old *Rydal Head*, who was not so successful this time, and



"Rataplan" by "The Baron" (1850).



"Alice Hawthorn" by "Muley Moloch" (1838).

the greatest winner of them all, the flying filly *Sceptre*, who was kept out of the Gold Cup to win the Hardwicke Stakes.

But John Osborne's favourite mare was *Alice Hawthorn*, by *Muley Moloch*, who, like *Beeswing*, *Blink Bonny*, and the rough-looking *Caller Ou*, transmitted her good qualities to her descendants. She was the Queen of the Turf when she died, not long after *Touchstone*, in 1861 at Mr. Winteringham's stud near Darlington. Out of the seventy-one races for which she started she had won fifty-one outright, divided the stakes in a dead heat, and was placed ten times. From 1842 to 1845 she won sixteen cups, including the Chester, Doncaster, and Goodwood Cups, the Queen's Vase, and eighteen Queen's Plates. She was first trained for Mr. Plummer, of Shipton, by Heseltine, of Hambleton, and was three and half years old before she was broken in, and this may be one reason for her extraordinary staying and weight-carrying powers, which were combined with a wonderful turn of speed. She only just failed to give *Red Deer* 5st. 8lb. at Chester. Her best sons were *Lord Fauconberg*, *Oulston*, *Findon*, and *Thormanby*, by *Windhound*.



"Queen Mary" by "Gladiator" (1843).

The trainer of *Blink Bonny*, *Caller Ou*, and *Blair Athol* was William I'Anson, of Hungerford House, Malton, whose luckiest purchase was *Queen Mary*. He originally bought her for 30 guineas, from Mr. Ramsay at Doncaster in 1844, but as she fell and crippled herself in her first race, she was sold again (when in foal with *Haricot* to *Mango*), and it was not till her firstborn had won eleven out of his thirteen races that William went to Scotland after her, and, at the end of a long search, brought her back again to Yorkshire for £110. She was the dam of *Blink Bonny*, *Blinkhoolie*, *Broomielaw*, and many more; and her daughter *Haricot* was the dam of *Caller Ou*, who won twenty-nine Queen's Plates from 1861 to 1864,

which is three more than *Fisherman* and eight more than *Rataplan*. *Blink Bonny's* son by *Stockwell* was *Blair Athol*, who proved worthy of such mighty parentage by winning the Derby and the St. Leger, and handing on his speed to *Prince Charlie*, *Ecossais*, *Scottish Queen*, and *Silvio*, winner of the Derby. *Blink Bonny's*



By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

"Caller Ou."

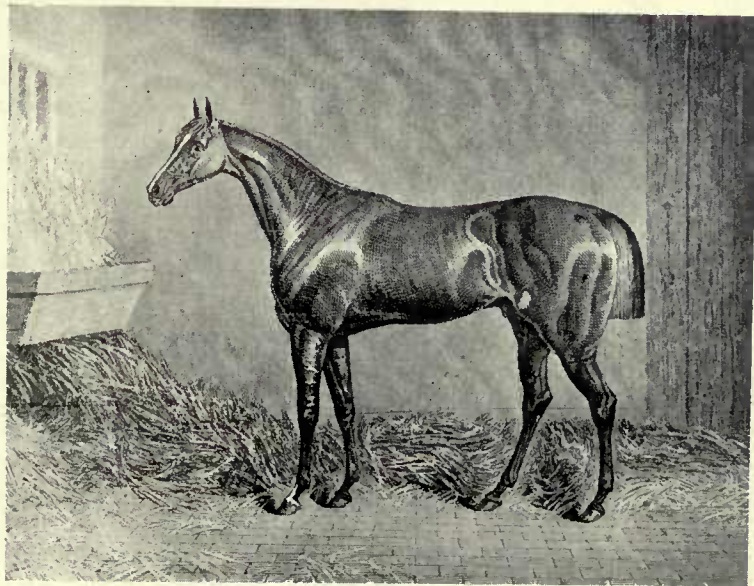
skeleton was presented to the York Museum, and her name is preserved in the stud farm controlled by Miles l'Anson, on the estate where another William l'Anson upholds his father's reputation as a trainer. From all this it will be seen that *Queen Mary* was another instance of a mare who did no good on the racecourse proving first

rate at the stud, like the dam of *Beeswing*, *Ennui* (dam of *Saunterer*), *Rebecca* (dam of *Alice Hawthorn*), *Pocahontas*, *Hybla*, and many more.

Fobert, in *The Flying Dutchman's* days, may well have seemed justified in thinking that such breeding had never been seen before; and when John Scott saw *Canezou* beaten like a common hack at Ascot, he must have begun to wonder about the truth of it himself. Fobert never thought the public really knew how good "*The Dutchman*" was, especially after Marlow nearly threw away his Derby by stupidly trying to show off in a close finish, and quite spoilt all chance of the Doncaster Cup by bursting his horse at the start. Marlow died in a workhouse. The son of *Bay Middleton* and *Barbelle* was a very free goer at exercise, and at three years old could beat his five-year-old relative *Van Tromp*. His sire's fee had been reduced from 30 guineas to 15, and in the year "*The Dutchman*" was born, it was ten. *Irish Birdcatcher* could be got for 25 at Newmarket; *Melbourne*, afterwards sire of *West Australian* and *Blink Bonny*, for 12. The highest price asked by Mr. Theobald, of Stockwell, was 20 guineas for *Muley Moloch*. John Day was getting 25 guineas for the services of *Venison*; and

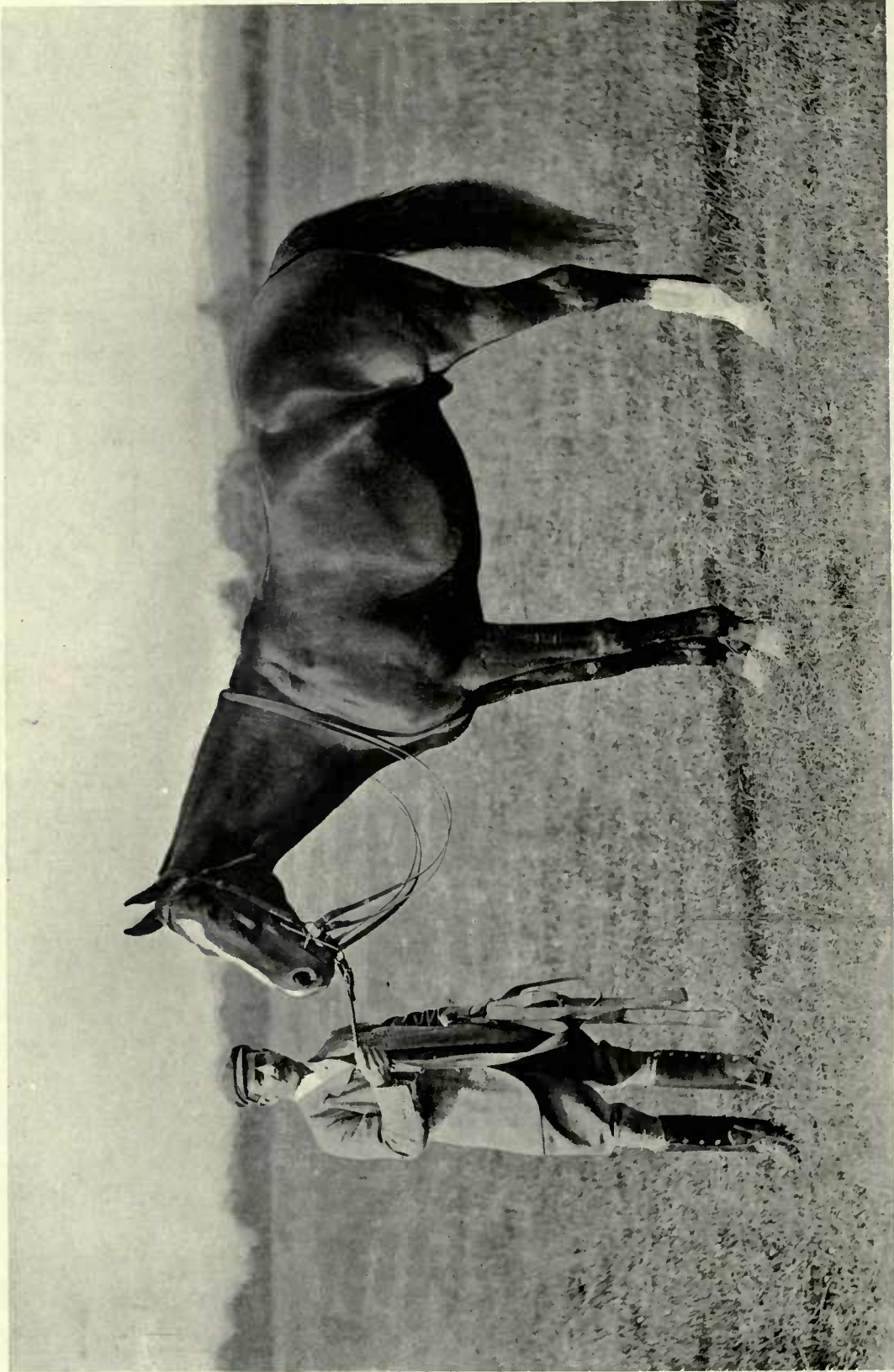
Touchstone, then sire of two Derby winners, drew the top price at 31 guineas and a sovereign for the groom. *Gladiator* got 25 guineas in this same year of 1846; *Harkaway* had dropped from 30 to 12; *Hetman Platoff* (not yet the sire of *Cossack*) was only 10, as was *John o' Gaunt*; *Lanercost* and *Plenipotentiary* were 15. It may well be asked whether the prices of those days, and the moderate fees now asked in America, are not more conducive to getting a number of good horses than such enormous sums as are now demanded on the English Turf. When five and six hundred guineas can be got without advertisement; when fifty is considered cheap; when a hundred is the average price,—it might be imagined that we are sure of plenty of first-rate stock. I fear it only means that fashion has run up the price of certain strains, and that as there are not enough fashionable sires to go round their owners can ask what they please. Like *West Australian*, *The Flying Dutchman* was sold to France. It will be worth while to consider the French pedigrees I give in the Appendix, to take them in conjunction with French successes in breeding stayers, and to see whether we are not, after all, limiting our circle too much. One other possibility I have already mentioned; it is that our own blood is improved by

transportation to different climates and pastures, and will come back to us reinvigorated, and stronger than what we have kept here. I cannot quote an example of our using a French sire who is descended from stock long bred in England. But in the English descendants of such imported sires as *Carbine* we shall soon be able to



"*Plenipotentiary*" by "*Emilius*" (1831).

judge the value of Australian limestone to the *Musket* branch of *Eclipse*; and it is worth remembering that Lord Glasgow, after a disappointing two-year-old trial, would have shot *Musket*, had it not been for the entreaties of John Osborne who rode him, and for a firm protest from Tom Dawson, his trainer. So much

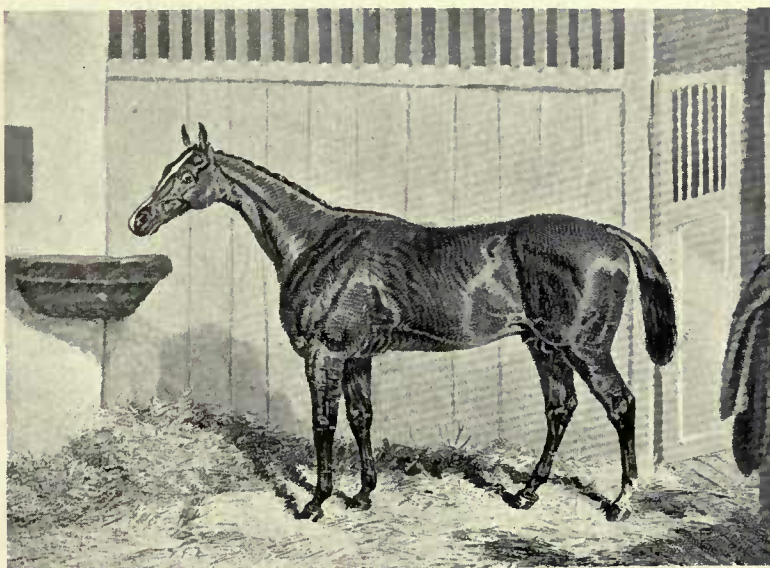


By permission of "Country Life."

"Carbine" at the Stud.

was Lord Falmouth against high fees that he put his own Derby winners *Kingcraft* and *Silvio* at 15 and 25 guineas. Now not only must hunter sires eventually become affected, but the small breeders must gradually be pushed to the wall altogether; yet it was just the small studs, which never went in for paying high fees, which bred *The Flying Dutchman*, *Voltigeur*, *Wild Dayrell*, and *Musjid*; while products of the same period of sensible figures were *Cossack*, *Surplice*, *Alice Hawthorn*, *Coronation*, *Sir Tatton Sykes*, *Queen of Trumps*, *Beeswing*, *Newminster*, and a list which would hold its own against any decade of high prices.

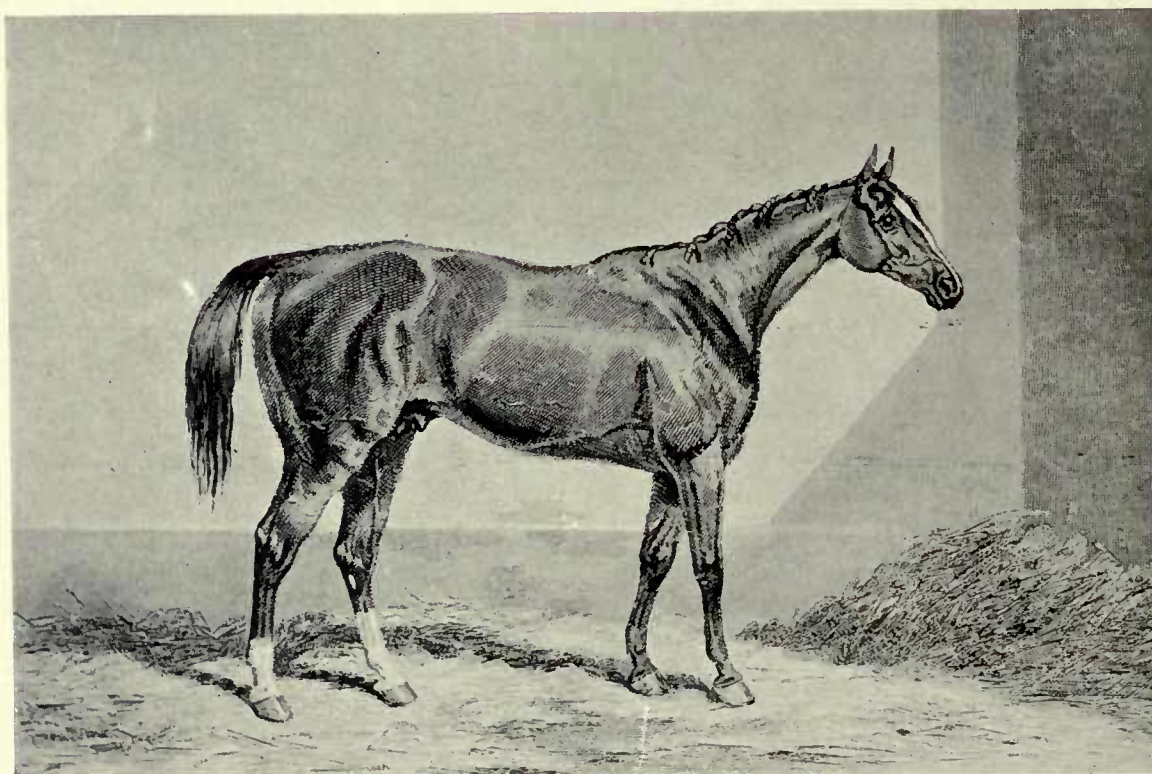
The last of these, a delicate celebrity, was being trained by John Scott at Whitewall in 1852, with *Iris*, *Longbow*, *Songstress*, *West Australian*, and *Daniel O'Rourke*, who beat the mighty *Stockwell* for the Derby, and suffered a reversal of the verdict in the Leger. In that October, *Kingston*, winner of the Goodwood Cup, beat *Joe Miller*, who had won the Emperor's Plate at Ascot, for a £50 Plate. It did not need huge figures to bring out the good ones then. Six years later John Scott had



"Daniel O'Rourke" by "Birdcatcher" (1849).

Toxophilite, who was second to *Beadsman* for the Derby; *Warlock*; *Imperieuse*, the last Leger winner; *Vanity*, who got the Chester Cup; *Longrange* and *Hepatica*. William l'Anson had the four-year-old *Blink Bonny*. At Aske, *Vedette* and *Qui Vive* were with Abdale. Sixty-five were in Osborne's string at Ashgill. There was racing, too, at Middleham, Catterick, Richmond, Thirsk, Ripon, and Northallerton. At all these places, and far beyond them, John Scott's was a name to conjure with. His father, at Chippenham, had trained for such well-known sportsmen of the Regency as Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh, Councillor Lade, and Sir Sitwell Sitwell. At fourteen he had ridden the winner of the £50 Plate at Blandford, and sold her for another fifty before he went home. Then he

studied training with Tiny Edwards at Mickleham in Surrey; and finally he came to Middleham in 1814 to become as great a Yorkshire idol as was John Gully of Somerset. He began at Black Hambleden, and after a move to the Rufford country with Mr. Houldsworth, he got the Whitewall Stables in 1825, and trained his horses on the springy turf of Langton Wold, where the Marquis of Rockingham's thoroughbreds had been exercised before him. Mr. Edward Petre's *Matilda*, *The Colonel*, and *Rowton* began his fame; and he never looked back. He was immensely assisted by his brother Bill, who died within a quarter of a mile of the



"Stockwell" by "The Baron" (1847).

stables, at Highfield House, in 1848, not long after Lord George Bentinck had so suddenly passed away. For the thirty-three years of his profession he was the most fortunate jockey as yet known to a racing world which knew not Archer. Both he and John were presented to Queen Victoria when she rode over from Esher to Leatherhead, with Prince Albert, to interview *Cotherstone*. Though not a powerful, or even a brilliant jockey, he had a fine seat, and was a keen judge of pace, the two things most essential to one who had the pick of so magnificent a stable. He lies beneath a stone without any inscription, under the aisle of Waghen Church. His

brother John very nearly came to an untimely end himself at Doncaster in 1854. Lord Derby's *Acrobat* was not supposed to have a chance, on previous form, for the Doncaster Stakes. He won; and the Tykes began to hiss when the jockeys came back to scale. Sim Templeman whipped off his saddle, and just got through in time. But when John Scott came up to the horse's head to lead him in, one maddened loser shouted, "He's laughing; look at him!" The mob instantly became furious, and a shower of blows were aimed at the unlucky, and perfectly honest trainer. Jack Macdonald (who had seconded Tom Sayers) managed to knock down the ringleader, but would have fared badly in the crowd had not Harry Broome, then champion of England, suddenly woke to the chances of a scrimmage, hit out right and left till he got to John's side, and then, with sheer hard smashes from the shoulder, got the trainer through into the safety of the New Stand.

It is difficult to believe it is so long since Langton Wold saw a trial with Brother Bill up, and Brother John walking beside I'Anson's pony, until he gets into his phaeton with Holmes in front, and a lemon-and-white terrier on the back seat looking out for touts. For long after he had left it for ever, the Wizard's little snugery at Whitewall preserved the record of the most glorious of his days in Herring's pictures looking down on the room where the jockeys were called into council, and the plans for Epsom or Newmarket or Doncaster were shrewdly laid, and where such men as Lord Derby, Baron Martin, Colonel Anson, Baron Alderson, and many more had foregathered with the famous trainer. John Scott had known some of the best men of his day in his lifetime, and he made a comfortable fortune before he died. The pictures that preserve his greatest triumphs still furnish a vivid recollection of his work, and it would be the basest ingratitude to those who have contributed the most brilliant of my pages did I not say something of the merits of the men like Herring who have enabled us to imagine what those far-off winners looked like.

Really to appreciate the "horse-painters" of the past, you must consider the pages of such a collection of first-rate engravings as Mr. Tattersall's albums, a "Missal of the Turf," to which I have been deeply indebted for these volumes. There you may see Wootton, Stubbs, and Gilpin at their best; Sartorius and Ben Marshall; Garrard and James Ward; Ferneley, whose hand was happiest in hunting scenes; and Herring, who began as coachman of the London and York Highflyer, and finally gave up the whip for the mahlstick in *Jack Spigot's* year. Lord Rosebery's magnificent *Flying Dutchman*, which looks almost lifesize as it gallops

over a mantelpiece at the Durdans, is one of his masterpieces, in my opinion, alike for man and horse. It is reproduced opposite page xvii. in my first volume. George Frederick Herring married early, and ran away from an irate father to Doncaster in time to see the Duke of Hamilton's *William* win the Leger of 1814. He painted in his leisure time, and drove for a living, until Mr. Stanhope, of Cannon Hall, got him some commissions. Assisted by Mr. Hawkesworth and Mr. Wilson (for whom he drew *Smolensko*), he soon got into his swing, and Mr. Petre and Sir Bellingham Graham fairly established his reputation. After living in Doncaster till 1830, he resided in Newmarket and London for a time, and spent the last ten



The Earl of Glasgow.

years of his life at Meopham Park in Kent, where he died in 1865. His boy Charles, a skilful lover of art, and a good son, died in 1856. In the volumes on Animal Painters on which Sir Walter Gilbey has been engaged, a most valuable list is given of the work of all the best artists who perpetuated the favourites of the Turf.

If Lord Glasgow had always had his way these favourites might have been far fewer than they are; for I suppose no one has ever ordered more two-year-old thoroughbreds to be shot than the irascible Scotchman, who would suddenly swoop down on Middleham, out of the season, call for some of the resident jockeys,

watch a score or more trials the next morning, and destroy the losers. It would almost seem as if his ghost were now engaged in destroying the winners as well, for days have sadly changed since the North carried away so many of the best prizes of the Turf. When horses had to travel by road, whether in a van or not, the Yorkshire stables were practically invincible. Railways enabled owners to make Newmarket their racing headquarters and live in London, while they could run horses at all the northern meetings as well, like Gosforth Park, Stockton, Redcar,

York, or Doncaster; and what the trains did for locomotion the telegraph has done for the scarcely less important essential of speedy information. By degrees the small stakes fashionable not only in the North but all over England, increased in value, and large sums were offered for competition in the "Metropolitan District," against which the North could only offer the attractions of the St. Leger, the Northumberland Plate, the Ebor Handicap, and a few valuable events for youngsters. Much the same process, in fact, went on, as has been noticed in the gradual migration of the rural populations into urban centres. The North remained "in the country." The owners who were prepared to pay any price for a yearling they fancied all began to race in the South, where the meetings which offered ample and speedy return for their outlay were within easy reach. But in spite of everything, for true love of a horse and affectionate knowledge of his history, you cannot beat a crowd at Doncaster on a Leger day; and of the true sporting spirit, which reckoned nothing in money and everything in honour, Lord Glasgow, with all his eccentricities, was a fine old-fashioned example. The tales of him are innumerable. The very soul of integrity, he carried the diamond of his honest nature in the roughest husk; and the flavour of the sea which stuck to Admiral Rous was in his old Norse blood as well until he died. Two friends of his, Lord Kennedy and Captain Horatio Ross, once walked from Black Hall in Kincardineshire, where they were staying with Mr. Farquharson, to Inverness, for a bet of £2,500 a side with Sir Andrew Leith Hay, starting after dinner in their evening dress and walking all night, next day, and the next night, straight over the Grampians. It was Lord Kennedy who bet Lord Kelburne (as the Earl of Glasgow was then) £500 that he would drive a team from Hawkhead to Ardrossan before him, again after dinner in the dark. Lord Kelburne lost through taking the wrong turning, along which he nearly drove his horses over the cliff into the sea. With a love of wagering like this, a reckless spirit, a practically unlimited fortune, and a strong will, Lord Glasgow made a notable figure on the English Turf. He hated to name his horses, and was generally unlucky with them; but among the best were *General Peel*, *Musket*, *Rapid Rhone*, and *Tom Bowline*. His best win was with *Actæon* in the York Subscription Purse.

He often changed his trainers, but that was chiefly owing to momentary irritability, though he was a good hater when once he had made up his mind. Yet, though his hand was always nervously rubbing the back of his neck, his face never betrayed whether he had won or lost the £50,000 that often depended on the

running of the wrong horse; and in spite of all the uncertainty of his physical temperament, he scorned such new-fangled luxuries as overcoats or knickerbockers, and wore his wide white trousers with determination to the end. When he died the poor of Paisley mourned for him, and the Turf lost one of the most manly and characteristic of its supporters.

If the mantle of Sir Charles Bunbury fell upon Lord George Bentinck, the third "Dictator of the Turf," Admiral Rous, may be fairly said to have done more than either of them, if we measure reform by the surviving facts; and there are



Admiral Rous.

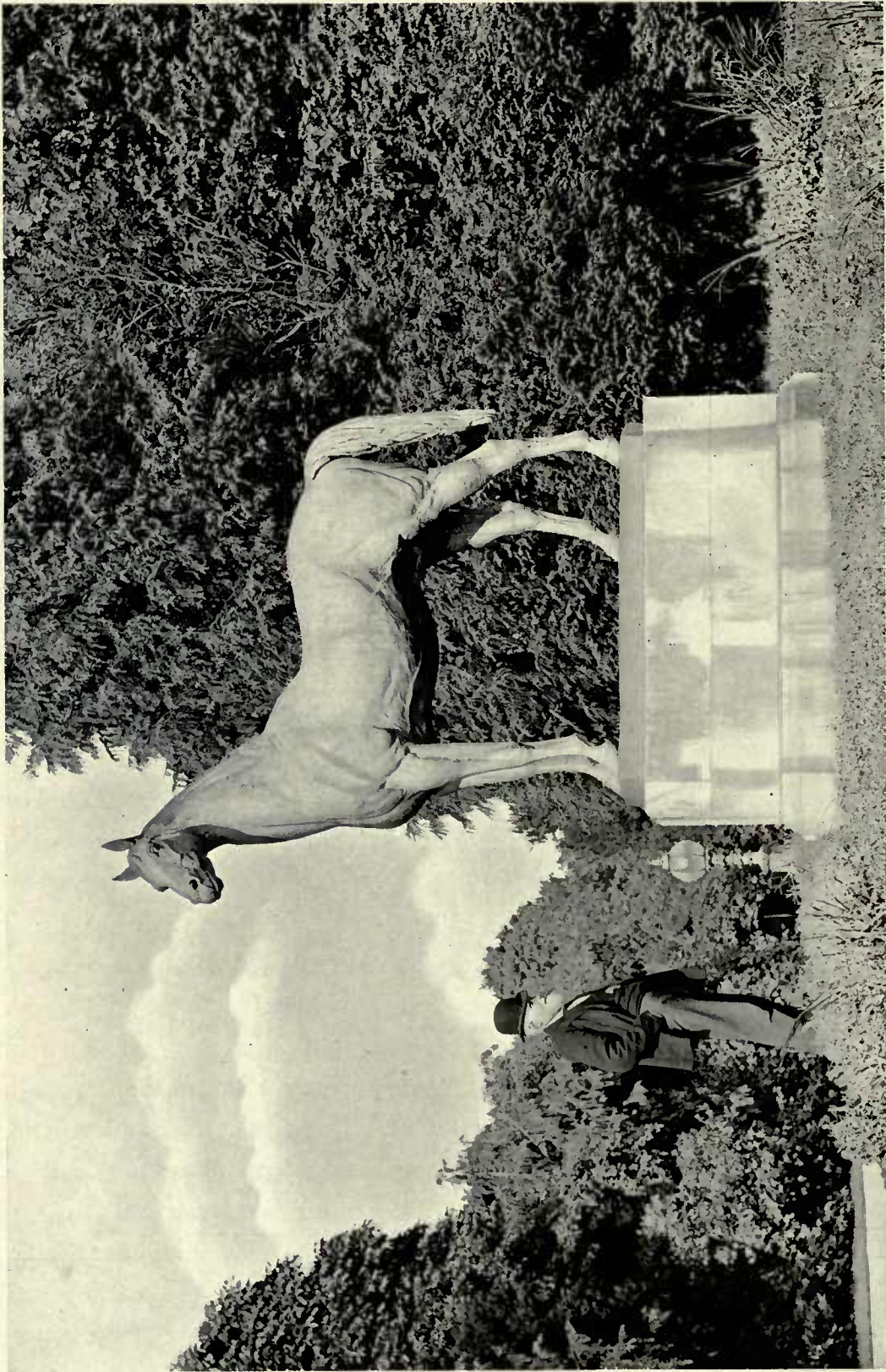
many who think that "a little of the Admiral" would not be a bad recipe either for His Majesty's Ministers in 1903, or for Racing Headquarters in the same year of grace. The Admiral showed that it is not necessary to own a large stud, or to make huge bets, to be able to control and improve the affairs of the Turf. He scarcely owned a dozen horses of his own, and his betting was strictly in the "ten-pound line of business." He believed, and often asserted, that the power of the Jockey Club was solely based upon its moral force. History, as we have seen in these pages, proves that he was right then. Such men as Lord Crewe, Mr. Fitzwilliam, Lord March, and others, provided

sufficient evidence at the end of the nineteenth century that he is right still. His reputation in the Navy was made for ever when he steered the rudderless frigate "Pique" safely home in twenty days from Labrador in 1835. It is not without significance that the picture of the ship he saved now hangs in the Jockey Club Rooms at Newmarket. The Turf, when Admiral Rous became a steward, wanted good handling and courageous steering almost as badly. He was a member of Parliament for Westminster for five years after his election in 1838, but by 1845 he had begun to devote himself almost entirely to the interests of the

Turf. One of his first actions was to secure a lease of the training-ground at Newmarket for the Jockey Club at 30s. an acre for 99 years. By 1874 their revenues had increased sixfold; but the eye of the old sea-dog was still on the alert, and in his memorable manifesto of that year on Turf prospects, he expresses alarm at "the black cloud on the horizon," and points out, as coming dangers, many of those weaknesses which I have had to chronicle as in existence now. "Suppress betting by legal enactment," he wrote once, "and the game is up; thoroughbred stock would be depreciated sixty per cent., and our racecourses ploughed up. . . . Racing has always been, and will always be, in the United Kingdom a gambling speculation." But he was not going to let it degenerate into a blackguardly conspiracy. Owning few horses, betting scarcely at all, the Admiral was in favour of sensible reforms with a full knowledge of what was possible and what was not; with a fixed determination to raise the standard of sport and of horsebreeding, as a whole, without regard to individual likes or dislikes.

But it is, of course, as a handicapper that his fame is greatest, and the first success that marked his amazing natural talents for this difficult art was when Lord Eglinton's *Flying Dutchman* (5 yrs.) met Lord Zetland's *Voltigeur* (4 yrs.), and he made the older horse give his rival 8½lb., with the result that there was only a short length between them after a race of two miles. It may be doubted whether his promotion to be Rear-Admiral of the Blue, the year after, gave him so much real satisfaction as his appointment as handicapper by the Jockey Club in 1855. From that day onwards he was never dull. His mind was constantly occupied in handicapping. "It's a very odd thing," he said once, just before his last illness, "I lose my way now going from Grafton Street to Berkeley Square; but I can still handicap." Mr. Frederick Swindell is said to have leased the house next door to his with the express object of watching who drove up to see the Admiral, and drawing his own conclusions. It was not without reason that the old sailor uttered the startling words on one occasion that "every great handicap offers a premium to fraud, for horses are constantly started without any intention of winning, merely to hoodwink the handicapper." But it was very rarely that trainers or jockeys either managed to hoodwink the Admiral once. They never did so twice.

It may be worth while to consider a little what the difficulties of a handicapper are in attempting so to impose different weights on various horses that the result shall be a dead heat. To begin with, he has no control over the state of the course, and all the difference may be made by the turf being hard, or soft, or exactly right. He



Behm's Statue of "King Tom."

By permission of "Country Life."

neither rides the horses himself, nor does he train them. He does not know, for instance, how an apprentice with an allowance of five pounds will manage his mount ; he may not be aware of the fitness of an animal or of the intentions of its owner ; he is not sure in all cases whether drugs have been used which may eventually destroy all the horse's usefulness, but may for the first few times give him an entirely unexpected and unnatural turn of speed ; and, lastly, he can no more guard against accidents than he could relieve Epsom of its "Derby dog." But, apart from all this, his knowledge of racing must be intimate, perpetual, judicious. He must know what to forget as well as what to remember. He must be familiar with the peculiar features of every racecourse. He must cultivate an expert acquaintance with every animal likely to come before him, their individual foibles, their stamina, their favourite courses, their behaviour under given circumstances. Being unable to take any more risks than are inevitable, the handicapper must go by the best form a horse has shown, and never take off weight until his own certainty of



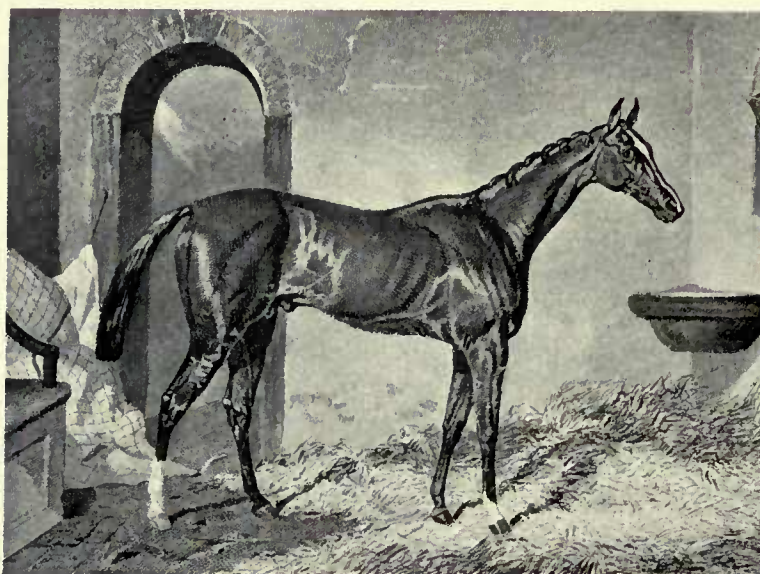
"Newminster" by "Touchstone" (1848).

deterioration practically coincides with the trainer's conviction that it is useless to enter the animal again.

A modern expert, greatly daring, has laid down a few general rules. They are : (1) horses which have never run should carry the top weight, on the weight-for-age scale ; (2) horses which have only run once should have a slight concession, the class in which they run being taken into consideration ; (3) after two races a considerable concession can be made if they have been fairly ridden out ; (4) not till after three races can they be fairly treated on their merits, and take their rightful place in a handicap ; (5) foreign horses whose form is unknown should be weighted more or less as having never run.

But there can be no hard-and-fast lines on which any handicap can be drawn up.

Out of 289 occasions on which a list of candidates was noted down by the expert I have just quoted, he found that he had "placed" 190 horses first in order of supposed merit, to which, after further consideration, he had allotted the top weights; and that in 99 cases his first impressions had been altered by subsequent knowledge as to age, or performances, or subsidiary conditions. That is a fair example of the amount of experience a handicapper should have before he really gets into harness at all for the three or four hours' hard work an average handicap must entail, when there is no specially confusing puzzle in racing form to elucidate. Each horse in a high-class handicap like the Lincolnshire must involve looking up about fifteen races to ascertain what he has done himself, and what the horses he has beaten have also



"Teddington" by "Orlando" (1848).

done. Even after the most careful research there must be a margin in which the guesswork of the average man, and the experience of the skilful handicapper, are left unaided. And that is why the handicapper must start his work upon a good foundation of knowledge, not of horses only, but of human nature too, and must also have the courage to acquire

more knowledge by an occasional mistake. It is now impossible to have even so complete a view of racing as was possible to Admiral Rous. Leonardo da Vinci could resume within his own brain nearly all the knowledge of the early sixteenth century. The greatest hall in the Hotel Cecil could scarcely hold the army of contributors considered necessary to sketch the outlines of the progress of the later nineteenth. And racing has expanded in a scarcely less degree. Yet we see no authoritatively co-ordinated attempt to systematise the knowledge of various handicappers in different parts of the country by means of official and centralised reports to which each licensed handicapper could have access. On the contrary, when any nominator or owner feels aggrieved, he may

call the official framer of the weights before the stewards and ask for explanations. Such penalties should only be permitted by a body which will also make itself responsible for improving the communication of essential facts, and should only be discussed by men as well acquainted with the difficulties of handicapping as are the officials who may have been arraigned. Unless this is recognised, modern handicappers will only be able to protect themselves by a servile adherence to "the book," in which they will be able to display their justification when required. The handicapper is no longer "the dictator of the Turf," whose decisions are above appeal. If the world of racing were not the generous and sportsmanlike community it is, perhaps handicappers would not live very long in it; but it is only fair to them to say that their art shows every sign of improving steadily as one season follows another. I spoke, a few pages back, of the number of dead heats that used to occur in the early part of the Victorian era. This must not be understood to refer entirely to handicaps, or, much as I admire him, I should be rightly considered to have paid Admiral Rous too high a compliment. The statistics show that if we take 517 handicaps (beginning with the Lincolnshire) in six years, of which four are chosen in the zenith of the Admiral's reputation, a very distinct improvement is noticeable. Indeed, if bookmakers got along as well as they did when so many favourites rolled home from 1866 to 1875, they ought all to be in clover now; for here are the figures, which I quote from an admirable article in the *Badminton Magazine*, so ably edited by Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson.

Date.	No. of Handicaps.	Dead Heats.	Head Wins.	Neck Wins.	Favourite Wins.	Odds-on Favourite Wins.
1866	... 517	4	50	61	198	80
1869	... 517	11	54	54	201	83
1872	... 517	4	74	73	210	53
1875	... 517	4	68	50	237	50
1898	... 517	7	74	52	163	13

In 1902 there were considerably less victories to record of "odds-on favourites;" only 147 "favourites;" the "neck wins" had increased by 18, the "head wins" by 20; and there was one dead heat of three, and four dead heats of two.

It is sometimes dangerous for a handicapper to express his opinions; and Lord Calthorpe once fairly caught the Admiral by asking, "What chance has my horse got for this race?" R. "None whatever." C. "Then, pray, do you call that handicapping? I thought every horse was at any rate supposed to have an equal chance." But the Admiral knew very well that if it was impossible

to stop some animals, it was equally impossible for others to get home first under a featherweight. "I'll eat my hat if that horse wins!" was one of his favourite remarks, and his friend George Payne used to say that if only he had been properly conscientious, the Admiral would have made a fortune for his hatter by ruining his own digestion. Sir Joseph Hawley, soon after he had netted about £80,000 in bets on *Beadsman*, made a vigorous sermon against the evils of heavy wagering. This was not the Admiral's way. Nothing enraged the old gentleman so much as the reports of Mr. Merry's colossal win over *Thormanby*, or the huge sums that passed to Mr. Naylor or Mr. Chaplin about *Macaroni* or *Hermit*. He even wanted to expel a man from the Jockey Club who won



"*Catherine Hayes*" by "Lanercost" (1850).

more than £50,000 on a single race. But when they tried to bring a "Pari Mutuel" machine to the Newmarket Craven meeting, he ordered it off the heath. Often as he went to extremes himself in his letters to the *Times*, he knew very well how to avoid them when it came to legislating for the Turf he loved so well.

As was justly said at the presentation made to him in Willis's rooms on Waterloo Day, 1866, "He has always done his best to repress everything of a fraudulent and dishonourable nature. He has laboured to reconcile conflicting interests, . . . he has enjoyed the respect and affection of every class of the racing community. . . . If Admiral Rous should retire, he will leave a void impossible to fill." Just eleven years afterwards the old Dictator died, and the void is not filled yet. But the traditions of honourable service he left behind him are still the foundations of the prosperity of racing. It was Lord Granville who spoke the words I have just quoted—that Minister for Foreign Affairs who took part in the debate on Lord Redesdale's Bill by saying that "*De minimis non curat lex*," which may be not inaptly translated,

"You cannot legislate for featherweights;" and while there are still statesmen who can find time to give consideration to the recreations of the people and the improvement of horsebreeding, the best interests of the Turf will be safe. The only man who has ever, I think, started two Derby winners in the same race, at any rate in our time, was Lord Rosebery, a Prime Minister. The only owner except Lord Grosvenor who ever won the Derby with two colts by the same sire and dam was His Majesty King Edward VII. when Prince of Wales. The best stallion now alive is owned by the Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse, to whom this third volume is dedicated. A sport that is under the patronage of the highest and best in the land is never likely to fall far below the ideals which they have set for it.

"Let no man who has no need," wrote Greville, in May, 1833, "who is not in danger of losing all he has, and is not obliged to grasp at every chance, make a book on the Derby. While the fever it excites is raging, I can neither read nor write nor occupy myself with anything else." It was in this year that the nervous and somewhat pessimistic Clerk of the Council was staying at the Oaks, "where Lord Stanley kept house for the first, and probably (as the house is for sale) for the last, time." Greville had seen his first Derby, when barely



The Fourteenth Earl of Derby.

fifteen, in 1809, and twelve years afterwards he was managing the Duke of York's stable. When the royal stud was sold, he went to his uncle the Duke of Portland, and then became confederate with Lord Chesterfield, and Mr. Payne was another with whom he went into partnership later on. *Alarm* and *Mango* were his favourite horses, and in the latter's Leger he writes that young Sam Day "sent his horse through with such a terrific rush that his breeches were nearly torn off his boots, and won by a neck." When the jockey was so badly hurt, Greville expressed his opinion of him with greater feeling than was his wont. "The boy himself," he

records, in October, 1838, "died like a hero, with a firmness, courage, and cheerfulness which would have been extolled to the skies in some conspicuous character on whom the world has been accustomed to gaze, but which in the poor jockey-boy passed unheeded and unknown, and it is only the few as obscure as himself who witnessed his last moments who are aware that, wherever his bones rest—

‘In that neglected spot is laid
A heart once pregnant with celestial fire.’”

For thirty or forty years the famous house near Epsom where Greville was staying in 1833 had been "the resort of all our old jockeys," and then it was occupied by the sporting portion of the Government. Here is the Secretary's catalogue of guests: "Lord Grey and his daughter, Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Lord and Lady Errol, Althorp, Graham, Uxbridge, Charles Grey, Duke of Grafton, Lichfield, and Stanley's brothers. It passed off very well—racing all the morning, an excellent dinner, and whist and blind hookey all the evening. It was curious to see Stanley. Who would believe they beheld the orator and statesman, only second, if second, to Peel in the House of Commons, and on whom the destiny of the country depends? There he was as if he had no thoughts but for the Turf, full of the horses, interest in the lottery, eager, blunt, noisy, good-humoured, 'has meditans nugas et totus in illis;' at night equally devoted to play, as if his fortune depended on it. Thus can a man relax whose existence is devoted to great objects and serious thoughts."

It may be added to Greville's reflections that it is on just such relaxation that the most hard-working men depend, not only for attaining "serious thoughts," but even for keeping a hold upon "existence."

Twenty years afterwards Greville noted a similarly pleasant party at Goodwood. "Glorious weather," he wrote, "and the whole thing very enjoyable; a vast deal of great company: Duke of Cambridge, Duke of Mecklenburg, Duke of Parma, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, father of Prince Edward. Derby was there—not in his usual uproarious spirits, chaffing and laughing from morning till night, but more sedate than is his wont." It is even more interesting to compare Greville's account of the political situation in which all that racing party were so interested, in 1852, with the politics of 1902. The *résumé* of fifty years ago was, "roughly, about 300 Derbyites, thoroughgoing supporters; 50 or 60 that cannot be reckoned as belonging to either party; and the rest divided into various sections of opposition and greatly at variance with each other, except in a common sentiment of aversion

and determined hostility to the Government." It is strange how such history repeats itself, even to the detail of an ex-Prime Minister, once famous on the Turf, making brilliant but impractical speeches in the country and the House of Lords.

As the grandson of the twelfth earl, who gave his name to the greatest race in the world, Lord Derby was bound not only to be "the Rupert of Debate," but also to train racehorses for his own pleasure and the improvement of the breed. He never won either Derby or St. Leger; but out of the 243 horses John Scott trained for him, 54 won over £94,000 in stakes, which cleared all his expenses for the twenty-one years he raced. In those days of small stakes comparatively few owners could do so much without betting largely, even if the Oaks, the Two Thousand, a Doncaster Cup, a Cesarewitch, and two Goodwood Cups were amongst the spoils. Lord Derby hated unprincipled gambling quite as much as Admiral Rous; and when the Jockey Club seemed negligent about their duties, he roused them with an indignant letter that made them warn off



"*Surplice*" and "*Canezou*."

the Turf a scoundrel named James Adkins, who owned racehorses and kept loaded dice at a gambling hell in Albemarle Street.

Lord Derby's best animal was the mare *Canezou*, who ran second to *Surplice* for the Leger, and his prettiest was *Ithurriel*, whose statuette was placed on the Goodwood Cup of 1845. Long after he had given up racing for politics and literature, his greatest pleasure was a walk round the Knowsley paddocks among the foals and yearlings; and in spite of all the brilliant conversations he must have enjoyed with the best men and women in Europe, his visits to Whitewall to talk horse with John Scott were among the things he would most have missed in a full and strenuous life.

There have been many famous politicians on the Turf, some of whom I have tried to sketch in these pages; but it may be doubted whether any was more popular than Lord Palmerston, who became Secretary of War when he was five and twenty, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of nearly every section of his countrymen before he died as Prime Minister and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It might be difficult to manage affairs now as he did then; but his undoubted pluck and his downright refusal to allow his country to be "put upon" strongly appealed to the Briton of the day, who lived a simpler life and faced less complicated issues than do we.



The Third Viscount Palmerston.

His first hit on the Turf was *Luzborough*, who swept the west country of every plate for which he entered, and finally became a successful sire of cavalry chargers in Virginia. The pronunciation of his *Iliona* furnished many a controversy among his friends until the famous Dr. Whewell sent word from Cambridge that the *o* was short. *Black and All Black*, *Foxbury*, and *Greyleg* were names that smacked more of the old-fashioned Turf, and *Buckthorn* was perhaps the best of all, a nice type of *Venison* colt, who stayed as well as his father, and won at Lord Palmerston's favourite provincial meeting, Tiverton. But it was the race for the Ascot Stakes of 1853

which will always be remembered about this horse; for in a field of thirteen he was giving *King Pippin*—a four-year-old like himself—very nearly 2st. Alfred Day (William's brother) lay so far behind his horses that less than a mile from home none of the spectators thought anything of his chance. But he crept up round the bend, and, coming with a rush at the distance, he won by half a length, amid great applause from the public and the smart spectators in the stands. But *Buckthorn* never got over it, and would never have won at all but for his very great superiority over the other horses, whom he managed to beat in spite of lying as far out

of his ground as *Fisherman* or *Julius* when they were defeated for that very reason at Stockbridge. *Buckthorn* did not run so well again, so it was probably with *Iliona* that Lord Palmerston's racing name was chiefly connected in the public mind. For this smart daughter of *Priam* beat eight others for the Southampton Stakes in 1842 when all were placed, and *Retriever*, who was second, won the Goodwood Stakes the week after. This was lucky for a cheap purchase at Tattersall's which had only been "one of Lord George's cast-offs;" and she won Lord Palmerston's first Cesarewitch as well.

Abstemious enough in eating and drinking, Lord Palmerston could do more work than most men when he liked, and would stand at a high table and write from ten o'clock at night till two in the morning, without running any risk of losing the reputation as "Cupid" of which he was secretly a little proud. He would gallop over from Broadlands to Danebury at such a pace that he had to go round the yard once or twice before pulling up, in dark trousers and an unbuttoned coat flying in the wind. "Such capital exercise!" he would exclaim, galloping off again the moment he had seen the horses and thrown a word to old John Day. But when the trainer got past the policeman and found Sir William Codrington in the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston left the Irish debate at once, and came out to shake hands with him, saying, in answer to his congratulations on the Premiership, "Thanks, John; I have won my Derby." In 1859 he quite thought "the real thing" was in his grasp at last; but *Mainstone* was not placed. As Lord Derby said at Tattersall's just before the race, on the day after the Derby Cabinet had been beaten in a division on the Address, "Two wins in one week would be too much." The political rivals were always good friends on the Turf; but Lord Palmerston may not have denied himself a quiet chuckle when he saw that *Cape Flyaway* did no better at Epsom than his own colt. The last thoroughbred he owned (*Baldwin* by *Rataplan*) he sent over to the stud of Lord Naas in Ireland; and this reminds me that when the fellow-citizens of Palmer the poisoner came to ask him whether the name of their town might be changed, in consequence of the evil notoriety which that cold-blooded scoundrel had brought upon it, he suggested that if they desired to be complimentary they might call it Palmerston.

On May 14th, 1856, Lord Chief Justice Campbell, Baron Alderson, and Mr. Justice Cresswell tried William Palmer, aged 31, surgeon, of Rugeley, Staffordshire, for the wilful murder of John Parsons Cook, at the Central Criminal

Court in London. The Attorney-General, Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., Mr. Welsby, Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Huddleston were for the prosecution. The florid and portly prisoner, defended by Mr. Serjeant Shee, Mr. Grove, Q.C., Mr. Gray, and Mr. Kenealy, kept perfectly cool throughout, sending slips of paper every now and then to his solicitor and counsel for their instruction. But Sir Alexander Cockburn's reply was fatal. "It was the riding that did it," remarked the prisoner, calmly, as he left the dock for the scaffold, tripping on his toes with rather a cat-like gait, and moving his body and head from side to side as if in search of approbation.

The Turf is not all sunshine, and my sketch of it would be incomplete were



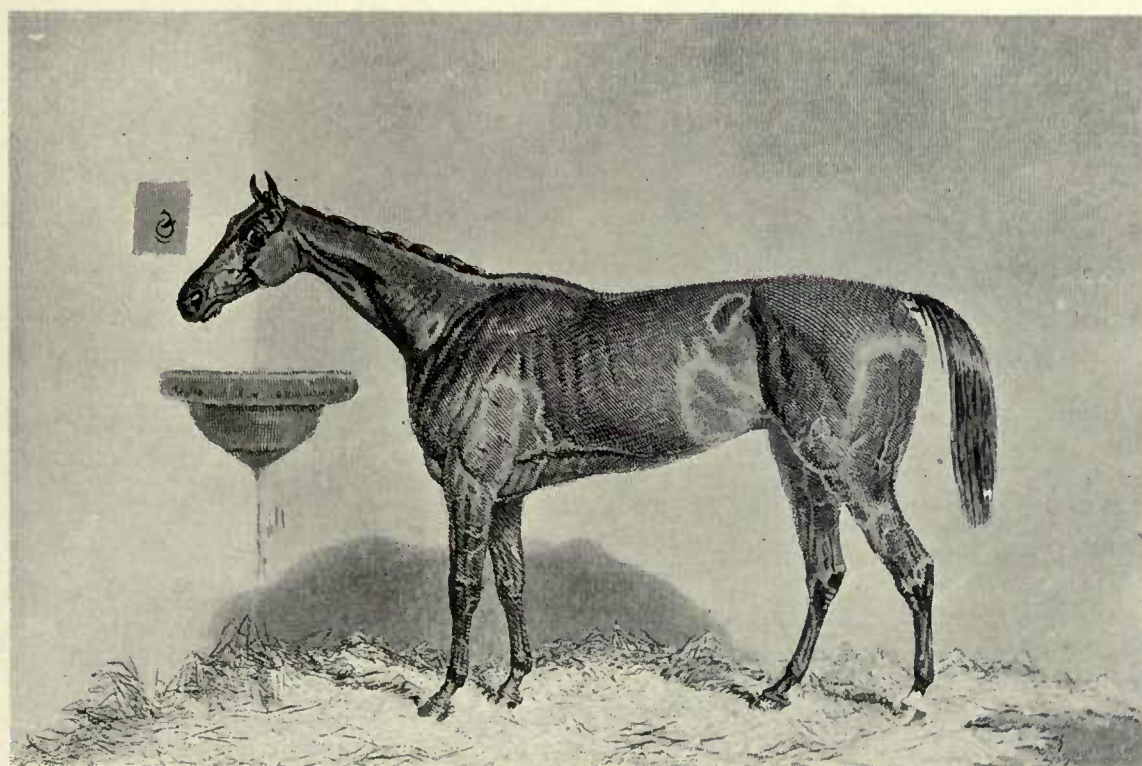
"Blink Bonny" by "Melbourne" (1854).

there not some shadows to throw up the light. The tale of Palmer must not be taken, fortunately, as typical of many others. But it is suggestive of the terrible results that may ensue when the wrong man takes up racing, becomes reckless, and finally leaves so deep a stain upon the noble sport he has dishonoured that unthinking faddists attribute to

the Turf itself the whole of his rascality. This, however, is in fact the result of an ingrained scoundrelism that would have blackened just as foully every sphere of life with which it might have come in contact.

When John Osborne first met Palmer, he thought him "a nice sort of fellow to speak to." The Rugeley surgeon was running *Doubt* in a handicap which old John won with *Alp*. This was one of his first horses, and his Turf career commenced successfully enough. Very few people suspected what the end would be. As a boy of twelve he inherited £7,000, as his part of the fortune which his father had accumulated as a timber merchant; and he first learnt the use of strychnine as a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whence he passed into a

good practice as a surgeon at Rugeley. Hitherto there had been nothing remarkable about him except that the naturally amiable disposition of a child had occasionally been obscured by cruel experiments upon animals. He married the daughter of an Indian officer with a small property of her own, and of his five children all but the eldest died in convulsions a few weeks after their birth. His wife's own income was only to last her lifetime, so he insured her life for £13,000, and nine months afterwards she was dead. Within another three months he was trying to effect heavy insurances on the life of his brother, a confirmed drunkard,



"Virago" by "Pyrrhus the First" (1851).

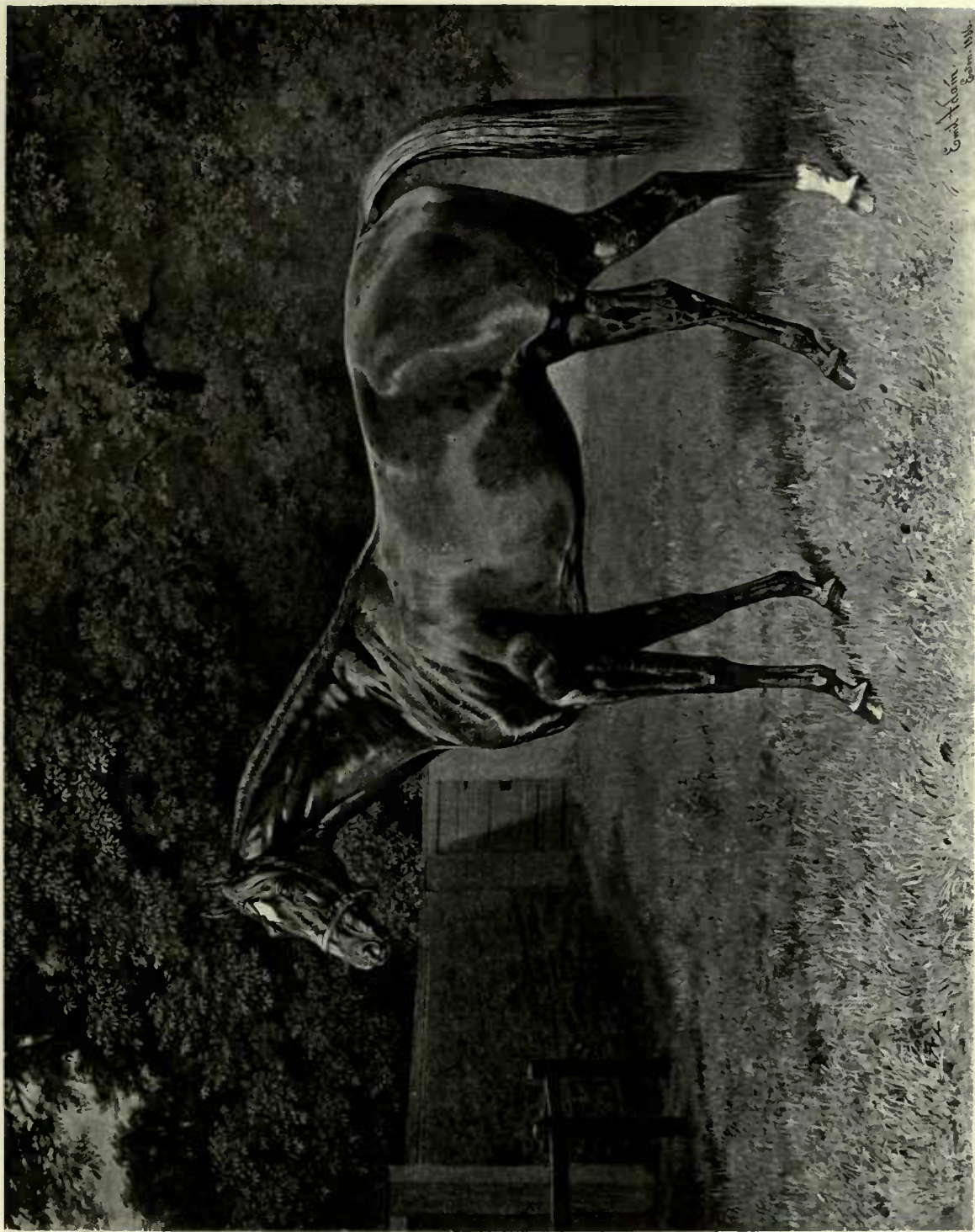
to the enormous extent of £80,000. Meanwhile he lived handsomely; for in 1851 he cleared nearly £4,000 over *Doubt's* victory in the Leamington Stakes; he then netted £3,000 with *Goldfinder* in the Shrewsbury Handicap, more at Wolverhampton, and nearly £7,000 at Warwick, all on the same horse. At Manchester he won again with *Trickstress*, and *Doubt* did even better in the autumn. His genuine love of racing then degenerated into a passion for gambling, which was not satisfied with his own horses, but extended to backing other people's. His agents began to hedge; the bookmakers laid him less than market price; the money-dealers got their hands

upon him too. Even *Doubt's* sterling performances failed to counterbalance the defeat of the over-raced *Goldfinder* in 1852. But in the following year, when things looked blackest, he landed the Chester Cup and nearly £15,000, and in 1854 he bought *Nettle* with the insurance money procured by the murder of his wife. An "accident" happened to the mare in the race for the Oaks, which broke Marlow's leg, and was evidently no fault of her jockey. *Chicken*, which he purchased at the same time, seemed equally tainted by that terrible origin. His defeat in the Leamington Stakes was a crushing blow. He was still a boon companion with many on the Turf, considered to be good-natured from his readiness to take 5 to 2 for the sake of a bet when other people were getting 4 to 1. He had a queer habit of drinking his brandy and water in one gulp, and recommending his friends to do the same. It was only a little later that they suddenly became shy of doing so.

Since his losses in 1854, Palmer had been held fast in the clutch of the money-lenders. One of them, Pratt, gradually became more and more pressing. A friend named Cook, who had given up a solicitor's business to invest a legacy of £10,000 in a racing partnership with Palmer, had been of all the help he could, eventually assigning two of his own horses, *Polestar* and *Sirius*, as collateral security for a loan. The day before *Polestar* won at Shrewsbury, Pratt wrote to Palmer that £11,500 in bills would have to be met. Cook was poisoned the night after the race, with about £700 in his pocket, and transactions in his betting book showing about £1,000 more to his credit on the settling day at Tattersall's, which he was never to see. Before the poor man died, Palmer had gone up to London to see to the collection of Cook's bets, but returned in time to complete his horrible work, and did his best to render the post-mortem examination useless, to upset the jar containing the hideous evidences of his crime, and to bribe the coroner. But he was lodged in Stafford Gaol, and during his sojourn there it was found, from an examination of his wife's body, that she had been slowly killed with antimony.

The sale of his stud after his execution naturally attracted a great deal of attention, and it realized £3,906. *The Chicken's* name was appropriately changed to *Vengeance* after Lord Portsmouth bought him, and he beat Mr. Snewing's *Polestar* for the Cesarewitch in a common canter. If ever a racecourse was haunted it must have been on the day when the dead poisoner's horse, bought with the money paid for his wife's murder, beat the animal which had once belonged to another of his victims, in that famous race. His brown colt by *Sir Hercules* was afterwards known

London, Virtue & Co.



From the painting by Emil Adlon.

Bend Or (1874)

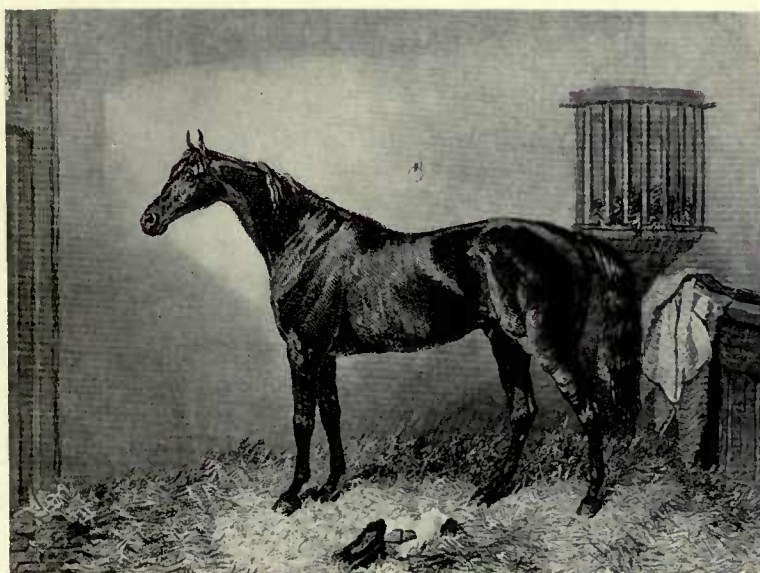
By permission of His Grace the Duke of Westminster



as *Gemma di Vergy*, who won thirteen out of his eighteen races as a two-year-old, six out of eleven as a three-year-old, and once beat *Fisherman*.

It is relief to turn to a very different racecourse, and a very different owner, in taking the Earl of Eglinton as another type of the great racing figures of this period. Few more picturesque figures than the young master of Eglinton Castle were to be seen in the society of the first years of Queen Victoria's reign. The Tournament by which he strove to revive the glories of a bygone chivalry made his name famous wherever the tongue of Walter Scott was known and loved. The victories of *Blue Bonnet*, *Van Tromp*, and *The Flying Dutchman* spread its glory even further, and will keep it fresh while there is turf upon the moors of Doncaster. Lord Eglinton's first win was

with *Bathsheba* for the Ayr Plate in 1831, and old George Dawson, father of the famous quartette, afterwards trained the thoroughbreds which that victory inspired him to obtain. *St. Benet* and *St. Martin* had too strong a rival in the mighty *Lanercost* to do all they might have done in weaker years; but *St. Benet* won the



"*Gemma di Vergy*" by "*Sir Hercules*."

Liverpool Cup of 1838 in smashing style, and carried confusion into the Irish camp by beating Mr. Thomas Ferguson's famous *Harkaway* (who had to give him 15lb.) after a desperate finish by a neck. *Harkaway* was classed by the late Joseph Osborne with *Ormonde*, as the best pair of racehorses he had ever seen, and I have already had to mention *Harkaway's* breeding and appearance on p. 318 of my second volume. Known as "*the Irish Eclipse*," he secured a firm reputation in England as well, by winning the Goodwood Cup two years running in 1838 and 1839, and he is no doubt easily sure of a place among the twenty best horses of his century. Four years after his defeat had so vigorously encouraged Lord Eglinton in his racing career, Tom Dawson was showing his patron "the

winner of the St. Leger" in a loose box at Doncaster. It was a mare in perfect condition; her coat shone "like burnished rosewood," and she looked fit to run for a kingdom. To his astonishment, Lord Eglinton, who had come down from his moors to Doncaster the Saturday before the great race, learnt that she was his own *Blue Bonnet*, a mare who had gone amiss for all her engagements hitherto, travelled hundreds of miles without ever facing the starter, and had been practically banished from his lordship's mind as a racing possibility. But when Dawson told him that she had twice been successfully tried against *Charles XII.*, he went out to the betting-rooms and took £10,000 to £150 about her with William Crockford, £10,000 to £200 with another, and £10,000 to £300 the next day. She won



"Andover" by "Bay Middleton" (1851).

by a length, and Tommy Lye, who had a good deal on himself, spurred her cruelly in his excitement. In 1844 Lord Eglinton sent his stud to Fobert, and the next year bought a brown yearling by *Lanercost* out of *Barbelle* without knowing much about him. Charles Greville and Colonel Anson appraised him at £300, with an additional £500 for

contingencies. As *Van Tromp* the colt attracted wider attention by his two-year-old victories, and Lord George Bentinck stood to win £20,000 on him for the Derby. Job Marson was highly indignant at being dismissed for not winning at Epsom; but it is undoubtedly true that *Van Tromp* beat his former conqueror, *Cossack*, for the St. Leger in a canter, and Job had to wait for his revenge on *Voltigeur*. Meanwhile, Lord Eglinton's luck went on increasing. He had promised Mr. Vansittart 1,000 guineas for every perfectly formed foal from *Barbelle*, and in 1846 she promptly rewarded him with *The Flying Dutchman*, who was unbeaten as a two-year-old, and did not run next year until he won the Derby, after an inexplicably close race with an outsider called *Hotspur*. He won the St. Leger

too, and his only defeat in sixteen races came from the son of *Voltaire* and *Martha Lynn*, who was foaled a year later than himself. Lord Zetland's *Voltigeur* thoroughly delighted the Yorkshiremen with his brilliant Derby victory of 1850, which cost "Leviathan" Davies about £50,000. The scene at that year's St. Leger was a remarkable one. To the dismay of all the Tykes, within the last hundred yards an outsider named *Russborough* crept up to their favourite's girths when all the field seemed beaten. Neck and neck they raced to the post; head to head they flashed past the judge's box; there was an interval of terrible suspense; then it was known that the Irishman had made a dead heat of it. Bobby Hill, who had trained Lord Zetland's crack, looked as if he would never get over it. Those who looked on then would barely have believed that the colt's owner had almost struck him out of the Derby, and that Sir William Milner, who held Billy Williamson's opinion of his excellence, had himself sent the £400 to Messrs. Weatherby on the last Monday, in order at least to ensure getting a run for the £10,000 to £150 he had taken about *Voltigeur* with Lord Enfield, afterwards Earl Strafford. He was a dark brown, rather above 15.3 in height, without a spot of white except a



Jem Robinson.

little on the off hind foot. His rather coarse and large head was held by a very muscular, stallion-like neck. His shoulders were very fine and sloping, with powerful quarters drooping towards a somewhat shabby tail, muscular thighs, good hocks, and plenty of bone. *Russborough* was a dark chestnut, rather like his celebrated mother *Cruiskeen*. There were only eight starters. It was when Marson steadied his horse halfway up the distance, the pace having been made very hot by *Beehunter*, that Jem Robinson swooped down on him like a hawk, and so nearly won. There was some talk of the Irishman being

four years old, but he was examined and quickly pronounced all right. A big crowd had gathered when the jockeys dismounted, but it was nothing to the excitement soon after five o'clock when the two heroes of the day came out for the decider: Marson looked pale but determined. Jem Robinson was as jaunty as ever, and soon showed his confidence by making the pace a cracker from the start. Marson waited a couple of lengths behind, and lost no more till the Red House. As "The Druid" wrote next day in the *Doncaster Gazette*, "Into the straight *Russborough* came with the same strong lead, Robinson glancing over his shoulder at Marson, who sat with his hands well down on his horse's withers, and as cool as an iceberg. The vast crowd closed in upon them, and the roar of a



"*Voltigeur*" and "*The Flying Dutchman*."

hundred thousand iron voices fairly rent the air. '*Voltigeur's* beat!' and 'Is 'er beat?' was Bob Hill's response. 'You maun't tell me that; I knaws 'im better. Job's a-coming!' And sure enough Job, halfway within the distance, slipped a finger off his rein, gave the Derby winner a sharp reminder with his spurs, had him at *Russborough's* girths

in the next three strides, and landed him home a clever winner by a length. The hurrahs that greeted horse and jockey as they returned to the stand were perfectly deafening, and became, if possible, louder when the Countess of Zetland descended with her husband and patted the conqueror's neck." Bob Hill's roar of "Ar tauld ye so!" might have been heard at Bawtry as he butted his way through the crowd like a bull to get to his horse's head, and the air was thick with hats and the spotted handkerchiefs that symbolised Lord Zetland's triumph. It is said that every housemaid at Aske had put her last quarter's wages on the brown, and even the fielders cheered a victory that was of the right sort.

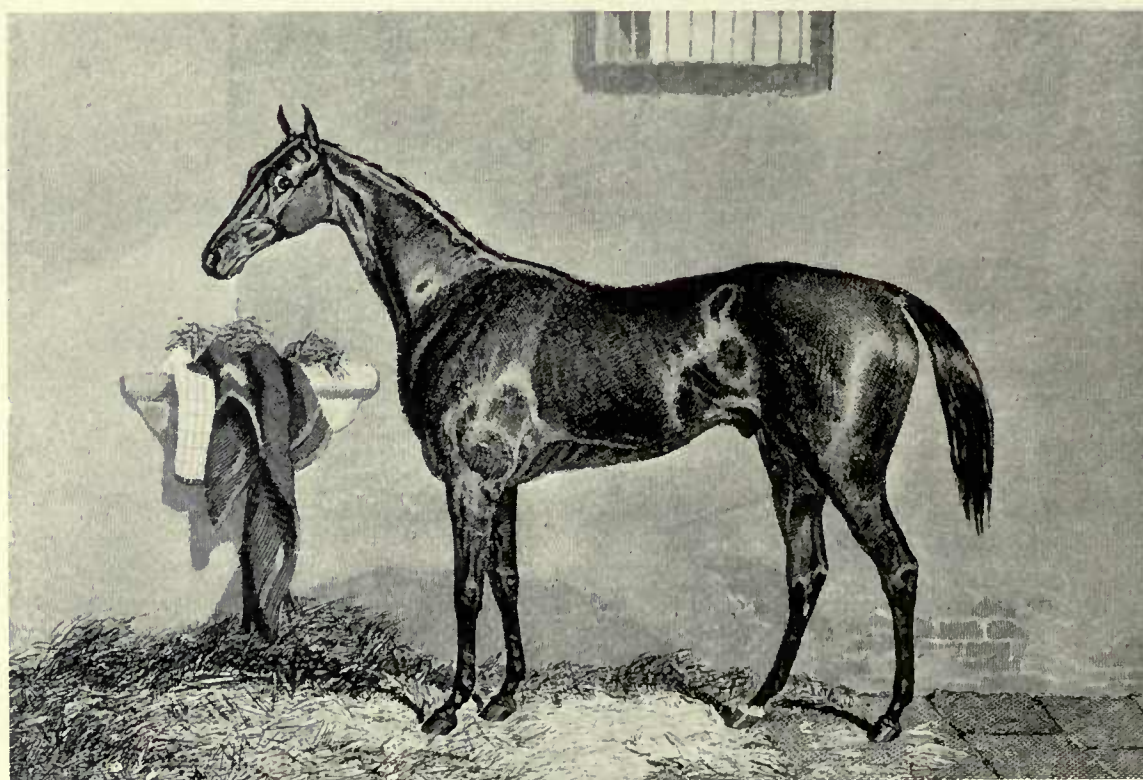
Voltigeur's trainer did not know quite as much of his business as he might have done, in spite of his enthusiasm ; and he was actually going to put the colt into a stable, give him a feed of corn, and let him rest after the first race. Luckily, one of the horse's backers, unable to make any impression on the excited trainer, saw John Scott talking to Sir William Milner. The verdict was instantaneous. "Keep him walking about the whole time until he runs for the deciding heat. That was what I did with *Charles XII.* after he had run a dead heat with *Euclid* eleven years ago." Luckily, the advice was taken ; and the treatment turned out as successful as it had done before.

Even greater was the excitement on Cup Day, when Fobert sent Lord Eglinton's *Flying Dutchman* to do battle with Lord Zetland's crack, and the only race I can compare with this in our time was that memorable July day at Sandown, when *Rock Sand*, who had won the Derby, ran against *Sceptre*, the best mare of 1902, and *Ard Patrick*, who had beaten her in the only one of the five classic races she had lost. Both *The Flying Dutchman*, who carried 8st. 12lb., and was four years old, and the three-year-old *Voltigeur*, who ran under 7st., had won the Derby and Leger of their respective years ; but those who laid 6 to 1 on the older horse could not have known of the tremendous gallop Fobert had given him on Thursday over the Cup Course. For the first time in his life, *The Dutchman* refused his food and was irritable at exercise. Bobby Hill's ideas of training *Voltigeur* had been that when his neck was reduced he would be fittest ; but even two hoods all summer could not do that, and the horse would sweat week after week with 12-st. lad and all on his back, until his trainer, who gum-bandaged nearly every horse he had, could say proudly, "*His* legs and feet, my lord, is like *hiron* ;" and as Doncaster drew near the only phrase that would express Bob's feelings was, "He's going tremendous slap !"

Fobert, however, knew enough to be nervous, and warned Marlow to wait on the three-year-old till they had got round the Red House corner and were within six furlongs of home. But the jockey was too elated to remember any instructions. He rushed away, and passed the stand for the first time at a terrific pace. Nat Flatman rode Lord Zetland's winner beautifully, and waited to close with his rival till a little below the distance. Marlow, sobered at last with sheer excitement, found, to his unutterable dismay, that all the steel was out of his horse, and Nat, who had been given the mount because Job Marson could not ride the weight, just won by a neck. For the first time, and the only

time, *The Flying Dutchman's* colours were lowered. A paralysis of astonishment fell upon the crowd, who saw the giant beaten at last. The backers of the Eglinton tartan stalked to and fro silent as marble statues. Marlow, at the weighing-house, had burst into a flood of tears. Lord Eglinton, pale as ashes himself, was trying kindly to comfort him. In the distance rose the joyful bellowing of Bobby Hill; and not a Yorkshireman in Doncaster apparently went to bed that night at all.

So close a finish and such whole-hearted partisanship could have but one



"*Voltigeur*" by "*Voltaire*" (1847).

result. Lord Zetland and Lord Eglinton at last agreed to fight their battle again, over a two-mile course at the York Spring Meeting of 1861 for a thousand guineas, *The Dutchman* to concede 8½lb. The whole of sporting England turned out to see the match. The betting was even almost from the day the race had been announced to the hour they went to the post. *Voltigeur* made the running this time over heavy going, and it was hoped that *The Dutchman* would emphasise his usual dislike for dirt. But at the last turn Marlow brought up the Eglinton tartan, and they tore past the stands, all out,

locked together in a desperate struggle for the lead. The younger gave out first, and *Voltigeur* was beaten by a short length.

On the great staircase at Aske there hung long afterwards Sir Edwin Landseer's painting of Lord Zetland's favourite, as large as life, with his head down, whispering soft greetings to his friend the cat. At the Horse and Hound Show at Middlesborough in 1860, from the best class ever got together in a show-yard, he won the £100 prize as being "the best calculated to improve and perpetuate the breed of the sound and stout thoroughbred horse." The judges knew their business. His son *Vedette* was the last horse Job Marson rode in public, and from that mighty line have sprung the best sires of the modern Turf.

The Flying Dutchman retired from the Turf after that glorious contest with all his honours thick upon him, and with this last victory Lord Eglinton touched the high water-mark of his racing career, and not long afterwards he sold his stud to Sir



By permission of H.R.H. Prince Christian.

George Payne, M.F.H.

John Errington. He died at fifty, of a sudden stroke of apoplexy, and in the zenith of his bright existence there can scarcely have been a man more beloved

in the three kingdoms: in Ireland for his munificence and hospitality as Viceroy; in Scotland for his burning patriotism; in England as the soul of honour in her greatest sport.

George Payne, another famous Turfite, though a very different man, began life with prospects almost as brilliant as those of Lord Eglinton. As large-hearted, as rich, as chivalrous, as talented, "G. P." gave up all the ambitions which had stirred the young Montgomerie's soul, and deliberately devoted life, health, and fortune to racing, hunting, and cards. Yet he never did a thing he justly could feel ashamed of, and he was beloved by all who knew him, from the Queen downwards. A man's life and his money are, after all, his own. George Payne



By permission of Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.

"Lord Lyon."

recognised no higher court, nor should the reader who is trying to imagine him. He was sent down from Christchurch, and he lost £33,000, when he was only twenty, over *Jerry's Leger*, a disaster he took with all Charles Fox's coolness, only retiring to bed in his Doncaster lodgings to avoid giving wiser men the pain of looking at

a fool. He got back £12,000 of it, by Mr. Gully's advice, on *Memnon* the next year. Until Charles Greville helped him, he was invariably unlucky with his own horses; and he thought his hair was turning grey when his mare *Welfare*, backed for the merest trifle, once looked like beating the famous *Crucifix*, on whom he had betted thousands for the Oaks. One of his best horses never carried his own colours, for Lord Glasgow bequeathed him *Musket*, and the horse always ran in the old white and crimson. When *Lord Lyon* won the Derby, Payne stood to win nearly £50,000 on Lord Ailesbury's *Savernake*, and *Cremorne* wiped out almost as much when *Pell Mell* was beaten later on. The only classic victory he scored was the One Thousand with *Clementina*,

whom he had reluctantly bought from Lord Jersey. Probably no man ever believed so many "straight tips," and made so little out of them. Even of the results of his trials he was always a little uncertain, and generally disagreed with his confederate. But when Greville, who did not invariably do quite the right thing by his friends, made any particularly glaring error, it was always George Payne who made it up. There has been something pathetic to me in Greville's descriptions of a pursuit for which he was never fitted and in which he persistently indulged. "My campaign on the Turf," writes the suspiciously introspective secretary, "has been a successful one. Still all this success has not prevented frequent disgust, and I derive anything but unmixed pleasure from this pursuit even when I win by it. Besides the continual disappointments and difficulties incident to it, which harass the mind, the life it compels me to lead, the intimates arising out of it, the associates and the war against villany and trickery, being haunted by continual suspicions, discovering the trust-unworthiness of one's most intimate friends, the necessity of insincerity and concealment sometimes where one feels that one ought and would desire to be most open; then the degrading nature of the occupation, mixing with the lowest of mankind, and absorbed in the business for the sole purpose of getting money, the consciousness of a sort of degradation of intellect, the conviction of the deteriorating effects upon both the feelings and the understanding which are produced, the sort of dram-drinking excitement of it—all these things and these thoughts torment me and often turn my pleasure to pain."



Henry, Seventh Duke of Beaufort.

A man who thought all this about racing would have earned greater respect from me had he given it up; and it is positively refreshing afterwards to hear George Payne's good-humoured self-depreciation, and his cheery criticisms of a

life he thoroughly understood and never regretted, as he made clear to every one from the witness-box in the famous card-playing libel case, when Sir John Campbell managed really to rouse him. It was this bitter barrister's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" which, in Lord Brougham's opinion, added another terror to death; and he eventually offered Mr. Payne an apology, which was cheerfully accepted. Of "G. P.'s" wonderful games at *écarté*, in Limmer's Hotel, or in a post-chaise lost in the New Forest, I have no space here to speak. The very pickpockets stole his watch with consideration, and returned it in the certainty of getting a



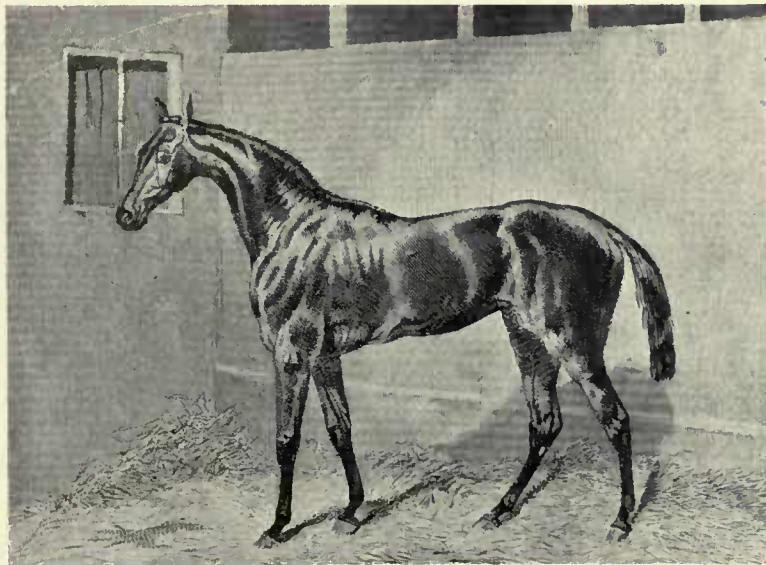
General Peel.

ten-pound note each time. He was a master of the Pytchley, and received a magnificent testimonial from the Northamptonshire farmers when he resigned. He did well over *Teddington's* Derby, and was equally fortunate when *Sefton* won. But the change of luck heralded the end. Soon after *Kincsem's* victory at Goodwood he died, in August, 1878, having refused to shield himself with an umbrella from the burning sun at Lewes.

Another famous huntsman in the Midlands was that George Child Villiers whose name will ever be associated with the famous Billesdon Coplow Run of 1800. As Earl of Jersey he became even more famous when he took to racing. With the

daughter of Lord Westmoreland he married the fortune she inherited from old Mr. Child, the famous banker in Fleet Street, whose house has been thus indirectly connected with the History of the Turf, as I have shown, ever since the days of Bernard Howard and Nell Gwynne. When the husband of this wealthy, accomplished, and influential lady began breeding thoroughbreds at Middleton Stoney, there were those who remembered that in a family-tree which was rich in famous and beautiful women there appeared also the name of George, Duke of Buckingham, who owned the *Helmsley Turk*; and these foresaw the possibilities

of a great career, if sentiment went for anything. And sentiment—that most neglected, and most powerful, factor in the world's work and play—has much to say with horse-racing. Fortune, at any rate, soon smiled upon Lord Jersey, for he won the Derby three times, with *Middleton*, with *Mameluke*, and with *Bay Middleton*. After scoring the Two Thousand with *Riddlesworth* in 1831, he won it four times running from 1834 onwards; and he never ran any of his horses as a two-year-old. He died in 1859, and in spite of his splendid successes he was nearly half a million out of pocket by his stud, for he very rarely betted, and never in high figures. Luckily he was able to enjoy, and to improve, the Turf, without it. Twenty years later there passed away, at Marble Hill, Twickenham, another upright supporter of the Turf, General Peel, the firm friend of Admiral Rous, Lord Glasgow, and George Payne. Brother of the famous Prime Minister, the General made almost as conspicuous a figure in the racing world as Sir Robert did in politics. He began in 1823 with John Kent, who trained his horses with those of the Duke of Richmond



"Beadsman" by "Weatherbit" (1855).

and Lord Stradbroke at Goodwood; and his greatest successes were with *Archibald* in the Two Thousand, and *Orlando* in the Derby of 1844, a race which will always be memorable for the scandal about *Running Rein*, to which I have already referred. His trainers later on were Coope and Joseph Dawson, and his favourite jockey was Nat Flatman; and his last win was the Middle Park Plate at the Newmarket Second October meeting with *Peter*, the appropriately named son of *Hermit*, who also recalled his owner's friendship with Lord Glasgow.

We have met with some lucky men, and we have heard of many rich men in these pages. But for a man to take to racing who is both, and that in large measure, is somewhat extraordinary even in the moving History of the English Turf and

its supporters. Like several others that could be named, Sir Joseph Hawley, of Leybourne Grange, did not burn to distinguish himself as a politician in the House of Commons, and deliberately gave up his excellent chances of representing Kent in Parliament in order to add the names of *Teddington*, *Beadsman*, *Musjid*, *Blue Gown*, *Aphrodite*, and *Mendicant* to the annals of the English Turf. By 1844 he had registered the "cherry and black cap" that was to become so famous, and he won the Oaks three years later. His first Derby victory, with a horse really the property of his friend, who was afterwards known as Sir J. Massey Stanley Errington, was appropriately timed for Exhibition year, when the enormous Epsom crowd was swollen by a huge concourse of visitors from almost every

country in the world.



"Blue Gown" by "Beadsman" (1865).

"Leviathan" Davis lost about £100,000 when *Teddington* came in ahead of thirty-two other starters, and Job Marson his jockey got £2,000 from the lucky owner. *Aphrodite*, who scored the One Thousand, was beaten for the Leger by *Newminster*, but Sir Joseph got a neat revenge by breeding *Musjid*, another Derby

winner, from the conqueror, and further consoled himself by compiling a larger sum in stakes than any other owner that same year, besides a quantity of heavy bets. *Teddington* only cost £250, with an additional £1,000 after his Derby victory. Another son of *Orlando* won the Two Thousand for Sir Joseph in 1858, when "Tiny Wells" also secured the Derby for him with *Beadsman*; and it seemed as if luck could go no further when *Musjid* won the great race again at the next time of asking. In 1867 and 1868 the winning numbers began to turn up again as fast as ever with *Green Sleeve*, *Rosicrucian*, *Blue Gown*, his fourth Derby winner, *Pero Gomez*, *The Palmer*, and *Wolsey* on the cards. *Blue Gown*, though the darling of the public, was never a favourite with "the lucky Baronet," who gave the stakes

to his jockey, and never won a shilling on the horse. It may well have been true that the fact of *Blue Gown* having been disqualified from the Champagne Stakes as a two-year-old for carrying nearly 9st., had leaked out, and given every one else a strong line as to his real merit. In 1869 *Pero Gomez* won the St. Leger, and after a sensational libel case with the *Sporting Times*, Sir Joseph Hawley came out as a Turf reformer on the lines which I have already quoted. His condemnation of two-year-old racing perhaps created a greater impression of sincerity than his tirade against plunging. He knew a good deal about both; but a congregation always likes a grain or two of practice in the most eloquent of its preachers.

Another famous racing man, whose career almost coincided with Sir Joseph Hawley's, was James Merry, of Glasgow, owner of *Chanticleer*, *Hobbie Noble*, *Thor-manby*, *Dundee*, *Doncaster*, and *Marie Stuart*, with that canny Lancashire lad, Mr. Frederick Swindell, as his commissioner. Both were very remarkable characters, and both made the Turf the study of their lives with very fair success; for if "Lord



"*Pero Gomez*" by "Beadsman" (1866).

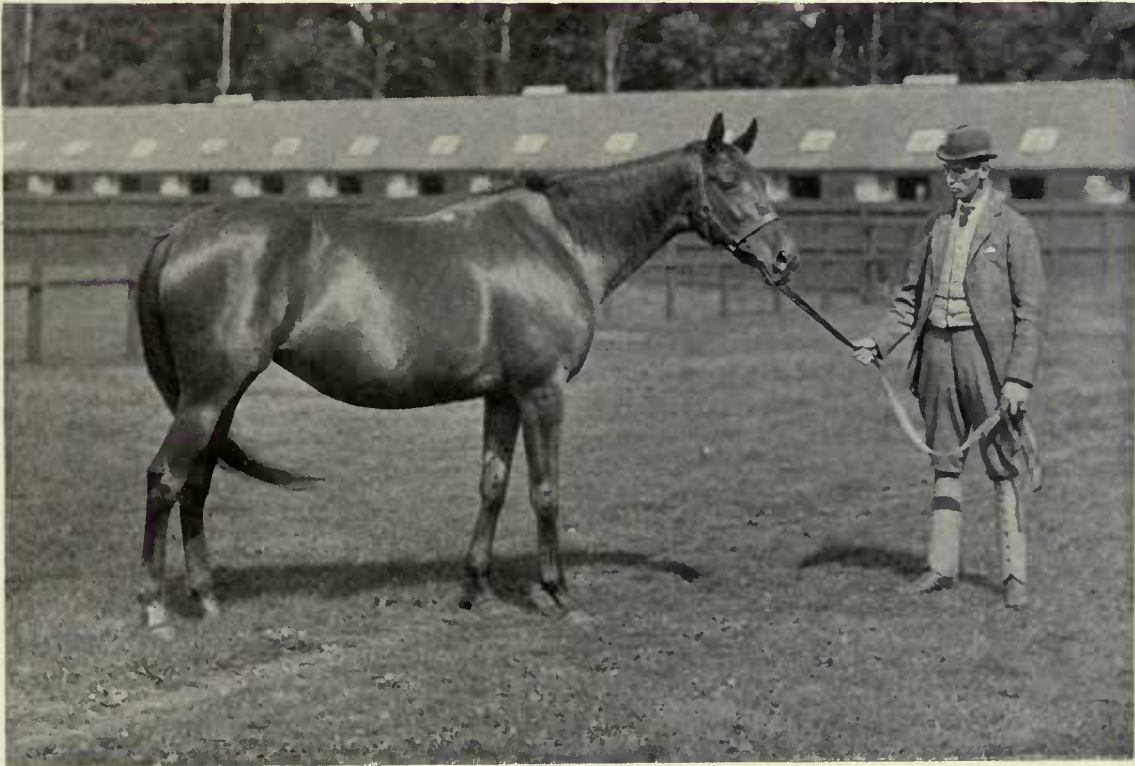
Freddy" began his good fortune with a bet on *Charles XII.* for the Liverpool July Cup of 1839, James Merry of Belladrum began by beating *Van Tromp* with *Chanticleer* in 1848, and never looked back. It was entirely owing to Swindell's detecting a plot and changing the jockey at the last minute that *Chanticleer* won the Goodwood Stakes; and this good horse later on became the sire of *Ellermire*, *Sunbeam*, and *Ella*, dam of *Formosa*, whose sire was Lord Portsmouth's *Buccaneer*. The Derby of 1860 was full of sensational incidents and heavy betting. Lord Palmerston's *Mainstone* and Mr. R. Ten Broeck's *Umpire* were in the field. Fred Swindell had "put it all" on *Wallace*, who slipped on to his nose when the flag fell, only to win £40,000 for this acute Turfite later



By permission of the Duke of Westminster.

"Doncaster" in 1876.

on over the Goodwood Stakes, and to be sold after the Great Northern Handicap for £5,000. Fred never backed "anything that could talk," or perhaps *Wallace* might have let out the fact that he cost less than £100. I need scarcely add that the highly popular winner of that 1860 Derby was Mr. Merry's *Thormanby*, one of the very best he or any one else ever owned. His *Dundee* got second on three legs the next year, and his *Buckstone* was third to *Caractacus*. Mr. Merry's chief trainers were William Day and Matthew Dawson, and his greatest triumph was in 1873, when he won the Derby with *Doncaster* and the Oaks and St. Leger with



By permission of "Country Life."

"Busybody" by "Petrarch" (1881).

Marie Stuart; but throughout his political career he was known by Lord Beaconsfield's happy appellation of "The Member for *Thormanby*."

Mr. Merry would have added the Derby of 1870 to his score if *MacGregor* had not broken down. But the disaster gave Lord Falmouth his first Derby with *Kingcraft*, and a career began that has few parallels in the history of racing. When the "black jacket, white sleeves, and red cap" were seen no more upon the Turf, Matthew Dawson and Fred Archer presented Lord Falmouth with a silver shield on which were inscribed the names of the winners of two Derbys, three Oaks, three

St. Legers, three One Thousand and three Two Thousand Guineas, the Champion and the Great Challenge Stakes, all trained and ridden by the donors. The trophy did high credit to all three, and Lord Falmouth's winning record from 1872 to 1883 was extraordinary for the days before the "ten thousand-pounders."



By permission of "Country Life."

Lord Falmouth.

He averaged £18,000 a year in stakes, and his £38,000 for 1878 was then the largest total credited to any single owner. His best horses were *Queen's Messenger*, *Atlantic*, *Cecilia*, *Queen Bertha*, about whom he made his only bet—of sixpence, *Spinaway*, *Silvio*, *Wheel of Fortune*, the fastest thoroughbred he ever owned, *Dutch Oven*, and *Harvester*, who was sold with the rest of his stud, and ran a dead heat for Sir J. Willoughby with *St. Gatien* for the Derby, while Mr. S. Baird bought *Busybody*, and scored the One Thousand and the Oaks with her. The sale reached the total of 110,000 guineas, without counting contingencies on races for which the various animals had been entered by Lord Falmouth. He was a splendid example of the man who loves

racing for its own sake, who was able to afford to race without betting, and who exhibited in his favourite sport those sterling characteristics of an honourable and scholarly life which endeared him to his friends and will ever preserve his memory among his countrymen.

CHAPTER XIX.

BRITISH STABLES AND FOREIGN METHODS.

*“Regibus hic mos est ubi equos mercantur opertos
 Inspiciunt ne si facies ut sæpe decora
 Molli fulta pede est emptorem inducat hiantem
 Quod pulchræ clunes breve quod caput ardua cervix.”*

BEFORE the death of the Prince Consort, Queen Victoria was often present at Ascot, and on one occasion she was so pleased with “Little Bell’s” riding in the Ascot Stakes that she had the tiny jockey up to the Royal Box, and asked if he really weighed under four stone. “Please, Ma’am,” replied that diminutive but self-possessed personage, “master told me never to say how much I weighed.” There are, indeed, many things which a jockey should know that he is “never to say,” for his full value depends on several things besides horsemanship; but it is not always necessary to have resort to such strong measures as were once employed by Sir Mark Wood, who kept racehorses long ago at Lower Hare Park, near Newmarket. Sir Mark called the lad who had just ridden a trial into his study. The colt was entered for the Two Thousand, and the question of weights was an important one. “Here are five pounds for you,” announced the owner, grimly, producing a note and a pistol at the same time. “Now, mind you hold your tongue. If this trial gets about I will blow out your brains with this pistol.”

So many jockeys have in after life become successful trainers, that before touching upon a few of the vexed questions which the trainer has to face, I must emphasise a little more the important education the jockey acquires in the honest and capable exercise of one of the hardest professions in the world. The racehorse need not display any brilliant intellectual qualities. Indeed, it is better without them. If a jockey is to be any use he must have good hands, and strength in a light frame, both difficult things to find. But if he has not got brains as well, and

the will to use them quickly, each of these are useless. The "American Invasion," as it has been often called, has at least effected a vast amount of good in this direction; for it must be admitted that American methods, whether in riding or in training, have done a great deal towards stirring up ancient traditions, and made many men think more than they have ever done before. The trainer who once contemptuously dismissed the "foreign devils" with a sneer has found out his mistake. Our visitors may have gone too far, as so many pioneers inevitably do. But the problems they have suggested can never be neglected again, as they have been in the past, either by our trainers or our jockeys.

To think that a jockey's business is over when he has sat on a horse from



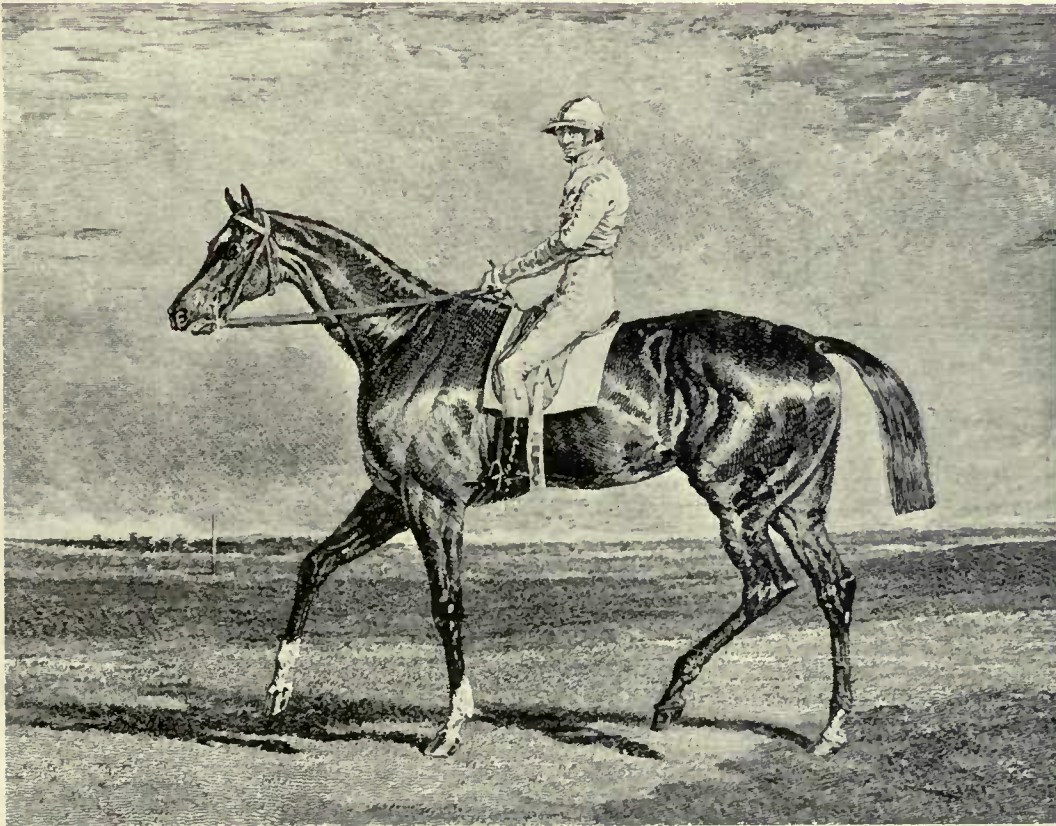
"Camarine" by "Juniper" (1828).

end to end of a race, and has perhaps not been incompetent enough to prevent his mount from winning, is to appreciate very little of his real task. Finer riding has often been shown on the slower horse which ran into second place, and nearly beat his faster rival by sheer skill on the part of his rider. And a man who can tell his trainer nothing of

the events of the race, give no reasons either for his own success or for another's failure, is of very little use as far as the future is concerned. Considering the large amounts that may depend not only on the winning or losing of a single race, but on the knowledge a jockey may acquire during that process, it is hardly to be wondered at that a first-rate rider, who is scrupulously honest, and also intelligently and accurately observant, is so rare that he can practically command what price he likes. This means inevitably that far too much power must now and then be placed in the hands of a man who is only too ready to abuse it, and who is enabled to enjoy that opportunity from the possession of certain rare, and accidental, physical characteristics unaccompanied by conscientious

scruples. The least weakness in character exposes him to the dangerous condition of a spoilt child of the Turf. Large retainers, not only for the first call upon his services, but for the second and even the third, are pressed upon him, while additional presents, and by no means infrequent bets, produce an annual total before which two thousand guineas in bare riding fees shrinks into insignificance.

No doubt this is one of the most remarkable results of modern racing ; and its consequences are far-reaching, nor can the jockey be invariably blamed if his



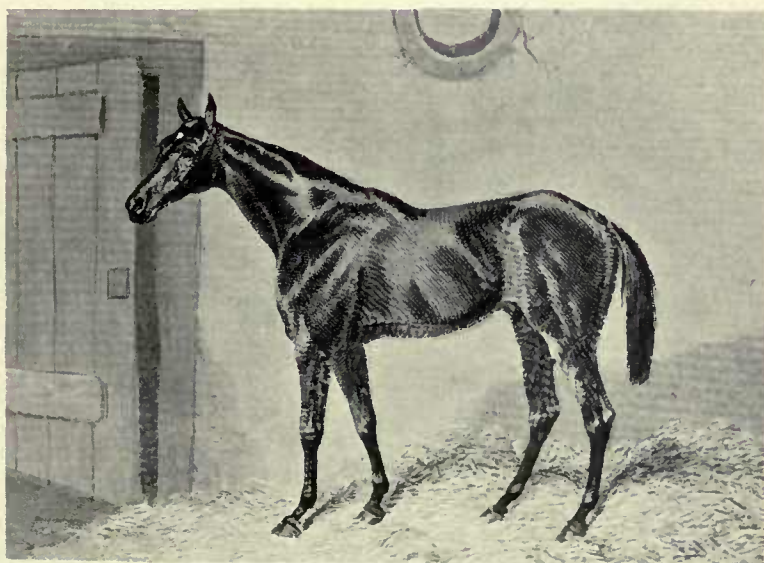
"Lucetta" by "Reveller" (1826).

personal antecedents and previous education are not of a kind to combat successfully the many temptations resulting from a system in which he is an indispensable factor. If we consider the position of the best riders at the beginning of the nineteenth century and compare it with what we know at the end, we shall find that the jockey is now usually the master of most employers, and rarely the servant of any one at all. The one thing he has to fear is the refusal of his licence, and the definite punishment of the Jockey Club. Owners and trainers appear to have made up their minds that this is satisfactory, and that it shall continue, if we are to judge

from their general apathy in dealing with the facts. Scores of racing stables are in existence, with hundreds of owners, and thousands of horses. Yet there were not half-a-dozen jockeys riding between March and September, 1902, who reached the first class, only eighteen who had won more than twenty races, and only twenty-six who had reached, or passed, a dozen victories in all. After all, not so many jockeys are required to supply the demand without the necessity for famine prices. Sixty would be ample, and I shall never believe that in the length and breadth of the United Kingdom there are not three score lads who have the requisite physical and intellectual capacity for winning races and knowing their business. What do the few favourites do that justifies their fancy prices? When there was such a run upon Americans, did they never get shut in? Did they always keep their animals straight in a punishing finish? And when we depended entirely upon a few equally favourite British performers who certainly knew how to ride a finish for the benefit of the Stands, did they never throw away a race at the start? Did they never lose it by racing to the last corner and leaving their animals nothing to call upon as they neared the judge's box? In this matter, as in all others, competition is the one thing that will lead to improvement; but competition we shall never have till owners and trainers give their stable-boys more chances, and let a lad race now and then purely to educate him in his business. While every one struggles to win stakes as soon as possible, and as often as possible, every one is naturally bound to try for the fashionable jockey whom owner, trainer, and public alike demand. But with a little patience affairs would straighten themselves out again easily enough. Jockey Reform is no more easy, and can be no more rapid than Two-year-old Reform. But the former is as vitally important to the success of the Turf as a national institution, as the latter is to the continuation and improvement of the thoroughbred.

Writing, in 1879, on the racehorse in training, William Day supported the opinion concerning Jockey Reform previously expressed by John Scott, of Whitewall, that the weights should be raised, arguing from such facts as that in 1831, when Squire Osbaldestone undertook to ride 200 miles in ten hours, 12st. was carried four miles twenty-eight times by horses who did that distance in periods varying from *Tranby's* eight minutes to the ten minutes fifteen seconds of the oldest; or that *Voltigeur* could sweat week after week with 12st. on his back; or that *Rataplan*, *Fisherman*, *Chandos*, and *Vespasian* all carried 8st. 7lb. as two-year-olds without taking any harm; or, finally, that in 1878, in the three great handicaps at Goodwood,

forty horses carried less than 8st. 7lb., and six, only, carried that weight or above it, while at Newmarket, under similar conditions in the same year, seventy-four horses carried under 8st. 7lb., and only one (in the Cambridgeshire) carried that amount in full. William Day had such a rooted objection to what he called "Children's riding," that his idea of raising the weights was really based on his desire to get older men into the saddle all round, and on his more justifiable wish to see more long races with heavy weights; very much as Admiral Rous declared that "short races are destructive to young riders." He quoted with approval the official table of weights for the Queen's Plates then in existence, which varied from the 7st. 3lb. of the three-year-old for $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles and upwards, to the 10st. 8lb. of the six-year-old and aged over the same distance. At the end of the nineteenth century the scale of weights for age sanctioned by the Jockey Club, and founded on Admiral Rous's publications, though modified since his day, gives 6st. as the lowest limit for a two-year-old over five and six furlongs, and 9st. 10lb. as the highest weight mentioned for six-year-olds and aged over three miles.



"Fisherman" by "Heron" (1853).

With these facts before us it is possible to consider whether weights can really solve the jockey question. The difference which can be made to some horses by so little as 5lb. is remarkable when you consider that *La Flèche* won the Cambridgeshire under 8st. 10lb., *Plaisanterie* with 8st. 12lb., and *Foxhall* with 9st.; or that *Isonomy* and *Carlton* carried 9st. 12lb. first past the post in the Manchester Cup and Manchester Handicap. But some good animals seem never to be stopped, while many moderate horses have been helped to win by a maiden allowance in such a race as the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. Such considerations have, no doubt, led to the saying that "weight will bring together a donkey and a

Derby winner"; but in days when the old ambition to produce a stayer and a weight-carrier has long ago been given up, the question of weights has really more to do with the jockey than the horse. John Porter, giving his memories of Kingsclere training in 1896, is evidently of the opinion that raising the lowest regulation weight from 4st. to 6st. had deprived jockeys of any chance of getting those valuable experiences as light boys which did so much to form their riding later on. "To say," he continues, "that those 'infants' could not ride, is sheer nonsense. 'Weatherby' teems with abundant evidence to the contrary." It is certainly true that in 1856 and thereabouts, when the weights were low, at the end of the period I have discussed in previous pages, there were such jockeys to



"Fandango" by "Barnton" (1852).

choose from as Alfred Day, James Bartholomew, Job Marson, Sam Rogers, Nat Flatman, J. Charlton, Tiny Wells, John Osborne, Chaloner, G. Fordham, Custance, Goater, Snowden, Grimshaw, Bullock, Loates, Cannon, and several others. All these were either riding or just coming on. And they followed men like Bill Scott, Frank Butler,

Robinson, Holmes, Darling, Shepherd, and the rest. In 1902 the first twenty in the list of winning jockeys on the Flat at the end of their season were as follows :—

IN ORDER OF WINNING MOUNTS.

						Mounts.			Lost.			Won.
1.	Lane, W.	807	637	170
2.	Halsey, W.	665	550	115
3.	Maher, D.	451	345	106
4.	Martin, J. H.	529	449	80
5.	Dixon, T.	352	278	74
6.	Hardy, F.	578	504	74
7.	Cannon, M.	396	328	68

						Mounts.			Lost.		Won.
8.	McCall, G.	549	491	...	58
9.	Cannon, K.	372	321	...	51
10.	Watts, J. E.	522	473	...	49
11.	Trigg, C.	238	191	...	47
12.	Randall, H.	317	270	...	47
13.	Miller, T. L.	351	306	...	45
14.	Griggs, W.	405	360	...	45
15.	Bray, W.	347	308	...	39
16.	Aylin, H.	324	286	...	38
17.	Childs, J.	386	350	...	36
18.	Dalton, J.	202	172	...	30
19.	McCall, J.	230	204	...	26
20.	Dillon, B.	182	159	...	23

IN ORDER OF WINNING PERCENTAGES.

				Per cent.					Per cent.
1.	Maher, D.	23'50	11.	Miller, T. L.	12'82
2.	Lane, W.	21'06	12.	Hardy, F.	12'80
3.	Dixon, T.	21'02	13.	Dillon, B.	12'63
4.	Trigg, C.	19'74	14.	Aylin, H.	11'72
5.	Halsey, W.	17'29	15.	McCall, J.	11'30
6.	Cannon, M.	17'17	16.	Bray, W.	11'23
7.	Martin, J. H.	15'12	17.	Griggs, W.	11'11
8.	Dalton, J.	14'85	18.	McCall, G.	10'56
9.	Randall, H.	14'82	19.	Watts, J. E.	9'38
10.	Cannon, K.	13'70	20.	Childs, J.	9'32

Can 1902 compare very favourably, on this showing, either with 1852 or 1802? I think not. In 1900 it was considered by many that a panacea for all our evils had been brought over by the "American methods." But this was not Lord Durham's opinion. In one of those remarkably outspoken utterances with which he has more than once benefited the English Turf, he announced in the October of that year that Newmarket had sadly changed in the course of the last generation, for it was "now a sort of cosmopolitan dumping-ground." Explaining himself at greater length, he objected specifically to many American visitors, because "they consider horse-racing as merely an instrument of high gambling," and he denounced the prominence of American jockeys in view of the fact that one of them, Sloan, "was suspended last year for disobedience at the post. This year he was reprimanded for unscrupulous riding in the Derby; he was disqualified for bumping and boring at Liverpool July Meeting; and he was complained of for unfair riding at Doncaster, and suspended for the remainder of the meeting." Speaking of the same American jockey, another critic wrote that season: "In race after race we see them come all over the course,

pushing and shoving where they have no business to go, and on the face of it often trying to win by trick when the chance of winning by honest riding seems hopeless. In all probability such wild riding as was seen all through the Doncaster Meeting of the present year (1900) was never equalled a hundred years ago when the 'cross and jostle' style was allowed, but though little else was talked of during the week, the stewards did nothing more than warn one jockey and suspend another for a single day."

Lord Durham's indignation was well founded. But he carefully made one



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"Tommy and Toddy"; or the English and American seat, Newmarket, 1898.

exception in his indictment. In that year D. Maher arrived from Connecticut for the first time on September 21, aged about eighteen, and rode 27 winners his first season, got second on the list in 1901 with 94, and won a higher percentage than any one else in 1902. Of him Lord Durham wrote that "he rides well and seems a most respectable boy." In July, 1903, Maher had a very severe accident in a motor-car, and got off much better than was at first expected by only losing a portion of his season. But other critics, who had, perhaps, less concern for the moral aspect of the question, and certainly felt less responsibility

for it, confined themselves to considering the advisability of the American seat—a forward, crouching attitude with very short reins, hard on the horse's neck, and shortened stirrup-leathers. This peculiar attitude was said to have been copied from the Indians, and to save a great deal of wind-pressure. What the unprejudiced observer noticed was that it led to far more objections on the score of bumping, crossing, and boring, than had been known for some time, owing to the difficulty it seemed to involve in keeping a horse straight. This might happen anywhere on the course. But at the start, where a sudden backward shy is common, a shortened stirrup-leather seems even more dangerous. Down hill, too, round Tattenham Corner, for instance, the descending weight of a jockey is thus placed exactly on that part of the horse which is least able to bear it, instead of near the stronger hind-quarters. The terrible accident to *Holocauste* (Tod Sloan up) in *Flying Fox's* Derby will recur to every one's memory in this connection. And lastly, at the finish, shortened stirrups prevent a rider from shifting his weight, and tightening his grip, or stopping a swerve. Then as to the wind-resistance. If the crouch prevents wind-pressure occasionally, it also loses the benefit of a thirty-five knot breeze coming dead aft; for you cannot have it both ways, and very few courses are so exactly straight that a breeze which would really make a difference would come from the same quarter all the way. Moreover, men who ride "like a lifeguardsman" down hill, or with the breeze behind them, do not retain that position up hill or in a steady headwind. Their long stirrup-leathers enable them to change their seat as required. Shortened stirrup-leathers necessitate the same posture all the time.



J. Reiff.

Yet when all this had been said, the hard fact remained that Lester Reiff in 1900 was at the head of the winning jockeys with 143 out of 553 mounts, beating

Sam Loates (who had 256 more mounts) by six victories; J. Reiff was third with 124 out of 604; J. T. Sloan was sixth with 82 out of 310. Of the ten jockeys who had won fifty or more races, five were Americans. It is significant of the power of fashion that H. Jones, who rode the winner of the Two Thousand, Newmarket Stakes, Derby, St. Leger, and Eclipse Stakes, and took *Diamond Jubilee* through his victories as well as that difficult colt could have been taken, does not appear in the winning list at all, because the chances he had of a winning mount were almost entirely restricted to the horses of the Prince of Wales, as His Majesty then was. Yet the American victories need more explanation than the fact that every one was eager to give them the best choice. Two explanations have been given.



"Joe Miller" by "Venison" (1849).

One was that Australian jockeys, being accustomed to timing, are therefore better judges of pace than the English, apart from their habit of making the running and being able to finish strong and straight with long stirrup-leathers. Americans, therefore, being equally familiar with the watch, scored by their experience in the

same way. But the second explanation, which was favoured by William Day in a letter he published in May, 1901, was that the pace the Americans made at the start was the sole reason for their success. He refused to admit that their knowledge of pace was anything extraordinary, arguing that the boys of 4st. and 4st. 10lb. who won the Chester Cup with *Red Deer* and *Joe Miller* had no idea of pace at all, for they jumped off ahead, were a hundred yards ahead three-quarters of a mile from the finish, and kept ahead to the judge's box. Too many English riders imagined they had got Sam Chifney's rush, or the patience and skill of Jem Robinson. They waited too long, left their final effort till too late, and meaning to win on the post, they never had time to get level. In any case the Americans did

a vast amount of good in compelling races to be run right through, instead of crawling at the start and hurrying home from the distance.

Their position in the saddle, too, was by no means the novelty many seemed to imagine. The fact that it had been seen before on the English Turf, and had never become universal, is one of the strongest arguments against its permanent effectiveness. No one cared to copy Tommy Lye, who was so small that as he sat forward along his horse's neck, you could only see a little bit of his back during a race. He was often successful, but when he lost, the public blamed his "awkward style." Then, again, only forty-six years ago, Mr. Ten Broeck brought over an American jockey called Tankersley, whose name was the same as that horse of Lord Fitzwilliam's which beat *Cockfighter* over a four-mile course at Doncaster in 1801. This imported lad had the mount for the Cesarewitch in 1857, on the American-bred four-year-old *Prioress*, who had escaped, in the Goodwood Cup, the scrimmage which brought down *Gunboat*, *Arsenal*, *Kestrel*, and *Gemma di Vergy*. In a field of thirty-four, *Prioress*, carrying 6st. 9lb., started for the Cesarewitch an absolute outsider at 100 to 1. But she made a dead-heat of it with *El Hakim* and *Queen Bess*, the last ridden by Jimmy Grimshaw at 4st. 10lb. In the run-off Mr. Ten Broeck discarded Tankersley, whose "American seat" was laughed at, and put up George Fordham, and "the Demon" won amidst great cheering by a length and a half. In the Cambridgeshire Fordham won with *Odd Trick*, and Tankersley on *Prioress* was unplaced. Tankersley then went home and George Fordham rode for Mr. Ten Broeck, and many people think that the English jockey practised (and sometimes used) the crouching position afterwards. But he did not use it with such excessively short stirrup-leathers, and never without being able to change it whenever he thought necessary. Fred Archer, too, had a wonderfully effective way of suddenly throwing his weight forward (and with it his body and head) in the last couple of strides. But he knew better than to keep his weight there all the time.

Careful experiments have been made as to this question of the incidence of weight in different styles. A saddled horse was first weighed alone, and turned the scale at 1,005lbs. Placed with its fore feet on the scale and its hind feet on the ground, the animal registered 580lbs., or 75lbs. more than half its weight, the difference being caused by the head and neck. While the horse remained in this position, a lad weighing 130lbs. was placed in the saddle, and the scale showed an increase of 62lbs., or less than half the lad's weight.

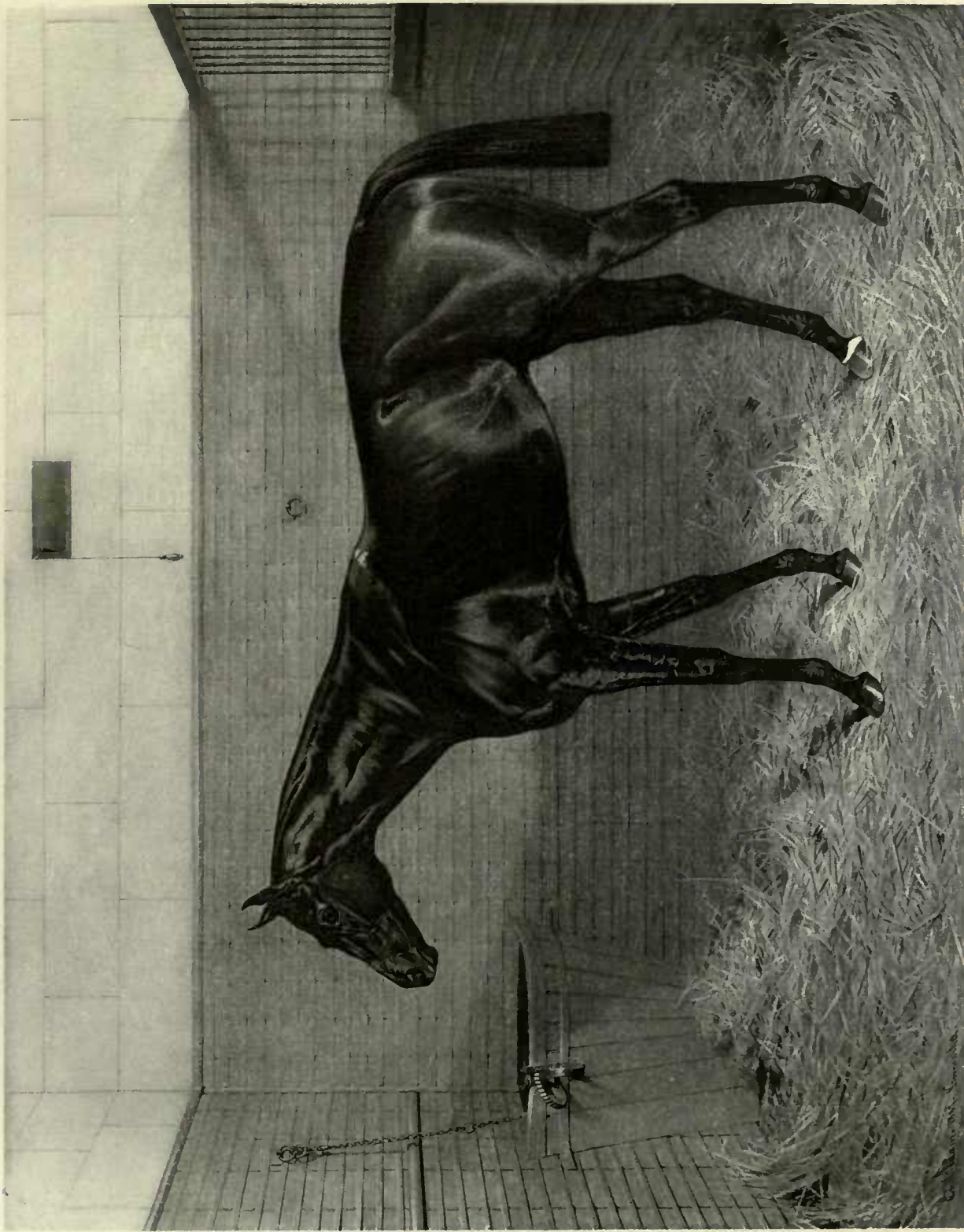
The jockey was then ordered to take the crouching, American, forward position, which was in this instance carefully copied from a carved figure accurately made for Mr. August Belmont, the famous American racing man. It was now found that the increase of weight on the horse's fore legs amounted to 128lbs., or only 2lbs. less than the total weight of the jockey, and 66lbs. more than when the lad was seated in the saddle. In other words, the effect upon the horse's fore legs produced by a 130lb. boy crouching forward was the same as that which would be produced on them by a man of 18st. riding in the saddle. But even this does not sufficiently emphasise the anatomical result. One of the vital points of a thoroughbred is the back tendon of the fore leg with the suspensory



"Wild Dayrell" by "Ion" (1852).

ligament. That tendon is elastic, but it will not stretch for ever; and when it is strained or broken the horse is useless. To increase the weight on it is therefore a fatal risk to take at the very part of the horse's frame least capable of bearing it. It may be causation or it may be coincidence, but it is a fact that since Tod Sloan's seat

became fashionable all over the United States, the percentage of horses which broke down early in their career became so large as to cause widespread comment. Much the same effect was very noticeable at the beginning of the twentieth century in England. Causes for this, common to both countries, may be found in the large prizes and the increasing number of races for two-year-olds, the strain of starting for short scurries caused by the starting-gate, and in in-breeding. But it must be remembered that two-year-old racing is even worse in the United States than it is here, because their racing year begins on January 1. By 1903 it began to look as if the American seat was likely to make the life of a jockey short, in England, at any rate, whatever its effect might



From the Painting by Emil Adam.

Ormonde.

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be upon the horse; for in the list of licences published by the Jockey Club in the first week of March, the names of O. Madden and Sloan did not appear. Rickaby was naturally not mentioned. Two of the best were sons of Tom Cannon. In less than two years after *Volodyovski's* win for the Derby, of all the jockeys who rode in his race, there was now no sign of L. Reiff, J. Reiff, O. Madden, Rickaby, Henry, Jenkins, Pratt, or Turner. Of the competent riders who might be expected to take their place there were, besides the Cannons, S. Loates, Childs, Randall, Halsey, Jones, Maher, and J. H. Martin; but the remainder were either clearly second-class or certainly unknown. Luckily the Derby of 1903 only brought out quite a small field. Contrast this with Wells, Flatman, Aldcroft, and Fordham, the first four in *Beadsman's* Derby; or with Wells, Sam Rogers, Alfred Day, and William Day when *Musjid* won. Early in 1903 those old and deadly rivals William Day and John Kent were both alive, residing not far from each other. Yet John Kent galloped *Priam* in Goodwood Park in 1831, and William Day won the Ascot Cup the year Queen Victoria came to the throne. Times seem to have changed suddenly indeed, not merely since Buckle's day, but since the comparatively recent years of those memorable feats of horsemanship when Chaloner won the Leger on *Caller Ou* and on the *Marquis*, when Custance won the Brighton Stakes of 1870 for Sir Charles Legard on *Border Knight*, when Fordham won the Cambridgeshire on *Sabinus* and the Jockey Club Cup with *Ladislav*, and when Archer on *Melton* triumphed in the Derby.

In John Osborne's opinion, who raced a good deal against both, Archer and Fordham had two different styles altogether—as different as possible. "Fordham rode short, and Archer long. Fordham rode more with his hands than Archer. I should think he was a better jockey than Archer all round. Fordham did not punish his horse so much as poor Fred, although I have seen him give 'one, two, three' on the post." Osborne rode against Jem Robinson in his first Derby, and admired him immensely, as he did Frank Butler and Nat Flatman; so he forms a link between the generations which, for purposes of comparison, it would be difficult to beat. His best races with Archer were when he won twice on *Privateer*, with *Passaic* close up, and at Liverpool, when Archer had his revenge on *Voluptuary* against *Ishmael*. Against George Fordham on *Fortissimo*, Osborne also had a tight struggle in the Goodwood Stakes, and was beaten by a head on *Reveller*. Fordham had the knack of making horses win when nobody else could, and had a wonderfully

light hand. Archer, on the contrary, was one of the most industrious jockeys that ever rode, for he knew no fear, and therefore ventured on all kinds of liberties, being always able to start at a great pace. He could win a race with 10lbs. in hand, and make it look as if he had 21lbs. in hand. Fordham could win on the same terms, and make every one believe that he had only just got home by the skin of his teeth. In fact, as Osborne used to say, "you never quite knew where you had him;" and this ignorance on the part of his rivals gave him a superiority over the more dashing Archer. A fine example of Fordham's skill, patience, and determination



George Fordham.

was shown in the Goodwood Cup of 1861, when Osborne was on John Scott's favourite, *The Wizard*. Among the field were a French mare, Custance on *Thormanby* the Derby winner, and Mr. Ten Broeck's *Starke*. After *Wallace* had made the running, *The Wizard* was well ahead at the distance, and Johnnie raised his hands to ease him a few strides from home. Up went his head, and like a flash Fordham and *Starke* were on to him, and won by a head. Custance got the fur rug which one of Mr. Ten Broeck's admirers meant to give *Starke's* jockey after the victory. George did not look pretty in the saddle, for he was careless on his way to the start, and shrugged his

shoulders a good deal afterwards. But his good hands were made even more valuable by a talent for gammoning the rest of the riders, which amounted to genius, and earned him the nickname of "The Kid" in addition to that of "The Demon." His victory on *Starke* was only due to his invariable habit of riding his horse right out to the last ounce. His first race (when he was under 5st.) was at Brighton in 1850, and his reputation began with winning the Cambridgeshire on *Little David* in 1853 for Mr. W. Smith, whose only literature consisted of "The Racing Calendar, the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, and the Holy Bible," no

bad library for a racing man. On *Epaminondas* for the Chester Cup of 1854 George was pronounced "the most wonderful lightweight that ever got into a saddle," by no less a judge than the late Lord Howth. But he once lost a race by looking round, and that was the Derby on *Lord Clifden*, who was well ahead at Tattenham Corner. At the Bell "The Kid" looked round and saw Tom Chaloner stealing up. He began to ride for his life, but it was too late, and it was *Macaroni's* number that went up. Exactly the same thing happened seventeen years after to Rossiter, who had made running with *Robert the Devil*, and was a length ahead when he looked round at the Bell. Fred Archer on *Bend Or* saw his chance at once, and came with such a terrific rush that the Duke of Westminster was credited with the Derby

by the circumstances of a few seconds' riding. It is strange that with all Fordham's successes elsewhere, he only managed to win one Derby, on "Mr. Acton's" *Sir Bevys*. His delicate handling of a horse's mouth, and his well-known preference for winning "with his head" to any butchery with whip and spurs, were



"Ellington" by "The Flying Dutchman" (1853).

especially seen in his victories with Lord Clifden's *Homily* at Leamington in 1855; with *Sabinus* over *Allbrook* in the Cambridgeshire of 1871; with Lord Rosebery's *Levant* (by the desire of Constable, his usual rider) in the July Stakes of 1875; and with *Petronel* in the Two Thousand Guineas of 1880. It was said during his lifetime that no other jockey then alive could have won those four races. The last was ridden without whip or spur, as was his fine finish on Mr. Graham's *Formosa* for the Two Thousand of 1868. It was also the opinion of Custance, another rival, and therefore well qualified to speak, that Fordham was the best jockey he ever rode against. When George reappeared on one occasion, after two years' illness, Mr. T. Jennings mounted him on Count Lagrange's *Pardon* at the

Craven Meeting of 1878. Archer won the race by three lengths on *Advance*. But after it was over "The Kid" said to Custance, with a wink, "You don't think I was going to let Archer beat me by a neck the first time I rode, which he would just have done." So *Pardon* was sent out again for the Bretby Plate, and loud was the cheering Fordham got when he walked the winner back to weigh in. Another match between him and Archer, who confessed afterwards that "he never could understand what old Fordham was up to," was at Newmarket on Mr. Leopold Rothschild's *Brag* against *Reputation*, a speedy horse whose one chance was to wait. But George "kidded" Archer to such an extent that Fred, who had the worst of

the weights, made too much of his horse at first, tired him, and was beaten by a neck.

Custance used to think that Archer, riding long, often got up the horse's neck at the finish, with a loose rein, so that his mounts frequently changed their legs and shortened stride; whereas Fordham, sitting back, and driving his horse before



"Imperieuse" by "Orlando" (1854).

him right up to the judge's box, never loosed its head, with the result that it finished straight and very seldom changed its legs. Archer, on the other hand, was the best man at starting ever seen, with iron nerves, and such an extraordinary eye for seeing what was happening in a race that the sporting reporters always tried to find out all about it from Fred as soon as they could get a chance. Archer was born at Cheltenham in January, 1857, and was apprenticed as quite a small boy to Matthew Dawson's stables, the first link of his famous connection with Lord Falmouth's horses. No jockey who ever lived has ever taken so firm or so widespread a hold upon the popular affection, though he died before he was thirty. In that comparatively brief period he actually rode the astonishing number of 2,447 winners which included five Derbys—*Silvio*, 1877; *Bend Or*, 1880;

Iroquois, 1881; *Melton*, 1885; *Ormonde*, 1886—four Oaks, six St. Legers, four Two Thousands, and two One Thousands. Considering his weight, the number of times he headed the list of winning jockeys was very remarkable, and he eventually paid forfeit with his life for the continuous strain of wasting, a tragedy which has been often used as an argument against the system of light-weight racing. No jockey ever lost fewer races he might have won. If Fordham's honesty suggests Francis Buckle, Archer's brilliancy always reminds me of Jem Robinson; and by strict attention to the details of his business, by sound judgment, and by resolute riding, Fred won himself a place that is different to that of any other horseman in the history of the Turf. He undoubtedly punished his horses very severely when they "ran like a pig," in his own phrase, and when he felt at liberty to do so. But he had the rare faculty of communicating his own courage to the animal he rode to such an extent that many a moderate horse did wonders under him after failing with everybody else. This he showed more particularly at Epsom, where his amazing dash round Tattenham Corner won him many a race. It was at this place, in the struggle on *Bend Or* just related, that Archer was driven into the rails and rode for fifty yards with his left leg on his horse's neck. Enthusiastic admirers used to say that leg occasionally got right over the rails. It must be remembered, too, that Fred was riding *Bend Or* with one hand disabled by the accident which had nearly killed him on May Day, 1880. He had just been giving *Muley Edris* a gallop over Newmarket Heath, and dismounted, with the reins over his arm, to adjust one of the "dolls" on the grass. Remembering, perhaps, the thrashings he had received, *Muley* grabbed Fred by the arm, and, starting to carry him off, soon dropped him and knelt on him. Luckily the brute's hind legs slipped at that critical moment, and he was frightened enough at the unexpected fall to bolt and leave Archer free to count his injuries. He was thought to have won so much money for himself and other people that the crowd called him "The Tinman," and gaily followed every possible indication of his fancy. But he confessed, a few weeks before his death, that he would have been much happier if he had never betted a penny; and his private fortune, though considerable, was much exaggerated by unfounded rumour.

In the autumn of 1886 Archer and Custance crossed over to Ireland, where he had to ride *Cambusmore* for Lord Londonderry at the Curragh. He got down to 8st. 12lb. for Mr. C. J. Blake's *Isidore*, on Thursday, after weighing 9st. 4lb. on the Tuesday, entirely by the aid of physic and Turkish baths. He won two races out



"Cherry" by "Sterling" with Fred Archer up.

By permission of W. Brodrick Cloete, Esq.

of three, and went back to waste down to 8st. 6lb. for *St. Mirin* in the Cambridge-shire, the only important race he had never won. "If I cannot win it to-morrow," he said to Mr. Corlett, "I will never try again." He had got down to 8st. 7lb. by great privations, going three days without food, with medicine and Turkish baths all the time, and it was "the back-end of the year." He looked ghastly, but he rode in the big handicap, and he went down to the Lewes Meeting afterwards, where he had his last mount (November 4, 1886) on *Tommy Tittlemouse* in the Castle Plate. He felt ill on his return. Typhoid symptoms made their appearance. He became delirious, and shot himself before he could be prevented, while his sister was watching in his bedroom. The world of Racing has rarely felt so deep a shock.

After heading the list of winning stallions for several seasons in the Argentine, *St. Mirin* died in June, 1903. By *Hermit* out of *Lady Paramount*, he was foaled in the remarkable year which produced *Ormonde*, *Minting*, and *The Bard*. After finishing third in the Derby and second in the Leger, he only lost the Cambridge-shire of 1886 in the last stride to *Sailor Prince*, with *Carlton* behind him, and *Melton* fourth. All four went abroad later on, but before that the Duke of Westminster bought *St. Mirin* from "Mr. Manton" for 4,500 guineas, and won the Liverpool Cup with him; but his name is chiefly connected with that of the Duchess of Montrose, one of the most sportsmanlike ladies on the English Turf, who bought him for 2,100 guineas from the Yardley Stud, little imagining that he was to prove an indirect cause of Archer's death.

Whether it be true or not that Archer's life would have been saved if the "lowest weight" had been 6st. 7lb., it is certain that wasting can never be avoided however much the weights are raised. I am inclined to believe that a better reform would be, in Lord Durham's words, "an increase of English boys," in order that when a light-weight was wanted he could be got in a natural state without the necessity for calling upon a heavier man to waste. This "increase" could be produced if only trainers had more time, or more inclination, to look for future jockeys among the likely stable-lads, and to instruct those who, from want of tuition, never get a chance of rising from their "keep, and a sovereign a week." A continuous grind of nothing but stable work will never make a jockey, though both Archer and Fordham were glad enough to do it for a start. If a good boy who has shown nerve, ability, and pluck were only given a fair chance, and not wholly discouraged after a few defeats owing to his inexperience, he would very soon improve. A little work with the

watch would give him some knowledge of pace to begin with. Pride in his own stable's successes would do the rest. Between 3,000 and 4,000 horses race every year on the English Turf. Almost every animal has his own boy to ride him at exercise, groom him, and attend to his stable. These boys must all be able to sit a thoroughbred, and nearly every one has now and again to ride a trial, and thus learn a little of what racing means even before he is allowed to appear at all upon a racecourse. If he were only allowed to ride for the one stable from which he accepted a retainer, both sides would be benefited. There are plenty of boys who can ride, and they never get an opportunity because owners and trainers prefer to give all their best to half-a-dozen fashionable jockeys. The importance in many



"Saunterer" by "Birdcatcher" (1854).

other ways of each stable having its own jockeys I cannot emphasise here; but I believe owners would soon see that a very powerful motive had been added to the jockey's wish for success, and I am sure that many a rising lad would be only too glad of the chance of entering the only profession in the world which will enable him to claim his retainer

before the season begins, and to get his riding fee from Messrs. Weatherby as soon as every race is over.

Fred Archer's proportion of wins to mounts has, in big figures, never been equalled. In 1884 he rode 577 races; he won 241, he was second in 120, and third in 94; he was unplaced on only 122 occasions. He won 246 out of 667 in 1886, the last year of his life. In 1901 L. Reiff's victories were 23 per cent. of his mounts. In 1900 Sloan had 26 per cent. The lower percentage of the two years quoted from Archer's record is 36, and in 1884 it was 41. I cannot believe that, had he been alive in 1900, he would have fallen below his average. The best jockey in the United States in 1902 was Redfern, who scored 120 wins in 634 mounts,

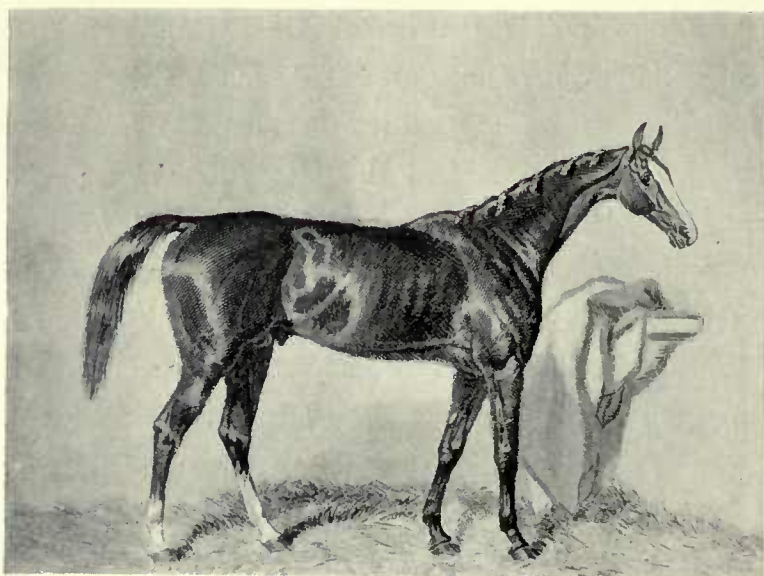
the only other horseman to pass the century being Odom, who won 108 out of 508 mounts. During the same season in England, W. Lane won 170 out of 807 races, an average of 21.06 per cent., which was beaten by the 23.50 per cent. of D. Maher, who was third with 106 wins out of 451 races. None of these figures come up to what was accomplished when, in 1878, George Fordham won 58 in 247, or one in four; or when (in the same year) the extraordinary proportion of 229 in 619, or about four in eleven, was scored by Fred Archer. Between his long riding and George Fordham's shorter stirrup, it has always been considered that Tom Cannon's beautiful seat struck the happy medium; and if rumour be true, it will be a good deal through Tom Cannon's influence that we shall eventually hit the mean between English "Lifeguardsmen" and the American forward crouch. Certainly that brilliant horseman now provides an admirable example of what may be done by the intelligent assimilation of new principles, and by the careful training of his lads; for his skill has been transmitted not only to four sons, but to pupils like Sam Loates, W. Robinson, and the late John Watts, who steered His Majesty's *Persimmon* to victory in a never-to-be-forgotten Derby.

The chief difference between the season of 1902 and its predecessors as far as riding was concerned, was provided by the rule (passed in 1901) which allowed every apprentice 5lbs. in handicaps and selling races for one year after winning his first race. This rule resulted from the appreciation of the fact I have already noticed, the dearth of good English jockeys, a dearth which was made still more obvious by the constant use made of Americans whatever their ability might be, though less than half-a-dozen of them could really ride a race at all. We had lost, in fact, our best talent, and we had not even quantity to make up for the quality that had disappeared. It is certainly an argument in favour of what weight can do, even when it is only 5lbs., that the almost immediate result of the Apprentice Rule was to bring to the front such riders as Griggs, Miller, the two Dillons, C. Escott, and Purkiss, with others who had previously benefited, such as Childs, Gibson, the Aylins, C. Loates, and Bray.

In the winning list for 1902, already quoted, T. Dixon was one of these. With only one winner to his credit previously, he rose to fifth place with 74 victories, the same total scored by F. W. Hardy, who lost his allowance in mid-season, but put *Sceptre's Leger* to his credit and also her St. James's Palace Stakes, besides winning the Jubilee Stakes and the Gold Vase at Ascot. Charles Trigg, too, is a third instance of the same thing, and he showed the advantage of making the running in

a way of which William Day would have heartily approved. But no one shows signs of approaching Archer's feat of standing at the head of the list of winning jockeys at the close of no fewer than thirteen consecutive seasons. Since his death no one has held that proud position for more than four years consecutively, as Morny Cannon did from 1894 to 1897, his longer sequence from 1891 having been spoilt by T. Loates in 1893.

In the list just mentioned it is worth noticing that the leader won the first race of the season and the last, a record from Lincoln to Manchester which speaks well for W. Lane's industry, three of his seven races at the first meeting being credited to his chief patron, Sir J. Blundell Maple, who came third in the list of



"St. Albans" by "Stockwell" (1857).

winning owners for 1902, with the record number of sixty-seven races, though Mr. Siever's *Sceptre* and Colonel McCalmont's *Rising Glass* and *St. Maclou* (splendidly ridden for the Lincolnshire by G. McCall) scored bigger prizes. W. Halsey worked hardest for Sir Ernest Cassel, Lord Durham, and Lord Ellesmere. Maher was troubled with his throat,

but did well on *Rock Sand* and *Flotsam*, riding for Egerton House as well as Blackwell's stables. He thoroughly confirmed Lord Durham's previous impressions of his excellence, and put to his credit, among many other wins, the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, the Woodcote at Epsom, the Fiftieth Triennial at Ascot, the Prince of Wales's at Goodwood, the Gimcrack at York, and the Champagne at Doncaster, besides valuable prizes at Newmarket and elsewhere, all of which enabled him to show the best winning average for the season. The chief patrons of Martin, another American, were Mr. Musker and Sir Waldie Griffiths; he was the second American to score the Derby, on *Ard Patrick*, and would have done better on the year but for his accident at Redcar. George McCall did well for Captain

Beatty's stable, and J. E. Watts (whose father thought *Persimmon* the best he ever rode) soon showed that he had inherited a good share of talent by his successes, when only fifteen years of age, on the horses trained by Richard Marsh. His best race was on *Ballantrae* for the Cambridgeshire against Morny Cannon. H. Randall, a good amateur in his day, had the luck to get *Sceptre* as a professional, besides winning on *Quintessence* for Lord Falmouth; and Herbert Jones showed that his *Diamond Jubilee* victories were no fluke by successes on *Orchid*. The changes produced between 1897 and 1902 will be best seen from the following table of the winning mounts for those years, the absence of S. Loates being accounted for by his severe accident at Northampton in 1901:—

	1897.	1898.	1899.	1900.	1901.	1902.
Lane, W.	—	—	1	29	47	170
Halsey, W.	4	8	18	40	63	115
Maher, D.	—	—	—	27	94	106
Martin, J. H.	—	—	43	52	45	80
Hardy, F.	—	—	—	—	29	74
Dixon, T.	—	—	—	—	1	74
Cannon, M.	145	140	120	82	76	68
McCall, G.	—	1	9	24	91	58
Cannon, K.	32	13	27	75	46	51
Watts, J. E.	—	—	—	—	—	49
Trigg, C.	—	—	—	—	—	47
Randall, H.	—	*5	*6	*56	*67	47
Miller, T. L.	—	—	—	—	—	45
Griggs, W.	—	—	—	—	2	45
Bray, W.	—	—	—	—	8	39
Aylin, H.	—	—	—	2	49	38
Childs, J.	—	—	—	2	59	36
Dalton, J.	4	6	28	7	3	30
McCall, J.	—	—	—	7	29	26
Dillon, B.	—	—	—	—	3	23

In this list it is worth noting that George McCall achieved the remarkable feat of winning all five events on the card at Beverley, in October, 1901, and bringing home the favourite in every case but one, and this with fields of average size on an ordinary programme; neither in events of only two or three competitors as sometimes were seen forty years before, nor in a day's racing which began at eleven in the morning and included several matches, as was the case with George Fordham or Jimmy Grimshaw. An instance of the opposite kind may be quoted in the Thursday of the July Meeting in 1836, when a £50 Plate, over the Ditch-In was the solitary item.

* Riding as an amateur in these years.

But even this was better than a day in the Spring Meeting of 1830, when the "card" consisted of a match, and the decease of one of the animals suspended even that limited entertainment. It should be mentioned that the first of McCall's victories was a dead heat; but we must go a long way back to find any parallel to his success. At the Lewes Summer Meeting of 1882, Fred Archer had a mount in six out of seven races, four being on the favourite. He won every time, and had he ridden *Mowerina* in the last, his record would have been unbeaten. Perhaps F. Mason's feat at the Cavan Steeplechase Meeting of September, 1900, may be given the credit of added peril over hedges and ditches to counterbalance smaller fields, for Mason won all five events on the card, and had the favourite four times.



"Thormanby" by "Windhound" (1857).

On the Newmarket Houghton Friday in 1864, Fordham scored six out of the seven races on the card. But the first was a walk over; the second a win with *Dr. Syntax* in a handicap from a field of seven at 3 to 1; the next two were matches for Mr. Ten Broeck and the Marquis of Hastings, each on the favourite; and another was a match

for the Duke of Beaufort, also on the favourite. But McCall's victories on five horses have still to take a second place to the remarkable occurrences at Salisbury Races on August 9, 1827. On that day, Arthur Pavis rode Mr. H. Jones's five-year-old bay mare *Conquest* in no less than five heats (or nine miles in all), by means of which he landed all three races on the programme, and about £150 in money value. No wonder that *Conquest* fell down and died while running her twelfth mile at Doncaster a month after. Happily McCall's record was made under more humane conditions.

It is sometimes of interest to know what horses a jockey preferred. I am able to give a few instances of this. Charles Wood, though he ran a dead heat for the

Derby of 1884, thoroughly agreed with the justice of the cheering the public gave him when he won on *Galtee More*, a race which his rival, Sam Loates, only puts second to the victory of *Sir Visto*, which was recognised by an enthusiastic crowd as a specially popular success for a Prime Minister. Sam preferred *Harvester* to any horse he ever rode. Rickaby always liked *Mimi* and *Canterbury Pilgrim*, better even than *Sirenia*, on whom he probably rode his best races. *Troon*, who was killed by a fall while Tom Loates was riding him, was the favourite of the north-countryman Robert Colling; and "Tiny" White was never tired of praising *Sailor Prince*. Kempton Cannon (whose most sensational win was *Doricles'* St. Leger) has rarely won a better fight than that against Tod Sloan for the Cambridgeshire; he did all that was possible for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild in 1902. Morny, who rode 1,524 winners between 1890 and 1900, made one of his best sequences during the Doncaster St. Leger Meeting of 1894, when he won no less than ten events, on *Bushey Park*, *Grey Leg*, and *Throstle*, who did not bolt, as Cannon expected she would, but won the St. Leger at 50 to 1. His favourite mount was *Flying Fox*. In 1902 he was slightly handicapped by the ill-luck of Porter's horses at Kingsclere; but he showed all his old dash and judgment on *St. Maclou* and *William the Third*.

The beautiful horsemanship of their father, Tom Cannon, was as well known in Paris, where he won the Grand Prix five times, as in England. His first mount was *Mavourneen* at Plymouth in 1861, who threw him over the rails and left him unconscious. Being, however, only 54lbs. in weight, he rode Lord Portsmouth's *My Uncle* to victory next day. At eighteen he scored the Cambridgeshire for the Marquis of Hastings, and after that he put *Shotover's* Derby, three Oaks, the St. Leger with *Robert the Devil*, and the Two Thousand to his credit. His pupil, John Watts, won four Derbys and five St. Legers, besides a double victory in both the Guineas. Another pupil, Sam Loates, won two Derbys, a St. Leger, and an Oaks; and a third, W. Robinson, rode *Seabreeze* and *Kilwarlin* in the St. Leger. It is probable that if we combine race-riding, horse-training, and jockey-making, Tom Cannon possesses about as much knowledge of all three as any other man alive. When he began to learn to ride, there was fortunately no School Board, and he practically grew up in the saddle, as his father was a horse-dealer. By seven he was as much at home on a pony as in an armchair. Nowadays a boy can scarcely begin at all till he is fourteen. In May, 1903, Mr. Brassey brought before the Jockey Club a proposal made by Mr. Luscombe, which had been considered by a Committee composed of Lord Marcus Beresford, Lord Enniskillen, Mr. T. H. Weatherby, and others. The

objects of this scheme were to raise the moral character of the boys, to increase their efficiency, and to produce a large number of capable jockeys, the idea being to combine the education required by the law of the land with a sound course of instruction in riding and stable duties, so as to supply trainers with a continuous stream of "half-made jockeys." It is significant that this proposal came up just as the Bishop of Hereford's Betting Bill had been rejected by a small majority of the House of Lords, and when the country was considerably agitated over the Government's new Education Bill. Neither Mr. Lowther nor Lord Durham saw their way to supporting the scheme as it stood, and the matter fell through. The fact is that the prevalent craze for over-education, in subjects of which the utility is controversial, made any such combined system impossible, and it is probably only under such an exceptional master as Tom Cannon that any good could really have been effected. Even he could never teach an apprentice to have "hands." That is a gift that is born and not made. So is the mysterious sympathy which exists between a few people and all the horses they have to do with. Yet each of these qualities is practically essential. A boy of fourteen, fresh from school, must at least possess them, or he will get no further than a stable-bucket for several years out of the five of his apprenticeship. When the lad has been taught not only how to look after his horse in his stable, but also to sit on his back at exercise, he has a lot more to learn before he can be trusted to ride any trials. On his success in these depends his chances of a mount in public. Once he is weighed out in his silk jacket and cap by the clerk of the course, he has the opportunity of his life before him, with far more races in which to learn his business than was ever the case before, and with prospects of a far higher reward. Tom Cannon himself may have deserved £15,000 paid in advance as a retainer for three years; but Fordham only got £1,000 a year from Mr. Stirling Crawford for many successive seasons; and Archer preferred to have his liberty. Sam Rogers only got £50 a year from Colonel Lowther. Frank Butler was paid £100 a year by Lord Derby to take Bill Scott's place. Jem Robinson, earlier still, received still less, being content with £25 from Mr. Rush, and "two £10 notes" from Lord Jersey for his victories on *Cobweb*. When I compare the fees such men as these were paid with the thousands squandered on the American brigade, I find it difficult to offer any explanations; for apart from Tom Cannon, who rides races no longer, I can think of no one now living who can compare with any of his predecessors I have just mentioned. Though Morny Cannon has only won the Derby with *Flying Fox*, it must have been an unusual sensation



"Robert the Devil." T. Cannon up.

for him to look on at other people riding in it, as he did in the race of 1903, when many people thought *Vinicius* would have got nearer winning if he had been given the Frenchman's mount. But Morny got his revenge in the Oaks, which he won on Mr. J. B. Joel's *Our Lassie*, by *Ayrshire*, out of a daughter of *Melton*, and the crowd showed their appreciation by giving him a rousing reception.

His father Tom Cannon's energies have by no means been exhausted with race-riding or jockey-making. He has now followed the example of many other famous jockeys and become a trainer, and after what has been said of the experience gained by a jockey's life, it is clear that few better apprenticeships could be served for the still more responsible profession of training, in which, perhaps, the first essential is to be a sound judge of condition, in order to give each animal its proper work,

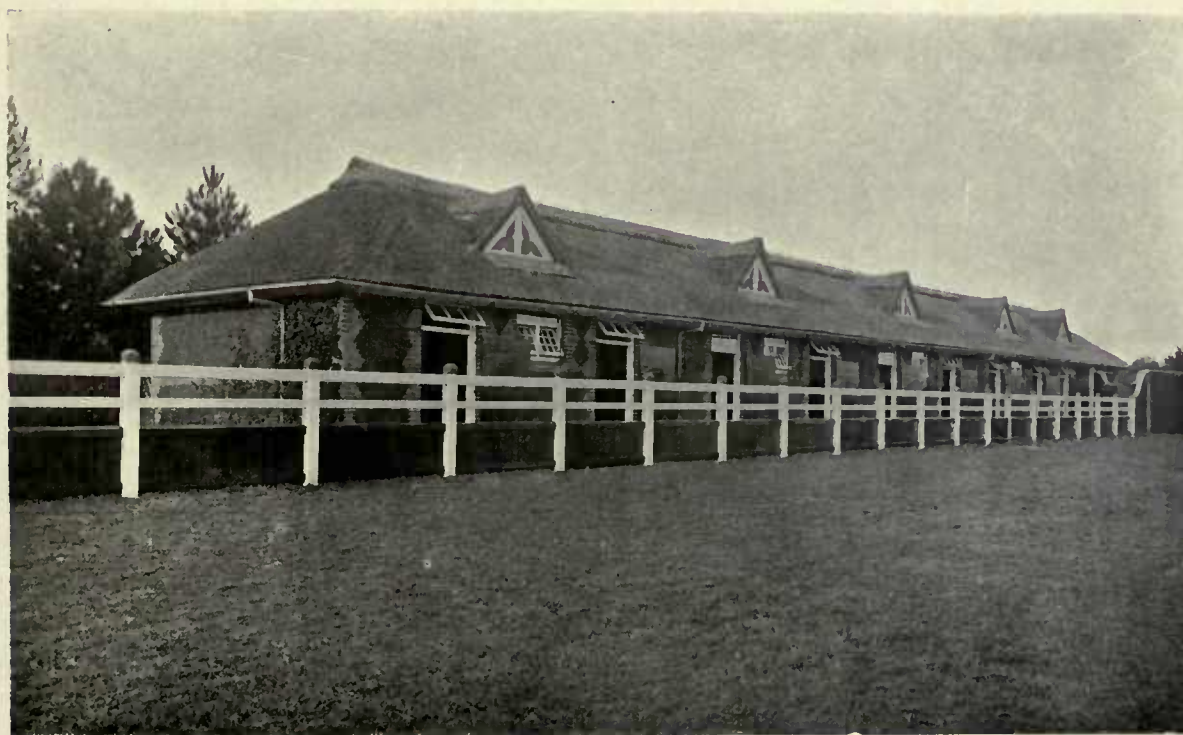


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On the Ogbourne Downs, Wiltshire.

to enter it for the races that will suit it best, and to draw the right conclusions from its trials. And the second essential is like unto it, for the moment when a trainer gets his yearlings, if it is among the most interesting in his life, is also one of the most important. He always hopes for the "unknown treasure," the animal that is to turn out "the Horse of the Century," whatever is sent him; but if he is apt to look for it first among the stock that were bought at auction on his own advice, he must remember that it is just as likely to turn up among the queer-looking brutes sent him by owners from their own stud farms. So strange are the ways by which Nature comes to her own, that racing men have been reduced to thinking that "they run in all shapes." Certainly if the anatomy of the classic winners were ruthlessly dissected, it would be difficult to arrive at any average form that

would prove an infallible guide. It is an old adage that a badly built one never won the Derby. But its truth has been confirmed by not a few exceptions. Fashionable strains of blood provide no surer indication; yet breeding must be a most important factor in the problem, or nearly all previous records must be meaningless. On the whole, I take it that your perfect trainer must know enough of the ways of the thoroughbred, and estimate his own skill and opportunities sufficiently well, to be able to judge whether a yearling is worth taking trouble over or not; he must, above all, be broadminded enough to realise that if there



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The Yearlings' Boxes, Sandringham.

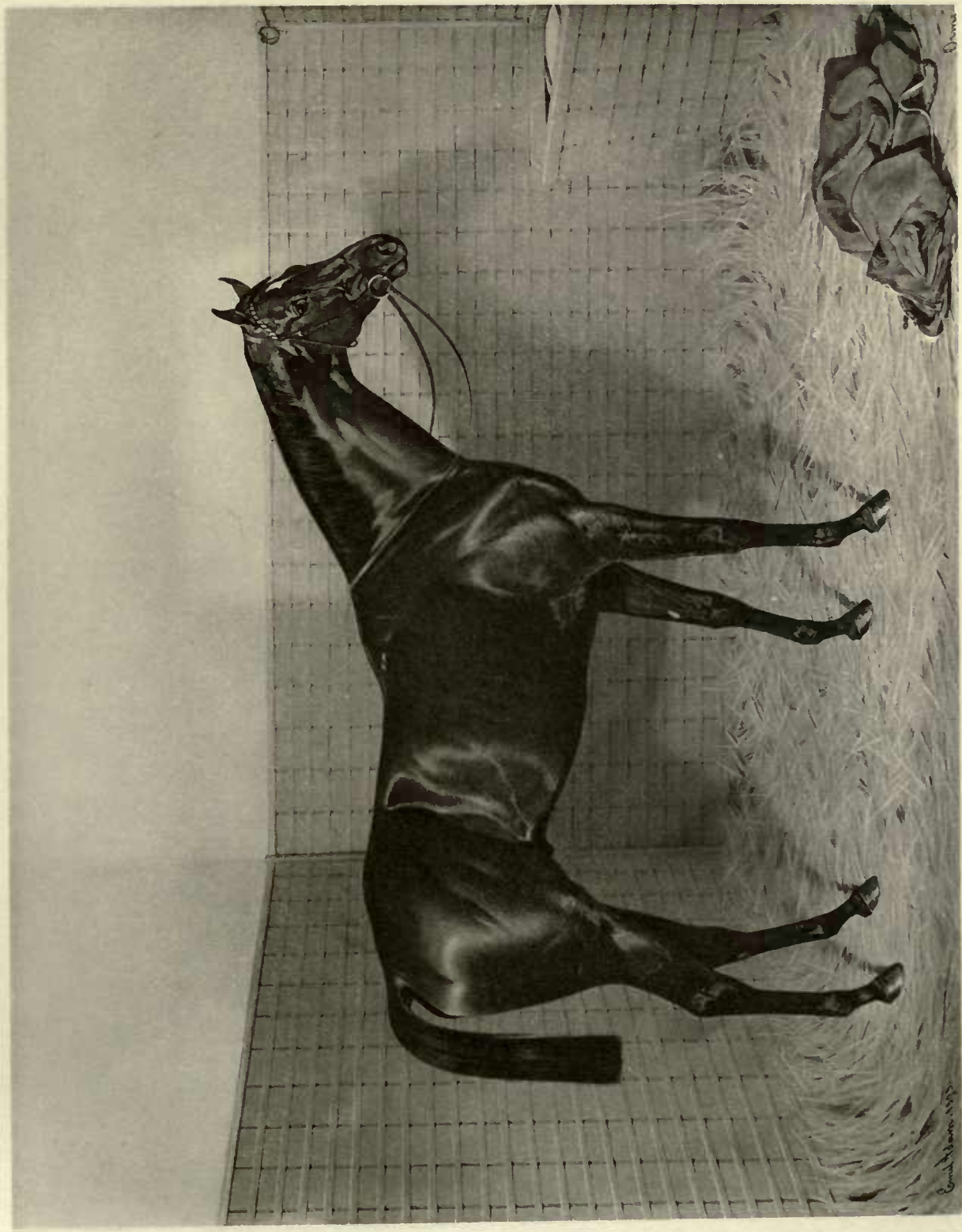
is no such thing as certainty of success, the balance is held level by the fact that certain failure is almost equally difficult of prediction until everything possible has been tried.

But if your trainer be the most perfect in the world, his work and his combinations will be ruined unless he has a trustworthy, capable, and silent head lad, with a conscience as fine as his hands, and a head as sound as his heart. With something approaching such an one, a stable will lose a multitude of worries, and its horses will benefit accordingly, for the brutes have the queerest knack of picking

up the prevalent atmosphere of dejection or of confidence. The yearlings, too, whose manners should be perfectly trained when they arrive from any decent stud, will not learn vice from ill-treatment while they begin their first lessons in hard work, and will not flinch when you go up to them in their stall any more than they did when you patted them as foals in the paddock. The routine of training-stables is not so unfamiliar to any reader of these pages that I need describe it at length. Most trainers will tell you that when they make their first early round at five or six, and earlier in summer, it is always the most promising who have had a bad night, or suddenly revealed "something wrong" with a joint. But if all goes well the "sheeted string" is off to the downs long before breakfast, while the trainer and his head lad follow them and talk over the work that is to be done, until the horses are warmed up with a little walking and cantering in preparation for their harder work over distances, and at a pace, that have been carefully settled beforehand. *Kisber* (for instance) was always lame in the stable, and was generally walked about for two hours before commencing fast work. He would have won the Leger, as he had the Derby and the Grand Prix, had he not broken down in the pan of the heel some time before the race. His owner, who had hedged when this happened, doubled his stake after Hayhoe had given the horse a couple of canters at the last moment.

Some of the two-year-olds are practised in starting, with the boys in silk jackets, and the starting-gate apparatus, of which I shall have a word to say later on. But in every case the greatest care is taken not to worry the horses in ways that can be prevented, and not to make their racing preparations too distasteful to them, either by trials that break their hearts before they see a racecourse, or by undue punishment at the wrong time. The business of "trials" in the technical sense is not one that can properly be treated here, but it has changed very much in the last fifty years, with the changes that have been brought to life in general by the newspaper press and advancing electrical facilities of every sort. I may say, however, that if it is quite possible for a good jockey to give a trainer the most valuable information in the world about a horse's pace after a good trial against carefully selected animals, it is equally on the cards that careless or deliberately dishonest riding will produce a result that may fatally mislead the most sharp-eyed and experienced trainer. The tale of misleading "trials" is as old as Tregonwell Frampton.

It will do the young ones no harm to let them nibble a little fresh dewy grass on the downs and get quite calmed down after their gallop before they walk home



From the painting by Emil Adams.

Orme.

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again behind a trusty animal, who will not tire them with too big a stride. The Americans have introduced several sensible reforms in Newmarket stable-management, which all tend in the direction of letting the racehorse enjoy himself in a natural way, and forget that he is being artificially prepared to amuse other people. The sand bath is perhaps as valuable as any of these; at any rate, the intense enjoyment many horses show in it must be as healthy as it is undoubted. The success of an American trainer like Wishard, when he first came over, was due, as far as I can judge, to his sympathetic knowledge and perception of what each horse required in the way of treatment or of work, and to his realisation of the fact that the horse was not a machine, but a creature with individual tastes that had to be studied, with a character of its own, and with a natural preference for finding its



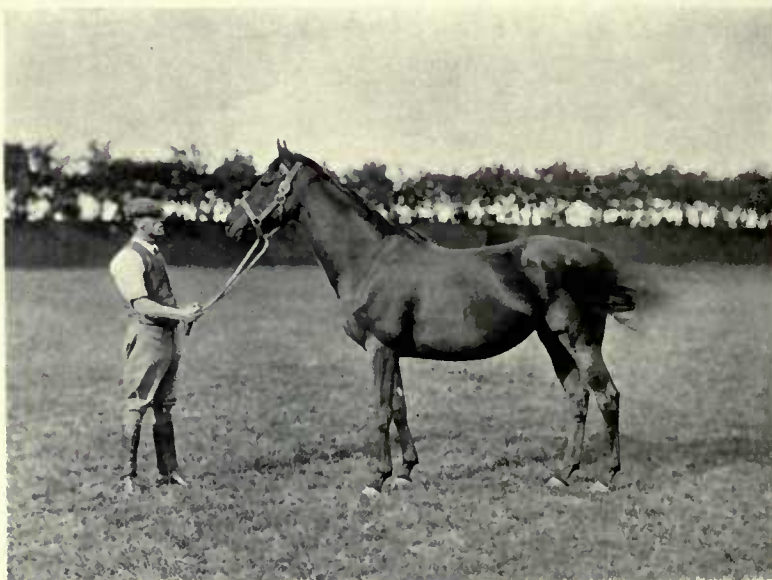
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Wishard's Sand-bath.

training-ground an amusing place where recreation as well as racing could be found. Practice that was founded on such ideals could hardly fail to be successful when it was the result of that careful attention to detail which the Americans bestow on every form of sport they ever touch.

The spare lot, whose engagements are still some time off, come out about ten, and by the time their exercise is over, their mouths sponged out (with a touch of disinfectant in the water used), and all put shipshape, the lads can go to dinner. And so the days draw to their close, and the trainer turns in the evening to the Racing Calendar, with a few more details to help him make up his mind about those entries that are left to his discretion. His decision in turn counteracts upon the programme of work for the next day or two. Some animals have to be "big"

as well as fit; others can never stand often doing the full distance before the actual day; others, again, are never so happy as when they are working at full steam all the time. Their constitutions are as different as their conformations; and so the thoughtful trainer ends his day as he began, thinking over the way a horse is built. At the present time it seems as if the "long, low ones" were as much out of fashion as the seventeen-handers, in spite of the Frenchman *Vinicius* and his bold bid for the Derby. He was beaten by a much smaller horse, all



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"Leveret" at Sandringham

quality. *St. Simon* and his best offspring have perhaps done as much as anything to form the trainer's ideal just now. A two-year-old that stands straight and true, and moves easily, with pasterns not too straight, good shoulders, and only just room for a saddle on his back, is after all a lovely sight.

I do not wonder that owners, and trainers too,

have made a number of mistakes over such animals before they found out either that they were working them the wrong way, or that they were not worth working at all.

Even so great a master of his art as Mat Dawson never performed the feat brought off by his pupil, Blackwell, in 1903, of training both first and third in the Derby. It was not long, however, before this feat was beaten in the same season, for R. Denman had the luck to train first, second, and third in the Grand Prix for M. E. Blanc, who thus won the race (worth nearly £11,000 in 1903) for the sixth time under quite exceptional circumstances, after sending enough horses to the post to ensure the truth, on this occasion, of the motto his father made so famous at Monte Carlo: "*Blanc gagne toujours.*" The winner, *Quo Vadis*, was by his owner's *Winkfield's Pride*, who shares with *Flying Fox* the honours of a stud that supplies quite sufficient reason in itself for no English horse having

won the Grand Prix since Mr. Vyner's *Minting* in 1886. The year before that Mr. Brodrick Cloete's *Paradox* had been successful, and no less than five English horses ran in 1863, when the Duc de Morny established the race as a polite equivalent for the many opportunities given to French horses on the English turf from the days of *Gladiateur* and before him. The pedigree of *Quo Vadis* is worth careful consideration, revealing as it does the use made in France of the *Solon* branch of *West Australian*; and it may be considered significant that *Vinicius*, whose trials made him his owner's favourite, was beaten into third place by *Caius*. The best parallel I can think of to this triple victory is the memorable occasion at Goodwood in August,

1830, when our own William IV. "started the whole squadron," and came in first, second, and third, with *Fleur de Lys*, *Zinganeer*, and *The Colonel*, in that order, as is related on page xix. of the Preface to my first volume; and though this was in a field of nine instead of the fourteen at Paris, the competing horses were relatively of a very much higher



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The Stud Groom's House,
Sandringham.

quality, if records go for anything. The dangers of having more fancied candidates than one in the same race was exemplified a little earlier by the same owner, whose Grand Prix turned so fortunate; for M. Blanc lost the French Derby entirely owing to one of his jockeys waiting for the other while a stranger beat them both. In 1843 much the same thing happened to the famous Whitewall stables in the St. Leger, for which it had been arranged that *Cotherstone*, winner of the Two Thousand and the Derby, was to be sacrificed to Lord Chesterfield's *Prizefighter*, against whom Lord Glasgow had laid a very heavy bet; but it is very doubtful whether Mr. Bowes knew this. In any case, *Nutwith* got the better of *Prizefighter*, who did not give up the struggle in time to let Frank Butler know that *Cotherstone* was badly wanted after

all. In the St. Leger of 1858 the catastrophe with *Cotherstone* was not repeated with Mr. Merry's *Blanche of Middlebie*, only because Luke Snowden, on his other mare, *Sunbeam*, realised in time that Aldcroft on *The Hadji* had got between them and was actually winning. So *Sunbeam* was called on for an effort just in time, and won by half a length.

It was Bill Scott who first found out for Whitewall what a real good one they had got in *Touchstone's* son, and Mr. Bowes did well over both Derby and Two Thousand. On Letcombe Downs, near the little Berkshire town of Wantage, old Tom Parr once asked *Saucebox* a question on the day before the St. Leger of 1855. He had to be "as good as *Scythian* in the Chester Cup, with *Fanny*

Gray to make the running, and *Mortemer* to take it up at the end of a mile." The victory by five lengths proved a true portent; and *Weathergage* was just as thoughtful on another occasion. But such accurate prophecies are rare. With yearlings they are apt to be even more deceptive, as Lord George Bentinck must have discovered. General



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The Mares' Yard, Sandringham.

Peel's *Peter* beat *Wanderer* by a head over three furlongs, receiving 10lbs., on Christmas Day, 1877. His defeat by *Wheel of Fortune* at Goodwood was his only two-year-old failure. T. Jennings was equally fortunate in his trial of *Ecossais* with the five-year-old *Luisette*. With *Trappist* and *Lollypop*, *Ecossais* turned out one of the fastest sprinters of his time. As an instance of a contrary result in two-year-old trials, we may take that recorded of *Queen Bertha*, who was beaten by *Old Orange Girl* and *Laura* on Langton Wold in July, 1862. She won the Oaks, was second in the St. Leger, and left a mark on the Stud Book which not many other mares have beaten. Curiously enough, *Fantail*, who came in last in the same trial, proved better later on than any of the others except *Queen Bertha*.

East Ilsley was luckier in 1866, when they tried *Achievement* at 10lbs. with the seven-year-old *Grisette*, half a mile and a hundred yards, and the young one came in six lengths ahead. The year before both *Grisette* and *Rustic* had beaten *Lord Lyon*, the mare carrying 9st. 7lb. to the 8st. of both the two-year-olds; and in spite of *Lord Lyon's* wonderful showing as a yearling against *Uzabel* in 1864, his later trial evidently made Sir R. Sutton think that *Rustic* was the better horse. On August 3 and 17 in 1865 *Lord Lyon* beat the three-year-old *Gardevisure* with considerable ease, receiving 18lbs. and 17lbs. on the respective occasions.

The authors of the "Badminton" volume on "Racing" give another very interesting instance of a misleading trial which took place on the Monday in the Epsom summer week of 1867. Sir Joseph Hawley believed so strongly in the merits of *The Palmer* that, in the winter before, he betted Mr. Chaplin £40,000 that his horse would beat *Hermit* for the Derby, and was apparently confirmed in his opinion by a trial in which *The Palmer* beat



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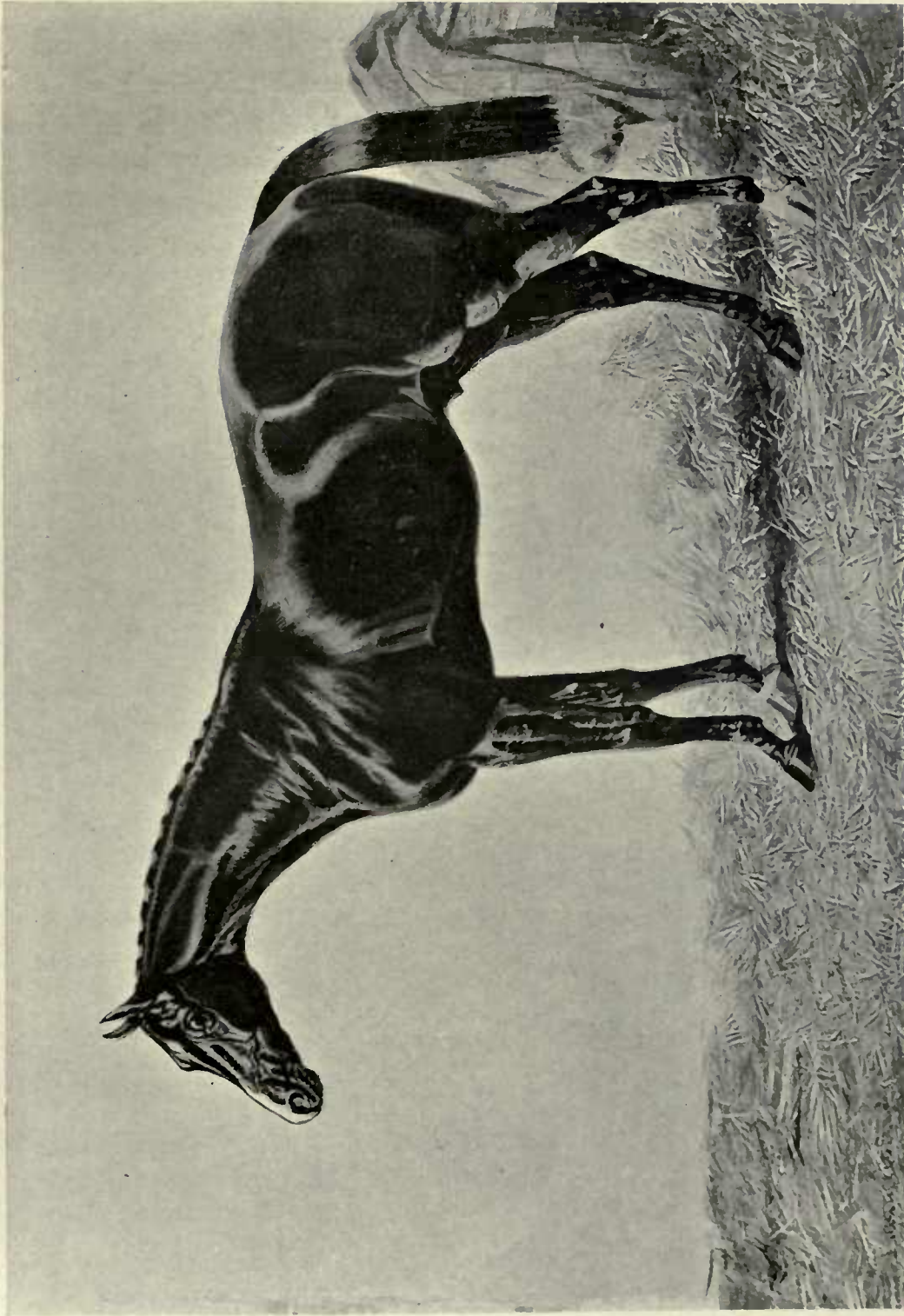
"Nunsuch" with filly by "Persimmon" at Sandringham.

three other three-year-olds on May 20 over a mile and a half. When he tried *Rosicrucian* on May 12, 1868, the brown's victory over *Blue Gown* and *The Palmer* settled all his chances for racing immediately afterwards, and in another trial nine days afterwards he came in last of four. Scarcely less disastrous was Sir Joseph's trial of May 20, 1869, when *Lictor* and *Morna*, the two winners, were placed second in Derby and Oaks respectively. Few owners can afford, as Lord Falmouth enjoyed doing, to see their horses race without a trial at all, and only find out their form at the finish of a classic race. He probably lost far less by it than many would imagine, and even he could not resist the temptation, now and then, to see whether he had really got hold of a good thing or not, if only to gratify

a very legitimate curiosity on the part of his more speculative friends. In one of the most interesting events of this kind, in which *Silvio* (5 yrs.), *Jannette* (4 yrs.), *Wheel of Fortune* and *Charibert* (3 yrs.) took part, neither Lord Falmouth nor Matthew Dawson could ever remember where *Charibert* came in, though he won the Two Thousand afterwards, and the winner of the trial secured both the One Thousand and Oaks, having proved her merit on this occasion against a former winner of the Derby and Leger, and a former winner of the Oaks and Leger. The quartette probably composed as warm a trial as has ever been seen over the Rowley Mile, though Mr. Sievier's *Sceptre* was put to an even more searching test during her Derby preparation, as will be related further on.

A strange lesson was read both to trainers and to stud-grooms by the incident which resulted in the famous inquiry about *Bend Or*. This all hinged on the question whether he was really the son of *Doncaster* and *Rouge Rose*, or whether he was *Tadcaster*. The evidence against him, as alleged by servants who were discharged by the Duke of Westminster at the end of June, 1880, revealed the extraordinary fact that very few breeders of valuable thoroughbred stock kept a register containing the dates of the birth, with the marks and colouring of the foals, one of the most important necessities of a racing stable; it might be imagined. In this case there was not the faintest imputation of dishonesty against any one chiefly concerned in *Bend Or's* Derby. But one racehorse has been substituted for another perhaps more often than is realised, and by this means a "surprise" has been effected, which, however temporary its results, may have entirely upset the careful trials of the most conscientious trainer. But *Gladiateur*, difficult as he must have been to train, with his queer fetlock joints, was one of those who was as satisfactory in his racing as in his trials, and rarely did even T. Jennings know as much about a real flyer as when he began to sweep the board for Count Legerange. *Donovan* gave the Duke of Portland some equally useful "knowledge before the event" by beating the four-year-old *Ayrshire* over "The Flat" in the spring of 1889. On April 12, 1890, the showing of *Memoir* against *Semolina* over the Rowley Mile can have hardly prepared the Duke or the public for the sad sight of George Barrett pulling *Memoir* back opposite the stand in the One Thousand Guineas, on account of the declaration which her owner had made to win with the other mare. When allowed her own way in the Oaks *Memoir* proved herself conclusively the better.

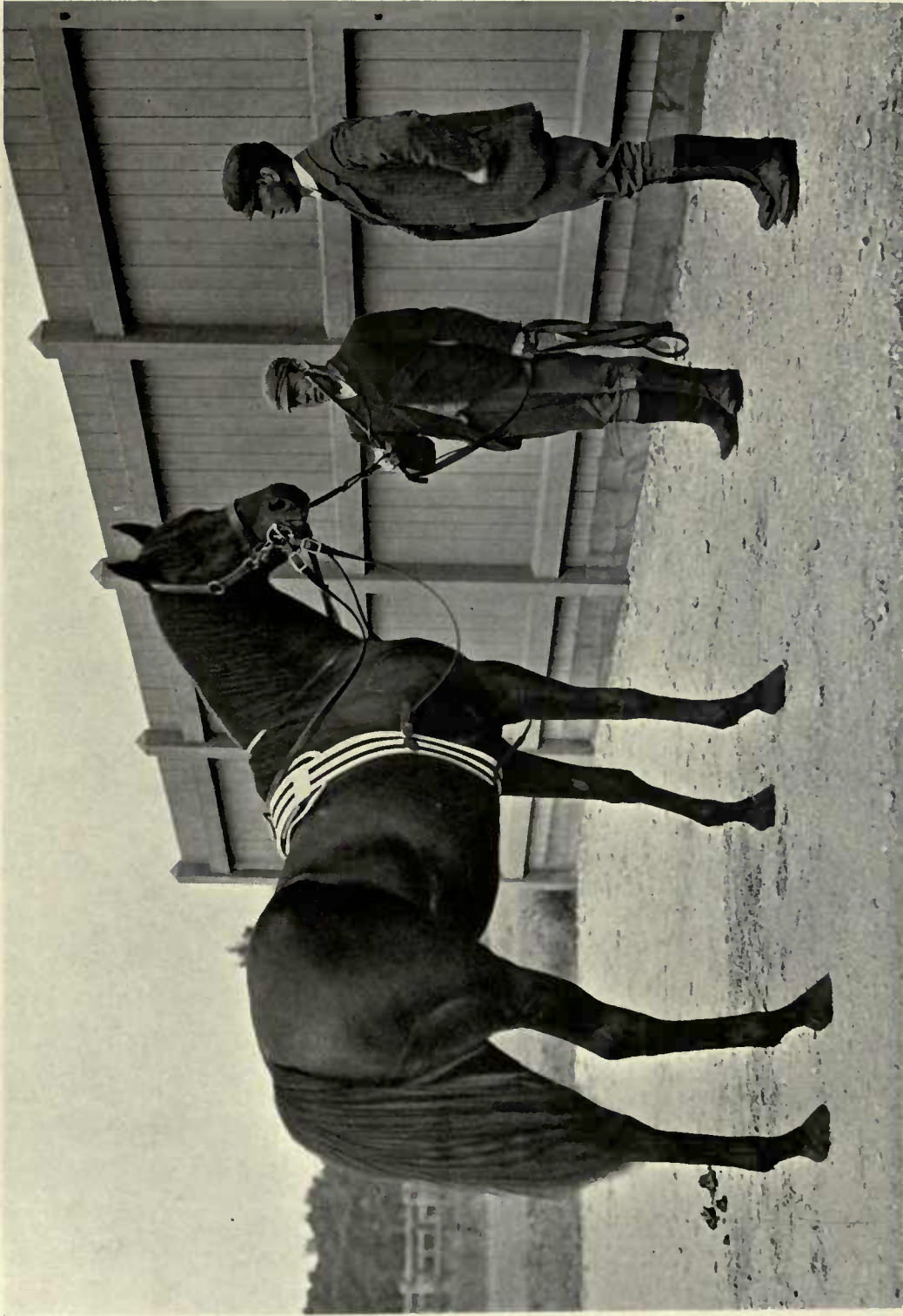
Much the same thing occurred when *Maroon* had to be pulled back several times to allow the Duke of Westminster to win the St. Leger of 1840 with his



"Launcelot" (1837).

By permission of the Duke of Westminster.

other nomination, *Launcelot*. Again, the difficulty of having two strong strings to one's bow was seen with Lord Jersey's *Mameluke* and *Glenartney* in the Derby of 1827. The famous Fred Swindell got his start in life from the fact that *Rockingham* won the St. Leger of 1833, though Mr. Watt's money was on his other horse, *Belshazzar*. This must have been a result which the trainer could possibly have explained. A similar catastrophe has occasionally occurred owing to the annoyance of a jockey at being put up to ride on what the stable had publicly confessed to be their second string. It must have been for some such reason that Whitehouse won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood in 1847 with *The Cur*, after Mr. Rolt had declared to win with his other horse, *Collingwood*; and Tom French must have been inspired with similar motives when, on *Gomera*, he beat Daley by a head, on *Julius*, for the Hurstbourne Cup at Stockbridge in 1868, though the Duke of Newcastle had only put in *Gomera* to make up the number of runners sufficient to secure *Julius* a prize. Sometimes the public entirely neglect the lessons of a race, run where all the world may see, under strict regulations and with reasonable precautions, yet they will pin their faith to the mere rumour of a private trial that may mislead any one who is not fully aware of all the circumstances. At other times the public back their fancy in spite of any declaration, as it was fully expected they would have done if the Duke of Portland had not let *Memoir* run her own race for the Oaks, and as they certainly did when the Duke of Hamilton declared his *Midlothian* (10 to 1) for the Stewards' Cup (on the afternoon that *Wheel of Fortune* and *Peter* appeared as two-year-olds), and his *Lollypop* started nearly favourite at 4 to 1. It was Admiral Rous's opinion that to tell a jockey to pull a horse, under any circumstances, was to brutalise him; whereas Mr. Chaplin, with more fairness and logic, held, in a famous case at Shrewsbury in 1871, that an owner who made a public declaration had done all that could reasonably be expected of him. Certainly the owner is very badly treated when a jockey ignores both riding instructions and declaration. But a trainer is even worse served whose jockey deliberately pulls a horse in a trial in order to produce a false impression. This happened when Edwards stopped Lord Stamford's chestnut *Diophantus*, by *Orlando*, one of the favourites for the Two Thousand of 1861, when he was tried with *Imdus*, a trick which was played in order that French, the stable's first jockey, should have a losing mount. Prince Batthyany was astonished at the opportunities he was given for getting his money on to *Diophantus*, owing to an early and very considerable commission having been forgotten when the result of the false trial was acted upon



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"Ayrshire" by "Hampton" (1885).

by the rest of the stable in, of course, an entirely contrary direction. Lord Stamford must have been equally surprised, after seeing Edwards win on the "second string," to discover that he had had a real good race after all. When the public saw Wells in the first colours on *Blue Gown*, they did not perhaps pay so much attention as they might have done to Sir Joseph Hawley's declaration to win with either *Rosicrucian* or *Green Sleeves*. But it must be remembered that John Porter considered the handsome black-brown son of *Beadsman* to be as good as anything he had hitherto trained, and 10lbs. better than *Blue Gown*, whose victory over the two their trainer and owner fancied more may have been due to the fact that he had escaped the influenza from which both had suffered in the spring. The



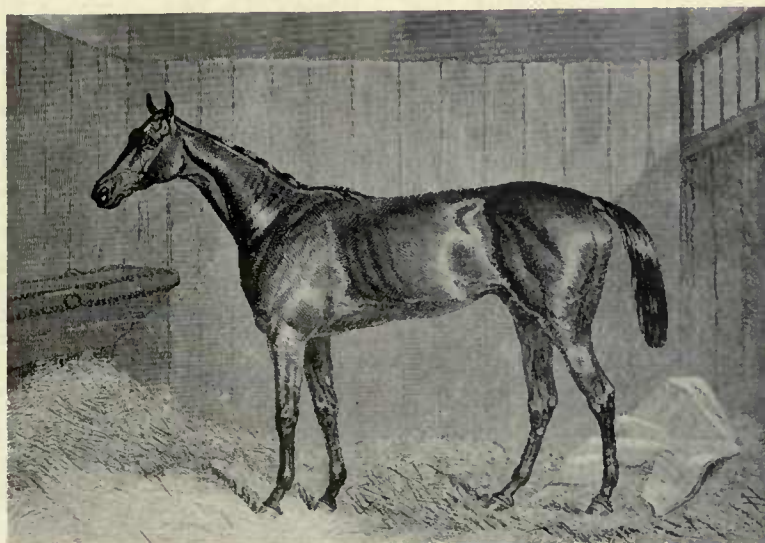
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"Meadowchat" at Sandringham.

Derby of 1868 was indeed full of "Turf History." The ill-fated Marquis of Hastings had become involved in the hands of Mr. Padwick, and, wrote Admiral Rous to the *Times*, "What can the poor fly demand from the spider in whose web he is enveloped?" The eleventh-hour scratching of *The Earl*, added to the hopelessly bad

showing of *Lady Elizabeth*, had roused all the Dictator's indignation, and whatever may be said of the evils of the modern Racing Press, it would certainly be impossible for it to be practically unknown, nowadays, that a famous filly had lost her form and never been able to undergo any preparation for the Derby. The Admiral, under threat of a libel action from John Day, had to withdraw the letter in which he had permitted a good deal of truth to be obscured by an unnecessary amount of angry accusation. The fact was that *Lady Elizabeth's* amazing two-year-old career led to 40 to 1 having been laid against *The Earl* for the Derby; so when Danebury discovered that the mare had lost her form, and that the colt was one of the best they had ever had at a mile and a half, it was absolutely

impossible to start *The Earl* with winning orders, as it was hopeless to attempt to get back the money laid against him. This was why he was scratched at the last minute and reserved for the Grand Prix, which he won, and then rushed over to Ascot, where he won three more races within the five days. This broke him up so much that when John Day, contrary to Enoch's wishes, put Tom Cannon on to him for a good stripped gallop the Thursday before the Leger, he pulled up lame and never saw a racecourse again. Before the year was out Lord Hastings was dead. He had not reached the age of twenty-eight, yet he had shown himself one of the cleverest tacticians on the Turf, one of the finest judges of racing, and a master in the art of trying horses, as indeed he was bound to be, for the enormous bets he made in his chimerical determination to "break the Ring" necessitated leaving as little as possible to chance, even if extremely severe tests were therefore requisite. *The Earl* (450 guineas) had been one of the cheapest of his purchases. With *Ackworth* (supposed to be dear at 2000 guineas) the "scarlet and white hoops" won their first



"Macaroni" by "Sweetmeat" (1860).

great victory in the Cambridgeshire of 1864. In 1866 little *Lecturer*, a foal from the Sledmere sale, won £40,000 for the Donington party in the Cesarewitch. That winter the Marquis made up his mind that *Hermit* could never win the next Derby. His opinion cost him £103,000 and the estates of Loudoun. *Lady Elizabeth* and *Lecturer* got back some of this at Ascot, defeating a field of ten for the Gold Cup, including three Oaks winners—*Regalia*, *Tormentor*, and *Hippia*—after a splendid finish by Fordham. But *Lady Elizabeth's* match at 9lbs. with the three-year-old *Julius* had done her no good. The Derby of 1868 followed, and at the First October Meeting the Marquis was on the Heath in a basket carriage, putting "a pony" on *Athena*, "which was once a mare of mine." "All the wheels

were down," as "The Druid" said, and his career was soon but the moral of a trainer's tale. His brief years upon the Turf must have been an extraordinary time for Danebury; for when George Fordham had nothing to ride for the Marquis, he was fairly sure to get a good one from the Duke of Beaufort, and neither John Day nor Joseph Enoch can have had much time to spare, in the duties of which a scanty outline has been given, from the day when *The Duke* won the Stockbridge Biennial Stakes, at 5 to 4, from a field of fourteen. This light bay son of *Stockwell*, out of *Bay Celia*, was the first really good two-year-old the Marquis owned, and was such a desperate puller that even so fine a horseman as T. Cannon could only hold him in a plain snaffle. I have already mentioned some of the trials which the stable had to arrange at this period, and I have quoted the doings of the Marquis of Hastings as one of the best illustrations possible of how much may depend upon a trainer's skill. It is worth noting, too, that Danebury had the Duke of Beaufort's *Ceylon* and *Vauban* at the same time. The defeat of the latter in *Hermit's* Derby Enoch always explained by saying that Fordham was not well enough to ride a proper race. Such an extraordinary lot of two-year-olds as there were to be seen at Danebury in 1867 has probably never been equalled elsewhere in any year; for though *Crucifix*, *Achievement*, *Wheel of Fortune*, *St. Simon*, and *Ormonde* may be produced in half a century, *Lady Elizabeth*, *The Earl*, *See Saw*, *Athena*, *Europa*, and *Mameluke* were the produce of a single season, and many think that among them the best two-year-old that ever galloped was to be found. The beautiful bay daughter of *Trumpeter* was once asked one of the severest questions ever put to a two-year-old, and Mr. Sydenham Dixon, son of "The Druid," gives the figures as follows for the result of the trial over six furlongs of the Stockbridge racecourse:—

<i>Lady Elizabeth</i> , 2 yrs., 8st. 10lb.	1
<i>Lord Ronald</i> , 5 yrs., 9st. 6lb.	2
<i>Challenge</i> , 3 yrs., 8st. 12lb.	3
<i>Pantaloon</i> , 5 yrs.	0

This the filly won comfortably by two lengths as early in the year as June 4, and having regard to what she beat, it is probably one of the best two-year-old performances ever done in private. No wonder it was followed, four months later, by her equally fine victory over *Julius*.

It is sad to think, as I revise these pages in the spring of 1903, how many of the men mentioned in this chapter have only lately left us, and become but names in the history they helped so much to make. John Day's head lad in the sixties, for

instance, Joseph Enoch, died at his training-establishment on the day when His Majesty King Edward VII. was making his first appearance on a racecourse (with *Ambush II.* at Kempton Park) since the lamented death of Queen Victoria. The stirring days with which Enoch had been associated at Danebury have been already hinted at. He achieved many successes later on with the Earl of Zetland and Mr. James Lowther, though it may be doubted whether he had ever such material to work upon again. His kind-hearted geniality will for long be missed at Newmarket. John Watts, who died all too soon at the early age of forty-one, was a jockey at Danebury when there were so many good riders that he was chiefly employed in carrying letters to the post-office. But he never forgot his early apprenticeship with Tom Cannon, and began to do well with some of his first masters, the Duke of Hamilton and the Marquis of Zetland. His win on the penalised *Foxhall* for the Cambridgeshire of '81 brought him into strong prominence, and he made his mark with



"Lord Clifden" by "Newminster" (1860).

Marsh's stable at Newmarket, especially on His Majesty's *Persimmon*. He was a fine example of the old school of riding, on which it will be difficult ever to improve.

Thomas Jennings, whom we lost in December, 1900, was an example of a trainer who was almost as much concerned with Continental as with English racing. He was as well known in Italy as in France, and it was a sudden visit of his to the latter country which probably preserved *Gladiator* to the Turf. For that great horse, who scarcely passed a week of his life without showing lameness, and could never be properly trained, was gifted with an ugly enlargement on one of the joints of his off fore leg as a yearling. Jennings advised Charles Pratt to "let Nature take its course," and this proved to be the right course. Nothing but "Nature" could have helped an animal with chronic navicular disease to do what he did.

In his first trial as a yearling at Chantilly he was beaten by *Le Mandarin*, on whom Jennings won a new hat. But Count Lagrange remained unshaken in his belief in his favourite. The difficulties of training him were the greatest triumphs of Jennings' career, and it was in trying to get a line as to the other three-year-old form that *Argences*, his stable companion, was beaten for the Newmarket Biennial by *Kangaroo*, soon afterwards to be sold to Lord Hastings for £12,000, probably the worst bargain ever made before the present craze for fashionable yearlings. By a combination of skill and good fortune rarely equalled, *Gladiateur* reached Epsom



"Gladiateur" by "Monarque" (1862).

(after winning the Two Thousand) as fit as he ever was in his life, and his Derby trial was one of the best ever run; for he gave his owner's *Fille de l'Air* (who had won the last Oaks) a year and 8lbs., and 35lbs. to each of two other four-year-olds, and beat them all easily. There was a moment, however, of extreme agitation in the Derby, for which a bad field of twenty-eight came to the post. When they neared the Bell, *Christmas Carol* seemed to be winning from *Eltham* at the head of all the other horses. *Gladiateur*, on the high ground and full of running, was being hard held by Grimshaw, who was too short-sighted to see what was happening on

the rails. Luckily Goater (on Lord Westmoreland's *Brahma*) shouted out, "Don't you see where Tom French is?" whereupon *Gladiateur* was let go, and the race was over at once. His finest race, in the opinion of that excellent judge, Mr. Sydenham Dixon, who saw it, was the Ascot Cup of 1866 against *Breadalbane* and *Regalia*. His leg was worse than usual, and Grimshaw, apparently putting a very liberal interpretation on his instructions to nurse his mount carefully downhill, let *Breadalbane* pass the stand the first time twenty lengths ahead of the filly, who was about ten ahead of the Frenchman, and when they were on level ground again after the hill the gap was at least three hundred yards. It was closed up in the most astonishing manner when *Gladiateur* was at last allowed to stride along. People could hardly believe their eyes when *Regalia* was beaten by forty lengths, and *Breadalbane* never finished at all. James Waugh, also, thought this the finest performance ever accomplished. *Gladiateur* died young, after having been sold to Mr. Blenkiron, founder of the Middle Park Stud, at the outbreak of the war, and besides *Grand Coup*,



"Regalia" by "Stockwell" (1862).

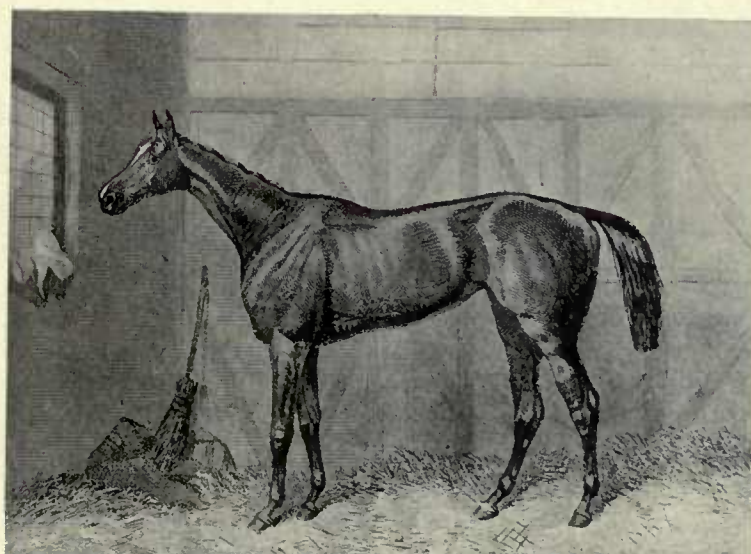
who appeared in the Derby, he only left *Hero* to represent him on the Turf, a bay colt out of *Tesane*, foaled in 1872. What *Hero* might have grown into will never be known, for when both Jennings and Count Lagrange thought he "was as good as his father," he split one of his hind legs at exercise, and had to be destroyed. I have mentioned *Regalia* in *Gladiateur's* mighty Ascot victory. Its value will be enhanced by the knowledge that this big chestnut daughter of *Stockwell* won the Oaks of 1865, and was second to the Frenchman for the Leger. She ran thirty-eight times after her only outing as a two-year-old at the Houghton Meeting. For the Gold Vase at Ascot she was only beaten by Tom Cannon's remarkable riding on the "66 to 1 *Mail Train*." She never forgave Heartfield for striking her

at the start for the Hunt Cup next day ; but he knew her little ways better than any one else, as all the other jockeys recognised. Again, it was Fordham's horsemanship on *Lecturer* which beat her in the Gold Cup, her third race at the meeting.

We are accustomed nowadays to seeing foreigners not only enter for our best sporting events, but even win them. On the Turf we have had Mr. Richard Ten Broeck, Mr. Pierre Lorillard with *Iroquois*, Mr. Keene with *Foxhall*, Mr. William C. Whitney with *Volodyovski*, and others from the United States ; the Germans won the Cambridgeshire of 1854 ; Baron Petroffski's *Vision* (bred in Russia) appeared at Newmarket three years afterwards ; *Kisber* and *Galopin* were the property of Hungarians ; the best mare they ever sent from the Kisber stud was *Kincsem*, in 1878, who won the Goodwood Cup among her many victories. She held an unbeaten record, and won thirty-six races off the reel before she came to England, four being walk-overs. After Goodwood she won the Grand Prix de Deauville, and the Grand Prize at Baden-Baden. She was a little like *Virago*, standing over 16'1, and "as long as a boat." She was a granddaughter of *Newminster*, bred in 1874, by *Cambuscan* out of *Water Nymph*, and proved a valuable brood mare when at last she was given a rest by M. Blascovitz, whose colours she carried. Her grandson *Hazafi* won the Royal Handicap at Sandown in 1903 under the same jacket, which is a curious coincidence. This colt was by *Orwell* (brother to *Ornament*, the dam of *Sceptre*) out of *Ollyan Nincs* by *Buccaneer* (sire of *Kisber*, who won both Derby and Grand Prix easily) out of *Kincsem*. From France we know the names of Count Lagrange, M. Caillault, M. Abeille, M. Aumont, M. Edmond Blanc, M. C. Blanc, M. de Bremond, M. Lupin, and M. Lefevre. But never before had a foreigner created so much sensation as when Count Lagrange's *Gladiateur* was trained by Jennings for the Derby. When M. Lupin's *Jouvence* and Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild's *Baroncino* won the Goodwood Cup in 1853 and 1855, they were carrying over a stone less than the English horses of their own age, a fair indication of the opinion we held at the time of French racing-stables. In 1857 the same race was especially exciting from the fact that besides *Monarque* (the sire of *Gladiateur*) there were Mr. Ten Broeck's *Prior* and *Prioress*, and M. Lupin's *Florian*, in a field of fourteen, which included the famous *Fisherman*, and will always be remembered for the scrimmage created by the fall of *Gunboat* on the hill. It was won by *Monarque* ; but though it was far from being his only success on this side, no one imagined he was to sire a Derby winner. He came from the Aumont stables, which were bought by Count Lagrange, and also contained *Mademoiselle de Chantilly*, who won

the French Oaks and the City and Suburban at Epsom the following year. Tom Jennings looked after the Count's stable at Newmarket, while his brother cared for the French brigade at Compiègne. The running of *Hospodar*, *Stradella*, and *Jarnicoton* (whom the Ring called "Darning-cotton") did not make the stable popular in England, and when *Fille de l'Air* won the Oaks there was a disgraceful riot, though similarly in-and-out running has been well known, in the case of mares, both before and since. *Gladiateur* changed all that, and with the usual swift reversal of popular feeling, it was then imagined that the English Turf was going to the dogs.

But French owners were far from having produced such an effect, any more than they did when the Duc de Chartres ran an English-bred horse for the Derby of 1784, or, as Duc d'Orléans, entered a son of *High-flyer* two years later. In spite of the horrors of 1789 and 1790 in his own country, the Duc was running about a dozen horses on this side, until he was guillotined soon afterwards. From that time his



"Fille de l'Air" by "Foig-a-Ballagh" (1861).

fate seems to have exercised so discouraging an influence that no French horse appeared till in 1860 *Dangu* finished fourth in *Thormanby's* Derby at 200 to 1, after travelling over from the French Derby. The next year Count Lagrange ran the handsome *Royallieu*, who came in sixth; and by the time *Hospodar* (by *Monarque*) had won the Clearwell and the Criterion, we had begun to imagine that there might be something in a French horse after all, especially when *Marignan* and *Cosmopolite* (a *Lanercost* horse) did so well at Newmarket, the latter being a wonder over six furlongs, or when *Palestro* and *Gabrielle d'Estrées* had run first and second for the Cambridgeshire of 1861, an especial triumph for Jennings. But *Gladiateur* seemed to mark the zenith of the Count's fortunes. *Plutus*, who ran in *Lord Lyon's*

year, had been picked up cheap in Newmarket by Jennings. Neither *Dragon* nor *Rouge Dragon* had justified the odds taken about them. The Franco-German War was a severe shock to our neighbours' breeding, and Dangu, the birthplace of *Gladiateur*, never seemed to recover from its Prussian occupation. Count Lagrange, who had been hard hit, leased his horses to M. Lefevre, who raced as "Mr. Lombard" in England, and was well known to Lord James of Hereford in connection with the Honduras Loan. M. Delamarre's entry in the Derby of 1871 can hardly count, for like M. Lefevre's *Ravenshoe* and *Drummond*, it was born and bred and trained in England. The former sportsman's *Condor* was an outsider. But the Count de Juigné's *Montargis* was a very different animal in 1873. Though he failed in the Derby, he won 70,000 English sovereigns in the Cambridgeshire. *Boiard* was perhaps a better stayer, for he beat our Derby winner in the Grand Prix, and won the Ascot Cup next year. It was M. Lefevre who bought *Ecossais*, of whom I have already spoken. He lost the Derby of 1874. *Braconnier* came over with a great reputation in 1876, and though he won the Jockey Club Cup later on, he was only tenth in *Kisber's* Derby, one of the best winners ever seen. In the next year *Chamant* and *Jongleur*, both French, were perhaps as good as any of their age alive. The latter took another Cambridgeshire across the Channel, and beat the big *Verneuil* as a two-year-old for the Criterion. *Chamant*, who was a son of *Mortemer*, a winner of the Ascot Cup, won the Two Thousand very easily, and was thought by Lord Falmouth to be a stone better than the Derby winner *Silvio*. In 1878, by which date Jennings had been for two years again in the service of his old master, *Insulaire* won the French Derby, but was second at Epsom and for the Grand Prix, returning to beat the winner of the Oaks at Ascot. In 1879 the strapping, overgrown *Rayon d'Or*, beaten for the Two Thousand and Derby, made the whole of the running and won the St. Leger in smashing style. It was a splendid finish to Count Lagrange's racing career. The Frenchman had won the Prix du Jockey Club no fewer than eight times. His *Camélia* (One Thousand and divided the Oaks) *Verneuil*, and *Zut* are among many of his horses which will long be remembered in England. M. Lefevre's *Tristan* in the Derby of 1881 was bred by Lord Rosslyn, and *Ladislav* in *St. Blaise's* year was English bred. In *Melton's* Derby the Frenchmen were all betting on M. Lupin's *Xaintrailles*, who finished fourth, below his true form. In 1889 M. Blanc's *Clover*, who had won the French Derby, broke down in our race. But his *Gouverneur* and *Reverend* were only beaten by *Common* for the Derby and St. Leger of 1891. The next year his *Bucentaure* was third to *Sir Hugo*, and

M. C. Blanc's *Rueil* finished ninth. After that there was a pause until M. de Brémond's *Holocauste* came over in 1899. This splendid grey inherited the blood of *Thormanby* through his sire *Le Sancy*, and on the dam's side of *Kisber*, who was thought by Hayhoe, when he was in John Scott's stable, to have been better than *West Australian*. If *Holocauste* had won he would have been the first Derby winner of his colour since *Gustavus* in 1821. He was an unusually good horse, and anything more tragic than the accident which necessitated his destruction on the course has seldom been seen at Epsom. Jennings must almost have imagined at one time that here indeed was "the second *Gladiator*" that had been so long expected. He was dead before M. Blanc's *Vinicius* had handsomely beaten all our small field except *Rock*

Sand in the Derby of 1903. Judging from the subsequent running of *Vinicius* in the Grand Prix, *Rock Sand* was a good horse in a year of only moderate three-year-olds. Jennings had a long and varied career since he learnt his first jockeyship with Carter under Lord Henry Seymour in Paris. He had trained for Prince



"*Blair Athol*" by "Stockwell" (1861).

Carignan at Turin as well; and in 1887 he took over Prince Soltykoff's horses from Charles Arnull. After the death of Matthew Dawson he was the *doyen* of English trainers; but he never loved anything so well as his favourite French horse.

Another instance of attachment between man and horse worthy to be included in these memories of famous trainers is that of John Dawson and *Galopin*. Usually rather a reserved man, he could not conceal his feelings, as the Duke of Westminster or Lord Rosebery tried to do, when he led his favourite back after the Derby had been won. He showed his delight, too, most unmistakably at Newmarket after the famous defeat of *Lowlander*. Each of the four in that great quartette of training

brothers had a special favourite. The eldest, Thomas, preferred *Tomboy*, sire of *Nutwith*. Matthew loved *Thormanby*. Nothing shook Joseph's allegiance to *Prince Charlie*. But they were far from being "one-horse men." In fact, three of them were absolutely the making of Newmarket as a training centre in the sixties, and it is not too much to say that no single family of trainers have ever done so much for the English Turf. Their father trained at Gullane at the period I have mentioned in previous chapters, when John Scott at Whitewall was "the wizard of the North," when Croft and Lonsdale were at Middleham, when Robson was carrying all before him in the South. After the downfall of Whitewall and Danebury, it was the Dawsons who stepped into the breach, and since 1850 the record of the family is astonishing. They have carried off the Two Thousand twelve times, the One Thousand ten times, eleven Derbys, eight victories in the Oaks, ten St. Legers, and four wins in the Ascot Gold Cup. When *Galopin* died at the age of twenty-eight in 1899, his stock had won close upon five hundred races, of an aggregate value of a quarter of a million sterling, and his most famous son, *St. Simon*, is still the champion stallion of the world (May, 1903). John, the last of the four brothers, is just dead, but he has left two sons, John, with a big stable at Newmarket, and George, who at Heath House trained *Donovan*, *Ayrshire*, *Memoir*, *Mrs. Butterwick*, *Amiable*, and *Semolina*. But after carrying off in succession a brace of Derbys, a brace of Oaks, a brace of St. Legers, a Two Thousand, a third Oaks, and £73,000 odd in a single season for the Duke of Portland, George seemed inclined to rest upon his laurels, and has been very quiet of late years.

Tom, the eldest son of the old Gullane trainer, rarely crossed the border for a long time, and then never went further south than Middleham. He was very popular in the North, and trained *Pretender*, who beat *Pero Gomez* by a head after a desperate struggle, ridden by J. Osborne, in 1869. Long before that his three brothers had migrated to the metropolis of the Turf. John had been with the eccentric Earl of Glasgow for a time, but he was at Compton soon after, near Matthew, while his brother Joseph was at Ilsley. When Matthew went to Russley, and Joseph to Newmarket, John soon followed, and began that connection with Prince Batthyany at Warren House which meant so much to both of them from 1861 until the tragic afternoon in 1883 when *Galliard* won the Two Thousand after a close race, and the owner of *Galopin* fell dead in the Rowley Mile stand as his favourite's son passed the post. At the sale which followed *St. Simon* was purchased for 1,600 guineas.

John Dawson's second City and Suburban was Prince Batthyany's first notable victory, in 1862. The success of *Suburban* was repeated five years later with *Vandevelde*. These two horses, with *Bel Esperanza*, also scored three Lincolnshire Handicaps to John's credit. *Wise Man*, in 1889, was his last. *Typhæus* was another good one he had; and the two-year-olds that ran for the Middle Park Plate of 1867 would be hard to beat in any year. Besides the Prince's colt, there were *Rosicrucian*, *Lady Elizabeth*, *Green Sleeve*, *Lady Coventry*, *Formosa*, *St. Ronan*, *Le Sarrazin*, and *Michael de Basco*. But the bay yearling, by *Vedette*, from the Diss stud, which the Prince purchased for 520 guineas by John Dawson's advice at the Middle Park sales, proved the best bargain they ever made. Though he lost a famous Middle Park Plate, which he would have certainly won had not *Horse Chestnut* nearly knocked him off his legs in the Abingdon Bottom, his two-year-old career was good enough to justify his trainer being very anxious to match him against *Prince Charlie* over the T. Y. C. His Derby victory was an undoubted proof of his superior excellence. His match that same year with the five-year-old *Lowlander* (Fordham up) again confirmed it. Over the last mile and a half of the B. C. he smashed *Craig Millar*,



Prince Batthyany.

winner of the St. Leger, at even weights for the Newmarket Derby. At Epsom he had already beaten the winner of the Two Thousand, *Camballo*. Much against his trainer's wishes his owner would never risk another race, and took his favourite home with an untarnished shield, to be the sire of the immortal *St. Simon*, of *Galliard* and *Disraeli*, winners of the Two Thousand, of *Galeottia*, who won the One Thousand, of *Donovan*, winner of Derby and St. Leger and much more, and of many another good one. He died in the Derby week of 1899, and no one has since ventured to attack the strain of *Blacklock*.

Lord Dupplin's *Petrarch* was another of John Dawson's charges, and won the Two Thousand after his owner had declared with *Kaleidoscope*. He was full of quality, but extremely delicate, and difficult to train, and only finished fourth for the Derby. In the St. Leger he could do no less, however, than follow in the victorious footsteps of *Lord Clifden*, of *Newminster*, and of *Touchstone*, his sire, his grandsire, and his great-grandsire. He was sold for 12,000 guineas (only 2000 more than he had cost) to Lord Lonsdale, and was handed over as sound in wind and limb as when he had first come to Warren House. Luke, who had steered *Petrarch* in the Two Thousand, also rode Mr. Naylor's *Jester* for the Cesarewitch of 1878, and brought off a chance that was almost equally unexpected. The winner's starting price was 20 to 1, and the placed horses were quoted at 50 to 1 and 66 to 1 respectively. It will not be forgotten, too, that at one time John Dawson had under his care both *St. Simon* and *Perdita II.*, and it was from Mr. Benholm that John Porter bought the mare for the Prince of Wales after her racing days were over, and thereby founded the prosperity of the Sandringham stud.

It was Matthew Dawson who trained *St. Simon* during his unbeaten career. He was very properly regarded as the *doyen* of his profession, and from his first Derby winner in 1860 to his last in 1895, he had a great record on the Turf. Between *Thormanby* and *Sir Visto* came *Kingcraft*, *Silvio*, *Melton*, and *Ladas*. He also trained the winners of five Oaks, five Two Thousands, and half a dozen victors in the St. Leger and the One Thousand. Indeed, to write of Matthew Dawson, especially during the era when he was with Lord Falmouth at Heath House, would be to give details of almost every race worth winning at the time. But the first years of his arrival at Newmarket were not unmingled with disappointment, and one instance of this may be mentioned to show that the best of trainers cannot escape a bad time now and then. Two of his earliest employers were the Duke of Hamilton and the Duke of Newcastle, for Lord Falmouth was then with Boyce. With them were connected the names of *Julius* and of *Leonie*, already mentioned. But in 1868 among the two Dukes' youngsters was a big colt called *Wild Oats* (bred by Lord Dorchester from *The Golden Heron* by *Wild Dayrell*), whose own sister, *Hue and Cry*, ran a double dead-heat, and was rather easily beaten in her third attempt. Stephenson, the biggest and boldest bookmaker of his day, "knew something," with the result that after *Chatelherault* and *Abstinence* from the same stable finished first and second for the Chesterfield Stakes, he opened out with most extraordinary odds against *Chatelherault* for the Derby, "betting to lose," as

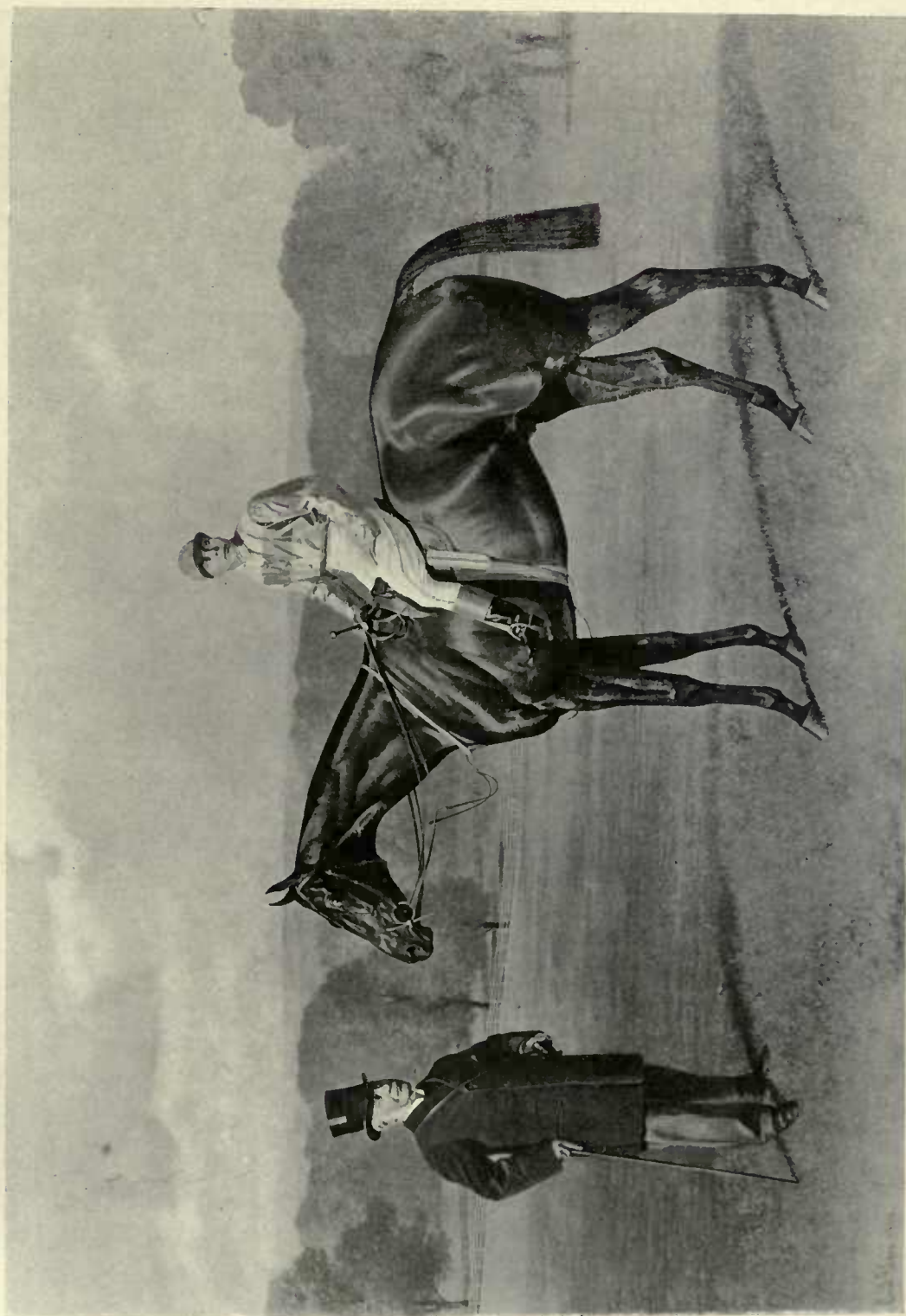


"St. Simon" at the Stud.

By permission of "Country Life."

a good authority has recorded, "fifty or sixty thousand pounds at 66 to 1 and 100 to 1." *Wild Oats*, however, was so badly beaten for the Middle Park Plate that the Dukes of Hamilton and Newcastle, whose good opinion of the colt Stephenson had evidently discovered, were seriously annoyed; and Mat Dawson, very much on his dignity, told them to "try him themselves," adding that "If the young 'un does not win, I will retire from Heath House and give up training." He was quite right; for "the young 'un" did all he was asked, and more, against the three-year-old *Leonie*. He proceeded to win the Prendergast Stakes by ten lengths against no less than *Morna*, who had not long before beaten *Belladrum*. Then came the fatal crisis. Against *Pero Gomez* in the Criterion Stakes he ran one of the most remarkable two-year-old races ever witnessed, and scored a dead-heat after a terribly punishing finish. He never got over it. The Duke of Newcastle lost enormous sums of money, chiefly by trying to get back what he had originally dropped. Soon afterwards the Duke of Hamilton landed at Marseilles to find himself black-balled for the Jockey Club. Their studs were put up to auction. Stephenson committed suicide. All this must have tried Matthew Dawson fairly high. But the tide turned when he got Lord Falmouth's horses.

"Mat's" first business visit to Epsom was with Lord Kelburne's (afterwards Lord Glasgow's) *Pathfinder*, who failed to win the Derby. It says much for the Dawson family, by the way, that John and Joseph also trained for that eccentric nobleman, as did Thomas of Middleham, who twice had his horses, and probably understood him better than any other trainer. Matthew's first little stud, at Compton, where he trained for Lord John Scott, contained such useful animals as *Miserrima*; *The Reiver*, whom *West Australian* beat for the Leger; *Catherine Hayes*, who won the Oaks; *Kilmeny*; and *Hobbie Noble*, who was sold to Mr. James Merry as a two-year-old for what was then the big price of 6500 guineas. It was to Mr. Merry's quarters at Russley that Matthew moved, and the remainder of Lord John Scott's stud was bought to go there for rather less than *Hobbie Noble* had cost alone. Two years afterwards (in 1859) Prince resigned, and Matthew ruled alone. It was by him that *Thormanby* (by *Windhound*) was bought for Mr. Merry from a breeder named Plummer for "three fifty," and the son of *Alice Hawthorn* credited his owner with nearly £100,000 in bets over the first Derby his trainer ever won. Custance rode him, after the jockey who had been brought over from Russia for the purpose had failed to realise the responsibilities of his situation. He won the Gold Cup at Ascot afterwards. In 1864 *Scottish Chief* was



By permission of Lord Rosebery.

"Sir Visto" with S. Loates and Matthew Dawson.

beaten, in one of the hottest fields that ever started for the Derby, by *Blair Athol*, whom Matthew and Thomas both thought "a grand racehorse." Matthew's beginnings at Newmarket, after he left Russley for Heath House, have been already sketched. Lord Falmouth's *Kingcraft*, by *King Tom*, began a list of famous winners in which occur such names as *Atlantic*, *Charibert*, *Galliard*, *Cecilia*, *Spinaway*, *Wheel of Fortune*, *Silvio*, *Jannette*, *Dutch Oven*, and *Busybody*, a perfect string of classic winners. Fred Archer helped as much as any other single cause in such successes as were these. But neither his riding nor Mat Dawson's training could have effected what they did unless they had got good material to work upon. The Duke of Portland, to whom my third volume has been dedicated, contributed some more of this material, and it was *Mowerina*, again one of Matthew's purchases, which largely assisted in so desirable a result. She was the dam of *Donovan*, *Raeburn*, *Semolina*, and *Modwena*. In purchasing the son of *Galopin* and *St. Angela* for 1,600 guineas at the sale of Prince Batthyany's stud, Matthew Dawson not only again did well for the Duke, but probably secured the best bargain ever made in thoroughbred stock. I have already spoken of *St. Simon's* value as a sire; and though he has not yet beaten *Stockwell's* record in the days before big prizes, of £61,391 for his progeny in a single season, he has probably done more for modern racing than any single living sire that could be named. If we add the influence of *Donovan*, of *Ayrshire*, and of the same owner's *Carbine*, who brought back *Musket's* staying blood to England, it will be difficult to find any other single stud of equal value to the modern Turf. I shall have to speak of *Paradox* again when I come to John Porter's doings in a later chapter; but it was Dawson who trained *Melton*, winner of the Derby and St. Leger of 1885. *Paradox* was, no doubt, the better horse, and was beaten only by Archer's rush at the finish, which was made owing to that astute jockey's knowledge of the fact that *Paradox* would never do his best in the lead. Mr. Richard Vyner was another of Matthew's lucky owners, whose *Lambkin* had already won the Leger, when *Minting* (by *Lord Lyon*) turned up for the Two Thousand. Than 1886 there was no better year for three-year-olds since 1864, and *Ormonde* was the best of them. Mr. Vyner very wisely went for the Grand Prix, which he won. Even when the Duke of Westminster's great colt had turned roarer he beat *Minting* for the Hardwicke Stakes. But Matthew had the satisfaction of seeing the son of *Mint Sauce* win the Jubilee Cup at Ascot, and the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton Park, the latter under 10st., after having had a swelled hock a week before. After retiring to a little farm

of his own at Exning, Matthew was called out again to train for Lord Rosebery, and helped to achieve that nobleman's ambition to win the Derby and be Prime Minister, not only with the handsome *Ladas*, but with *Sir Visto* as well.

From the picture of *St. Simon* which I reproduce, it will be realised that as a colt he was not particularly attractive, being short-coupled and rather too straight in front. As a young one he was undoubtedly thought to be on the small side; but William Day has put it on record that "you may get fifty good small horses for one good large one. . . . A good big horse may beat a good little one over a short course, or even at a mile or so; but I think at three or four miles a good little one would beat the best big one I ever saw." Neither *Camarine* nor *Touchstone*, the best long-distance thoroughbreds of their day (and many other days), stood more than an inch over fifteen hands. *Venison* was less, and a better type of the old-fashioned hardy English racehorse it would be difficult to find. He cost only £100 at first. He must have walked over 1,300 miles from one place to another during his racing career



"*Hippia*" by "King Tom" (1864).

before the days of railways. When old John Day was at Danebury, *Venison* was the trial horse for *Elis*, on whom Lord George Bentinck won so much for the Leger of 1836. *Joe Miller* was another good little one, and the only two big ones William Day thought worthy to compare with him over a distance were *Rataplan* and *Fisherman*. *Lecturer* is another instance at Danebury, later on, of the way a "pony" can win the Cesarewitch. Of his trial in 1866 with *Rustic*, *Blue Riband*, and *The Duke*, the great tale of the Touts' Luncheon at the Grosvenor Arms, Stockbridge, has often been told. They were all locked in over their banquet until the trial was over. When the weights for the Cesarewitch came out, *Lecturer* would have been scratched with the rest of Lord Hastings' horses had he not

been entered under the name of Mr. Peter Wilkinson. He was tried for the race with *Ackworth* (Cambridgeshire, 1864), who had just previously been used by Mr. Frederick Swindell to try his own favourite *Proserpine*, and Hibberd had not much difficulty in bringing off the race.

But I have said enough to give examples of the general statements with which this chapter began; and it is only necessary to add that any one who only studies Turf facts in his Library must try to remember that what held good a century ago is not likely to satisfy modern requirements, whether the race of horses as



Richard Tattersall (d. 1859).

a whole has really improved or not. Many think—and I am one of them—that we have lost a lot in abolishing nearly all our real tests of endurance. The French, at any rate, have found it worth while to keep them, and the history of their gradual success at Ascot is instructive. There was undoubted cruelty in the old system of running heats; but then in 1750 only one horse in ten raced a second time. By the time of *Fisherman* we find that good horse running thirty-five times in one year, and winning twenty-one races, of which the Ascot Cup (2½ miles) and the Queen's Plate (3 miles) were run on the same day. Now, it is only the first-rate

ones who are let off lightly. *Orme* won £34,626 in eighteen races; *Ormonde* (£28,265), *Ayrshire* (£35,915), and *Velasquez* (£26,385) all ran sixteen times; *Diamond Jubilee* (£29,185) and *Galtee More* (£27,019) went to the post on thirteen occasions; *St. Frusquin* (£32,960), *Ladas* (£18,515), and *Flying Fox* (£40,096) on eleven. To compile £57,453 *Isinglass* was only asked to carry silk twelve times during his four years of training, and then retired to the comforts of a luxurious stud. *Persimmon* did least of all, for his £34,706 was the result of only nine races. This may not be so great a contrast to the old times, as far as the actual number of starts is concerned. What differentiates modern methods from the eighteenth century

is the hard work put upon our moderate thoroughbreds, the way they are constantly worried with railway travelling, and perpetually being pulled out to earn their corn bill all over the country, until they are worn out and useless for anything but a four-wheeler. This means a restriction in sires, and the narrowing of stud possibilities to a few lines starting from such famous winners as those mentioned above. One result is that out of the enormous number of English thoroughbreds foaled every year only seven are good enough to go to the post to oppose a Frenchman in the Derby, as in 1903. This is not because our Turf prizes are not valuable enough. There were no "Ten Thousand Pounders" in *Blacklock's* day. Nor is it because we do not have racing enough. In 1902 W. Waugh, the private trainer of Sir J. Blundell Maple at Falmouth House, scored 67 victories with 30 winners out of the 47 with which he started in training, and got fifth in the list of winning trainers with £17,912, though only two of his races were worth more than £1,000.



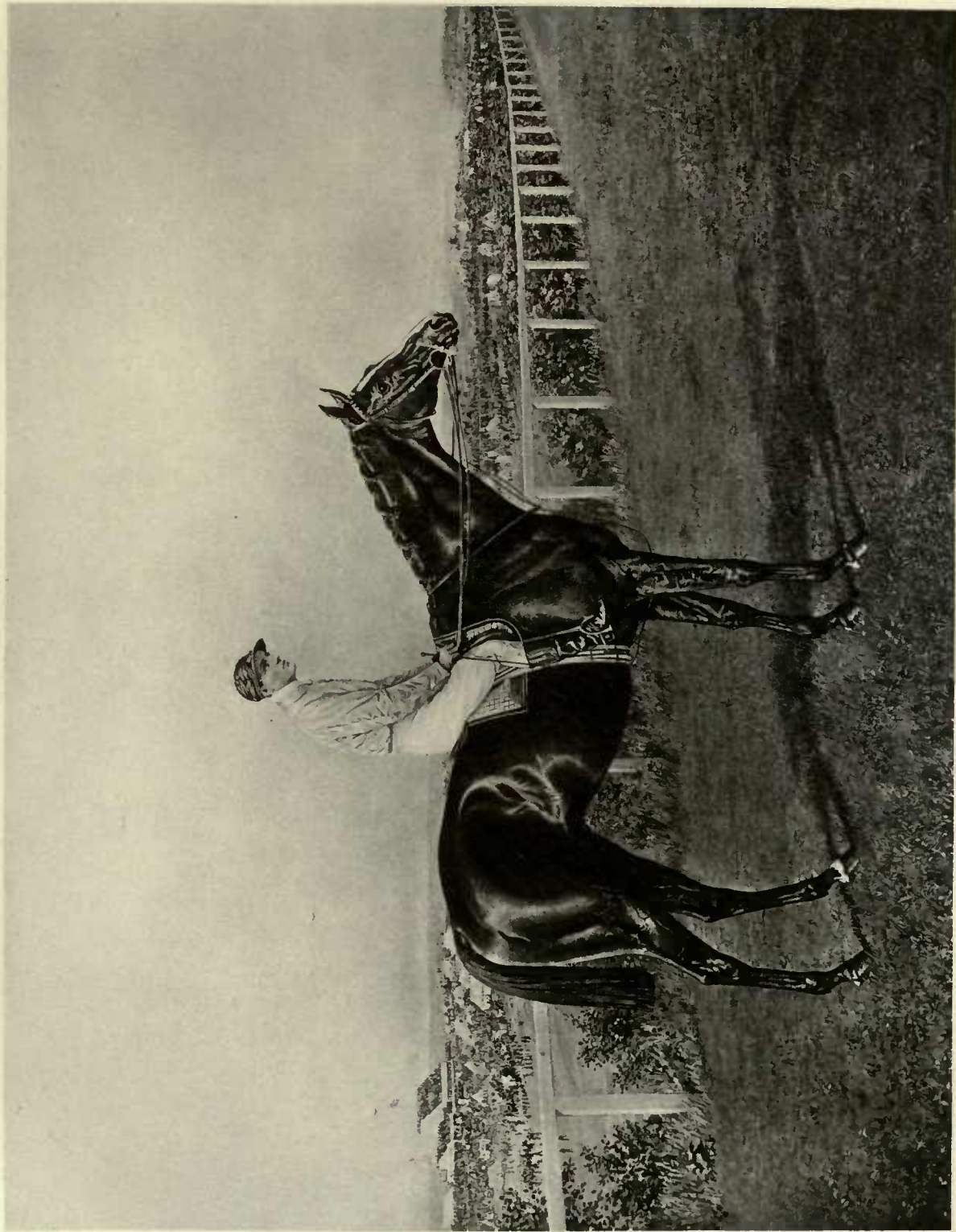
"Kingcraft" by "King Tom" (1867).

It will be interesting to compare with this the records given (on p. 461) for Lord George Bentinck's season in 1845, or 1844.

I have spoken of the value of our Turf prizes nowadays. It is worth noting that in *Cotterstone's* year (1843) the total value of the stakes came to £38,000 for the season. It is now about half a million of money, and Ascot alone can furnish more than the whole calendar of sixty years ago. The number of two-year-olds running in 1843 was 213, and there were 1300 brood mares. We have now 6000 of the latter, and seven times as many two-year-olds as there were in 1843. The fees for our best sires have increased in a similar proportion. When we breed a winner in direct line from *Eclipse*, we sell him to the French, for the descent of M. Blanc's famous stallion is as follows, direct from sire to son:—*Eclipse* (1764).

Pot8os (1773), *Waxy* (1790), *Whalebone* (1807), *Sir Hercules* (1826), *Birdcatcher* (1833), *The Baron* (1842), *Stockwell* (1849), *Doncaster* (1870), *Bend Or* (1877), *Ormonde* (1883), *Orme* (1889), *Flying Fox* (1896). We have started several prizes for £10,000, but we have left the Derby at the same it was in *Lord Lyon's* day, thirty-seven years ago. Taking other figures again, in 1813 we find there were barely 800 horses running on the flat in the 103 race-meetings held in Great Britain. Out of these 103, only Ascot remains of the four Berkshire meetings; Chester of the four in Cheshire; none at all in Cornwall, Dorset, Hertford, Hereford, or Oxfordshire; many others have vanished altogether. Yet in 1900, 3955 horses ran, on the same basis of calculation; more than 4000 in 1901. We have six or eight races in a day's card now, compared to the three or four, sometimes the single match, which our forefathers were content to see. But this would not alone give employment to the vast total of thoroughbreds in training. Racing has become far more frequent than was ever the case before. It is true that when a license was requested in the autumn of 1902 for a new course at Rotherham, it was refused by a Jockey Club which had added an eighth meeting to Newmarket. But our Turf legislators are evidently only slowly realising that meetings have grown too fast of late. There are four at Alexandra Park; nine (including steeplechases) at Birmingham; and four at Derby and Doncaster; while Hurst Park, Lingfield, Kempton, Nottingham, Windsor, Sandown Park, and the rest, keep us going hard right through the season. The tendency towards centralisation has been inevitable. The most indefatigable Londoner could hardly do his round if meetings were scattered all over the country as they used to be. The success of *Bendigo's* Eclipse Stakes at Sandown confirmed the feeling that enclosed meetings near London would prove popular. But it may be doubted if every one realised what the result would be in later years. How the trainers stand it is a question they alone can answer; and I do not believe they would, as a body, oppose the elimination of Saturday and Monday from the Racing Calendar, if only to give a little more time to themselves and their charges to recover from their constant journeys. We get a "real smasher" now and then among the thousands of our young stock; but so they did when the sires and dams were far fewer in number. What we have increased enormously is the moderate animal who is good enough to make an occasional win, and give his backers a chance of keeping up their stable. The need of a good one is sufficiently emphasised by the huge prices paid for a fashionable yearling, which may after all turn out as worthless as the worst bred of them all.

London, Vortice & Co.



From the painting by Allen & Sealy

Myung Fox
By permission of the publishers F. & M. Dumas



This can hardly be considered a satisfactory state of things by any except the jockeys whose opportunities of making money are vastly increased, without, as far as can be seen, any proportionate production of such good riders as we used to have. Some £7000 a year in two hands for three years to a lad of twenty who has power to add to this by riding others when his special stable does not want him, is quite enough to turn a wiser and an older head. Pampering him as we do is worse than bullying him as was once the custom. But the system is only what might be expected of the days of preposterous fees for sires, ridiculous



"Formosa" by "Buccaneer" (1865).

sums for yearlings, and inflated prices all round. This is not what used to be thought good sport; it looks more like hysterical money-juggling, without the small excuse that can be made for the extravagant betting it has replaced. As usual, the faddist has gone for the wrong end of the stick. He cries aloud about a gambling which has very sensibly diminished; and says nothing about far more serious evils which have notoriously increased.

We hear a good deal about the fortunes made by trainers nowadays, and we certainly see something of the luxury in which some of them think it necessary

to live. Their work, and their anxieties, must often be hard enough to justify their "relaxations," whatever form they choose. But let them remember the reward that came to one member of their profession for sticking soberly to his business. There was once a little jockey named Ward, who was born at Howden, in Yorkshire. Being trustworthy as well as capable, he was sent over with some thoroughbreds to Vienna. There Prince Lichtenstein kept him in his service, and his name gradually became transmogrified into Signor Tommasso, while his intelligence increased and ripened under the influence of the constant study he managed to combine with his training duties. By degrees his master asked his advice about other matters besides horses. The trainer blossomed into a diplomat, and by one inspired stroke restored the fortunes of the Duchy of Lucca and placed Charles III. upon the throne of Parma, rising, himself, from the post of Minister of Finance to that of Prime Minister. This is a romance of the Turf, indeed; but there are many of "Signor Tommasso's" old companions who would have deliberately preferred training a Derby winner to being the Prime Minister of any other country in the world. I have often wondered how many foreign diplomats would be willing to reverse that process; and I fancy Lord Rosebery would be the most likely man to know.

CHAPTER XX.

STEEPLECHASING.

“Then crash’d a low binder, and then close behind her
The sward to the strokes of the favourite shook ;
His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little
She shortened her stride as she raced at the brook.”

THE date at which men first began to jump fences on horseback cannot even be surmised. I find in no book or record whatever any expression of surprise that any horseman of old time had jumped a hedge, a brook, a stile, or anything else. Jumping, like other things, must have been a matter of gradual advance. The earliest war-horses may have been called upon to “negotiate” some ditch or gully ; they may have cleared the body of some fallen steed or a portion of a broken chariot ; and this may have been the first step towards high and broad leaping.

Prior to the accession of William III., however, the Charlton Hunt at Goodwood was a flourishing concern, and we hear of gates being jumped then. From time immemorial horses have been matched for speed on the flat, and it is only in the natural course of events that matches over obstacles should also take place, and no doubt a certain number were decided ; but the first we hear of was brought off, appropriately enough, in Ireland in 1752. This was a match between Mr. O’Callaghan and Mr. Edward Blake. The distance was four miles—from Buttivant Church to St. Leger Church ; and that is all we know about it, for the name of the winner is not on record. Readers of my first volume may remember that on pp. 38 and 48 it is recorded that in 1607 Lord Haddington went to Huntingdon “to a match of hunting that he hath there against my Lord of Sheffield’s horse.” In the same place I quoted Gervase Markham’s sentence about the “infinite

labour and long endurance which is to be desired in our hunting matches." But it is still an open question whether the phrase can strictly be interpreted as meaning a steeplechase, so I prefer to leave the honours of origination with the Emerald Isle.

It is needless to give even a curtailed list of the many little matches like that of 1752 which undoubtedly took place at various times all over the country after that date; but it may be noticed that all the early contests were for two horses only. That which took place in Leicestershire in 1792 was of a somewhat curious character. The stake was 1,000 guineas. One of the horses belonged to Mr. Loraine Hardy, the other was the property of the Hon. Mr. Willoughby, who



*Mr. Coulthwaite's Stables.
An easy fence for a youngster.*

was at the time hunting Lord Middleton's country, and eventually succeeded to the title. Mr. Willoughby's whipper-in rode for him, and the valet was on the back of Mr. Hardy's horse. It appears a curious selection on both sides, as Mr. Willoughby was himself no mean horseman, and some of his Yorkshire friends must have been able to

ride. However, Mr. Hardy's horse won, owing, it was said, to the intimate local knowledge possessed by the valet. The start took place near Melton Mowbray; the finish was at Great Dalby, about nine miles away.

We do not find any steeplechase with more than two starters until the year 1792. This, too, happened in Leicestershire, from Barkby Holt to the Coplow and back, eight miles altogether, and was over the same ground as that crossed by Mr. (afterwards Captain) Horatio Ross on *Clinker*, and Captain Douglas on *Radical*, in their historic match; but they ran one way only, four miles. The competitors in the 1792 race were Mr. Charles Meynell (son of the famous Hugo Meynell; eight years later he gave up the Quorn Country), who won; Lord

Forester (a forward rider of the day), who came in second; and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who was third.

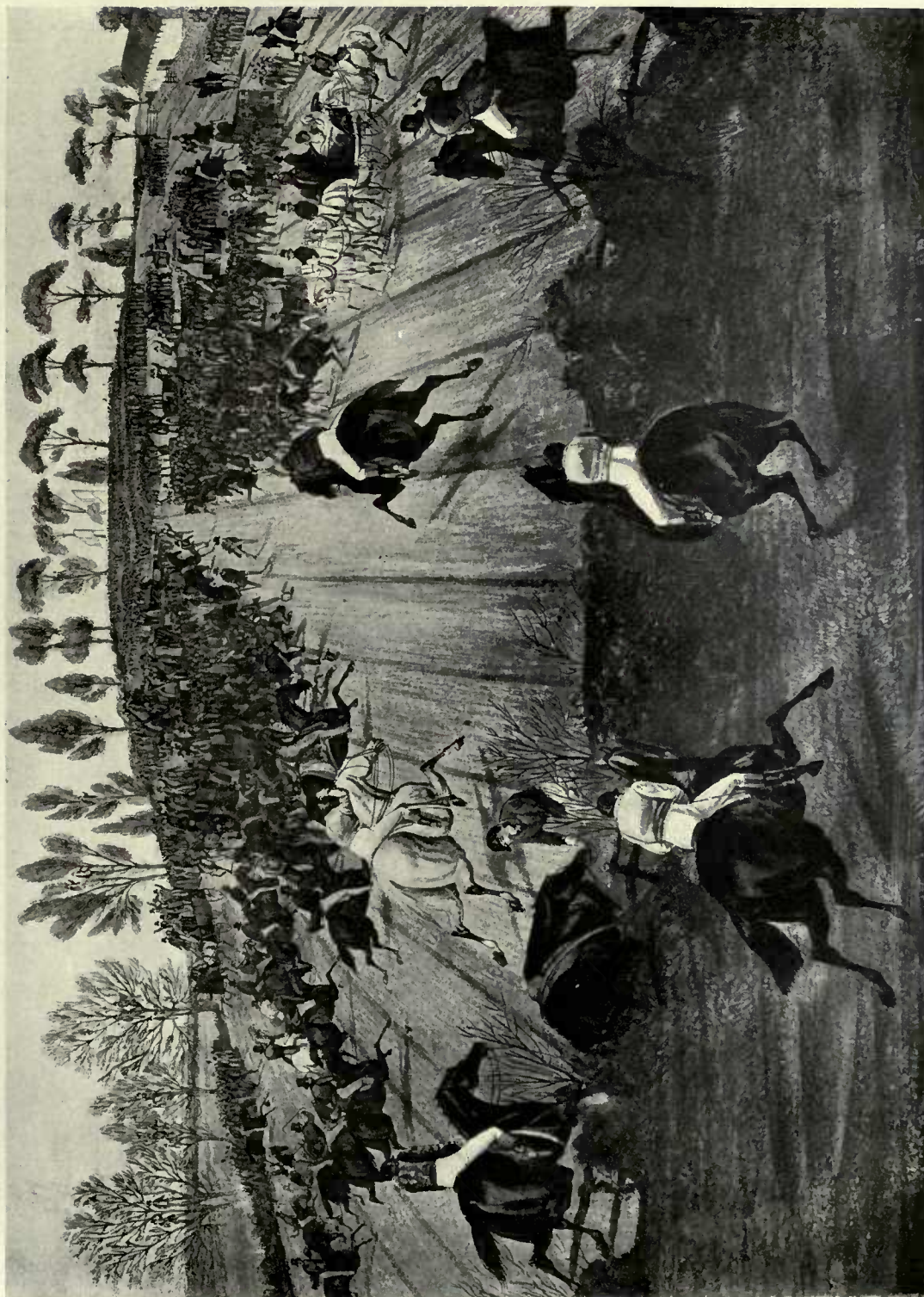
No chapter professing to give merely an outline history of steeplechasing would be complete without a passing mention of what has erroneously been called "The First Steeplechase on Record." This was supposed to have taken place just before Christmas, 1803, and to have been the outcome of a challenge given in the mess-room of the Ipswich barracks by a Lieutenant Hansum to ride one of his horses over a country against any horse in the regiment. The cartel was taken up, and as the moon was shining brightly it was suggested that the race should take place then and there, and the horses are supposed to have finished at Nacton. Every one must have seen Alken's picture of this race, the men with nightshirts over their regimentals and wearing nightcaps. Nothing whatever was said about the race at the time, but a detailed account was given many years later in the *New Sporting Magazine*. The truth probably is that the affair never took place at all.

Annual steeplechase meetings began in the year 1831, when Thomas Coleman established the St. Albans gatherings, which were the forerunners of all other meetings. Coleman was originally in the racing stables of Wetherall, who trained a good many of the horses which used to compete at Ascot for the Plates, given by George III., for horses which had been hunted with his hounds. About the date of Waterloo Coleman set up for himself in Hertfordshire, trained for several owners, and took the Chequers Tavern at St. Albans, which he afterwards pulled down to make way for the Turf Hotel, which contained the then almost unheard-of luxury of several bath-rooms supplied with hot and cold water.

The first steeplechase at St. Albans took place in 1830, and was suggested by some officers of the Household Cavalry who were dining at the Turf Hotel. They left the details to Coleman, who was a successful organiser, and the result was a steeplechase from Harlington Hill, where the church now stands, to the obelisk in West Park. The winner was a grey horse belonging to Lord Ranelagh, ridden by Captain MacDowall, the second being a little Irish horse called *Nailer*, belonging to and ridden by Lord Clanricarde, who was one of the first amateurs to be captivated by the "steeplechase craze," as it was termed. He succeeded his father as fourth earl in 1808, and was made a marquis in 1825. He was born in 1802, and twenty years later donned a silk jacket for the first time at the Curragh, winning the first Corinthian race ever run in Ireland on *Penguin*, by *Waxy Pope*, repeating his success in the next year on the same horse. He, however, cared

nothing for flat racing ; but soon after leaving Oxford he had a mount on *Hawk*, by *Scherdone*, over the stiff Roxburgh course in County Galway, jumping one wall where it was five feet nine inches high. Lord Clanricarde also won a couple of steeplechases on Elmore's famous horse, *Moonraker*, a tremendous puller, but so big a jumper that he is said to have once cleared a lane and both hedges in the Metropolitan district under Lord Clanricarde. He won the National Hunt Steeplechase in 1864 with *Caustic*, by *St. Luke*, a horse which only three weeks before was carrying his owner with the Quorn Hounds from Melton Mowbray. He had but a fortnight's training at Howth Castle, yet, ridden by Mr. Long, he won by three lengths.

The soldiers' race of 1830 having proved so great a success, Coleman set himself to work to found an annual meeting, the first of the regular series taking place on the 1st of March, 1831, under the name of the Hertfordshire Steeplechase. The winner was *Moonraker*, then the property of Mr. Lee ; but he was ridden by Mr. Parker, who wore the same crimson jacket in which Conolly had won the St. Leger on Mr. Beardsworth's *Birmingham* in 1830. The year 1839, when entries were meagre and the horses of poor quality, saw the last of the St. Albans Steeplechases ; but they had set an excellent example, and in a very few years after they were started, steeplechasing on Coleman's lines began to crop up everywhere. During the nine years over which St. Albans continued a good many notable men and horses appeared there. Among the former was Captain Becher, son of a Norfolk farmer and horsedealer, for whom the boy acted as rough-rider. When he joined the Yeomanry, the Duke of Buckingham conferred upon him the courtesy title of captain. Some one who had seen him ride was so taken with his horsemanship that he procured for him a berth in the department of the Store-keeper General, and for two or three years he was abroad with the army of occupation. Then he returned to England, rode his first race on *Reuben Butler* at Hounslow for Coleman, with whom he lived on and off for twenty years, became eminent as a steeplechase rider, gave his name to the brook at Aintree, retired from riding in 1838, was for a few months in the employment of the Great Northern Railway, and now lies buried in Willesden Cemetery. Captain Becher won the St. Albans Steeplechase on *Grimaldi* in 1836 ; but no sooner had he passed the post than the horse reared up, fought with his fore legs, and dropped stone dead, whereupon an objection was lodged against Elmore receiving the stakes, on the ground that he did not return to the weighing-room ; but it



From an engraving by Charles Hunt in the possession of
H.R.H. Prince Christian.

Finish of the Grand Military Steeplechase near Newmarket (March, 1856).
Mr. de Winton on "Primrose" and Mr. Maddox on "Creole" leading the field.

was, of course, overruled. Colonel Charretie was another of the old school of steeplechase patrons who appeared at St. Albans and elsewhere. An Irishman, he was born in 1794, and fought at Waterloo in the Life Guards. He took part in several duels, but was never hurt. He was an intimate friend of Colonel Berkeley, and was invariably at the Castle when the owner was keeping open house. Although his horse, *Gorhambury*, ran second to *Cotherstone* for the Derby of 1843, he really cared more about match-making than for entering his horses in steeplechases. The Colonel died at his house in Bryanston Square on the 12th of January, 1866, at the age of 84.

Soon after the St. Albans Steeplechases had been organised, there arose, in 1834, at Crockford's Club in St. James's Street, an argument about the difficulty of crossing Aylesbury Vale. Mr. Henry Peyton, son of the Sir Henry Peyton of the time (both father and son were famed as coachmen and riders to hounds), undertook to find a fair four-mile course over which he stated he had often ridden, and which was regularly faced by those who fairly rode to hounds in the Vale. The offer was accepted. Mr. Peyton consulted his friend Captain Lamb, who provided a 20-guinea cup; the entrance was 20 guineas, p.p., each horse carried 12st. 7lb.; second saved stake. Twenty-one entries were received. The following particulars are partly extracted from "Echoes of Old Country Life," "Reminiscences of Old Country Life," and "Records of Old Times," by Mr. J. K. Fowler, who was for many years the tenant of the Prebendal Farm over which the steeplechases were held. The course was from Waddesdon Windmill, about four miles and a half from Aylesbury, to a field in front of the church. The fences were absolutely untrimmed. "The course was most severe, and comprised several doubles, tall bullfinches, ox-fences with posts and rails, big singles, one cross-road, one deeply rutted lane, one fair-sized brook, one thick spinney, and the river Thame, about twenty-eight feet wide!"

There were no flags, and until the morning of the race, the line was kept a profound secret. The Marquess of Waterford was one of the competitors on his cocktail *Lancet*, and with characteristic impulsiveness essayed to jump the river at a fly. The horse did get his fore feet on the further bank, but was so much injured that he died about a fortnight later. Twenty horses started, and after Mr. Allnutt (father to the late Lady Brassey, who retained the original purple-and-green jacket in which he rode) had led nearly all the way, *Laurestina* fell from exhaustion, when Captain Martin Becher on *Vivian*, slipping through, just won. Among the

riders in this race were Jem Mason, who made his first appearance in public, and John Brown, of Tring, who is mentioned as one of the characters in the poem of "Lord Lonsdale's Harriers." This was but the prelude to many more steeplechases at Aylesbury. In those days the Royal Buckhounds used to go there for a fortnight, and the steeplechases used to take place during that very merry time. Nearly all the horses which ran at St. Albans appeared at Aylesbury at one time or another, and a couple of rather celebrated matches took place there. The first was between *The British Yeoman*, ridden by Jem Mason, and *Vain Hope*, steered by William Archer, father of Fred and Charles Archer; the other was between two horses the property of rival livery-stable proprietors at Oxford—Mr. George Symonds's *Janus*, ridden by Fred Enoch, who afterwards became a trainer, and Mr. Perrin's *Phoenix*, ridden by Tom Price. The race resulted in a dead heat, and as the owners would not divide it was run off, when *Janus* won by a bare length. "The value of the stakes was only £7," Mr. Fowler tells us.

In the year 1859 Pratt's Club held a meeting at Aylesbury, when Lord Strathmore won a couple of races on *Charm* and *The Tartar* respectively. Messrs. Blundell and Dewar, who both figure in the pictures of the Oxford Drag, and who often performed over the Aylesbury course, were first and second for the steeplechase held in the Crimea, both riders distinguishing themselves in the course of the war. As already mentioned, Oxford undergraduates had for many years held a cross-country meeting over Aylesbury Vale, first over the Broughton course, and later over the Prebendal Farm. The dons of Oxford never encouraged steeplechasing, of course, and at one period resolved to put it down altogether. The undergraduates, however, had one champion in Mr. Neate, a Fellow of Oriel, at one time Professor of Political Economy and M.P. for the city. He often hunted from Oxford, and on this particular occasion stood up for Oxford's younger sons, and, to lend them his support, entered for one of the races a horse which he called *Vice-Chancellor*. Every one was wondering who the jockey would be, but the question was soon set at rest by the Professor (he was no mean horseman) getting up; he was in his shirt sleeves and wore a tall hat. The brook was a very formidable jump in that year, and it proved too much for Mr. Neate's horse, which fell in; but the Professor consoled himself for the mishap by saying that he had made his protest and vindicated the rights of those *in statu pupillari* to indulge in a manly sport. The year 1874 saw the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase run at Aylesbury, the winner being Mr. C. Vyner's *Lucellum*, Mr. A. Peel being second on *Ballot Box*. At that meeting there was

a Master of Hounds Steeplechase, won by Mr. F. Bennett's *Miss Hungerford*, the late Lord Willoughby de Broke running second with his mare *Abbess*.

Nearly all steeplechase meetings have had their ups and downs; but for some years two places may be said to have stood out rather prominently—Cheltenham and Leamington. Both enjoyed influential patronage; both were well attended while their grand carnivals were regarded as among the more important events of the season. The first of the Cheltenham series took place about 1833, but by 1835 the meeting was quite a going concern; it took place on the 1st of April. The chief event was the "Grand Steeplechase," as it was called on the card; and the course was certainly big enough. The first jump was a newly erected



*In Sussex.
Teaching a young one.*

wall five feet high; a couple of brooks came in the way, the last obstacle being another wall five feet four inches in height. There were eleven starters, and what betting there was favoured *Fugleman*, ridden by Mr. Doyle, who had won in the previous year; but the rider, mistaking the flags, went out of his course, so that Mr.

Pitt's *Bobadil*, ridden by Mr. Patrick, beat Mr. Baring's *Caliph*, with Captain Becher in the saddle. Another well-known rider in the race was Dick Christian, who came in fourth on a horse called *Shade*. The last horse in had to pay the stake of the second horse, one of the not uncommon though queer conditions of those days.

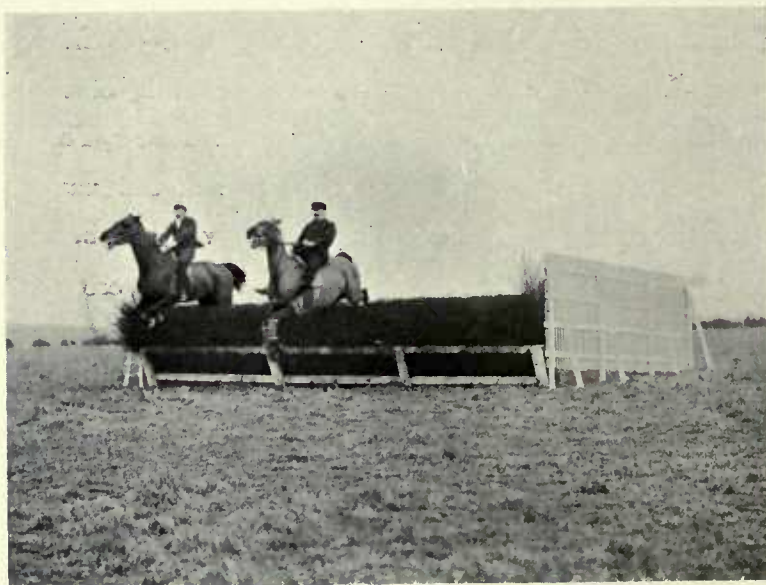
The Captain Becher above mentioned was perhaps as closely identified with *Vivian* as with any other horse he was in the habit of riding, and on him he won at Aylesbury, when Lord Waterford and Elmore regarded the race as a certainty for either *Lancet* or *Grimaldi*. In 1835 a print representing Captain Becher on *Vivian* was published, and met with a ready sale. *Lancet's* defeat in the

above-mentioned race, it may be mentioned, was such a disappointment to him that Lord Waterford matched *Cock Robin* against *Vivian* for 1,000 guineas, but the latter won, owing, it was said, to a fine exhibition of horsemanship on the part of Captain Becher at a critical moment. Not a word was ever breathed against his integrity. He always rode to win, and it was perhaps on that account that when he gave up riding he was not in very affluent circumstances. Lord Segrave was a great friend to Cheltenham; he subscribed liberally to its funds, gave some added money to the Grand Steeplechase, and acted as umpire. In 1839 the Grand Steeplechase was won by that fine combination, Jem Mason and *Lottery*. This famous horse was foaled in 1830, and was by *Lottery*—*Parthenia* by *Welbeck*, her dam by *Grog* out of a mare by *Staghunter*; so *Lottery*, though virtually as “thoroughbred as *Eclipse*,” had “h.b.” after his name. In the name of *Chance*, he ran in a couple of races on the flat at the Holderness Hunt Meeting of 1834, winning once; and just afterwards Mr. Jackson, his breeder, who lived near Thirsk, took him to Horncastle Fair, where the only man to look twice at the narrow, mean-looking horse was Elmore the dealer, who lived near Harrow. He became his owner, put him to jumping, sold him, bought him back; and discovering his good qualities, afterwards put him to steeplechasing, at which he made his mark, until at last he was so heavily penalised that it was useless to start him.

It is in the year 1840 that we first find the name of William Holman (father of George Holman, who rode the club-footed horse *The Doctor* in the Grand National) among the riders at Cheltenham Steeplechases. In 1847, William Archer, who acquired some fame as a steeplechase rider, seems to have made his first appearance at Cheltenham, riding Mr. Evans's *Daddy Longlegs*, but he was beaten by Mr. Smith's well-known *Stanmore*, ridden by William Holman, who trained *Freetrader* and *The Doctor*, and died at Cheltenham, on Tuesday, the 10th of January, 1888, in his 78th year. Born in Leicestershire, Holman began his career quite in the early days of steeplechasing. He saw Jem Hills, afterwards the famous huntsman of the Heythrop Hounds, win the first steeplechase ever run in Wiltshire; he rode at St. Albans, and at Liverpool, though he was never fortunate enough to ride the winner of the Grand National. In 1845 he rode *The Page* in that race, but was unplaced; in 1852 he was third on *Sir Peter Laurie*, and fourth in the following year on the same horse, when *Freetrader*, trained by him, won, George Stevens being the jockey. Holman hoped to lead back another Grand National winner, and in 1870 he thought that he should

do so, as he made sure of winning with *The Doctor*, ridden by his son George; but, as most people know, he was just beaten by *The Colonel*, ridden by George Stevens.

For a number of years, dating from the early thirties, the Leamington and Warwick Steeplechases enjoyed great repute, and in 1839 there were thirty-eight fences in the line, several of them being posts and rails, and two fair-sized brooks had to be crossed. The three placed horses—Lord Macdonald's *The Nun*, Mr. Walker's *Sportsman*, and Mr. McDonough's *Sir William*—were ridden by three famous riders: Jem Mason, Tom Olliver, and Mr. Alan McDonough, the owner of the third. Jem Mason, a consummate horseman, was born at



*A real stiff one.
Mr. Coulthwait's training-grounds at Hednesford.*

Stilton, and was sent to Huntingdon Grammar School, where was Frank Butler, afterwards the famous flat-race jockey. Mason, sen., bred and dealt in hunters, and horsed a coach or two over some of the middle ground, and here it was that Jem Mason first learned riding. Mr. Mason, sen., finding it necessary to leave Stilton, he went to live at

Pinner, where young Mason was thrown among a number of steeplechasing men like Elmore and Anderson, and made his first appearance at St. Albans in 1834 on *The Poet*, a horse which really belonged to Lord Frederick Beauclerc, though it ran in another name. For a number of years he was quite at the head of his calling, his services being in great request everywhere. His health gave way at last, and he had to give up riding. Jem Mason died in 1886 after an operation for tracheotomy. Tom Olliver, or Black Tom, as he was called, was a brilliant horseman, but an eccentric person, who had a marvellously varied career from a financial standpoint, what little success he had being due chiefly to Jem Mason, who, in one way and another, set him on his legs more than once. Olliver had

a very ready tongue, and was the reputed author of a number of quaint sayings. On one occasion he was confined in Oxford Gaol for debt, and, on a friend asking him if there was anything he would like, made answer, "Yes, send me a d—d good wall-jumper." At another time, when some one was complaining of having ridden an unpleasant horse, Tom Olliver replied, "Ah! you won't know what real misery on horseback is, till you ride a hard-bucking, ewe-necked horse, downhill, in a snaffle bridle, with a fly in your eye, and one foot out of the stirrup." The third of this trio of brilliant horsemen, Mr. Alan McDonough, was an Irishman, born in 1804, who died at his house in Dublin in 1888. He first became known as a cross-country rider in Ireland in 1830, where his fine horsemanship soon attracted attention. He won, among other races, the Ormond Hunt Cup four years in succession, and came over to England about 1835. When he first began to ride over here, neither Irish steeplechasers nor Irish riders were very common, so Alan McDonough's successes gave rise to a great deal of jealousy, which led to unpleasant results sometimes. McDonough rode a great number of races on both sides of St. George's Channel, but he was most closely associated with Mr. Preston's wonderful mare *Brunette*, mentioned later on in connection with Liverpool.

The Leamington Steeplechase of 1838 was perhaps one of the earliest instances of a gate-money meeting, as from two to five shillings were charged for vehicles, and one shilling for horsemen.

The Leamington Hunt Steeplechase of 1847 is noteworthy because it was the occasion of *The Chandler* making his historic jump at the brook. The short history of the leap is that, early in the race, *The Chandler's* chance was nearly extinguished, as Captain Broadley, who rode the horse, nearly fell off owing to one of his feet striking a strong binder as he was jumping a fence. At an artificial fence, *Regalia*, a very shifty mare, refused; but jumped it at the second attempt, and then raced on in pursuit of *King of the Valley*, who was leading. The brook was the next fence; and Captain Broadley, thinking that *Regalia* would get in the way of some one, did his best to pull *The Chandler* back. The leaders raced at the water and went in. Captain Broadley could then neither stop nor turn *The Chandler*, so he rode him as hard as he could, and the old horse, making a mighty effort, handsomely cleared the two men and horses in the water, landed far on the opposite side, and, as others tumbled down, won easily at his leisure. Captain Peel, William Archer, and several others were standing on the landing side; and, noticing how *The Chandler*



From the original painting by Captain Adrian Jones.

"Father O'Flynn" (with Roddy Owen).

sped through space, measured the distance, which Captain Peel declared to be *thirty-seven feet*. Archer made it thirty-five feet; but from the best accounts it may be taken at thirty-seven, though some asserted that it was thirty-nine feet. *The Chandler*, by *Dr. Faustus*, was at this time eleven years old, having been foaled in 1836. He was bred by Sir Edward Scott, by whom he was sold to a Mr. Wilkinson, a chandler of Sutton Coldfield; the horse's next owner was Mr. Garnett, who used *The Chandler* for harness work alone, and it was a pure accident that Captain Peel had a mount on the horse, liked him, and bought him. *The Chandler* continued to be Captain Peel's best hunter for three or four years, and it was not until he was ten years old that he ran his first steeplechase at Birmingham in 1846, for which he was second. His next race was that just described. In ordinary course Captain Peel would himself have ridden the horse, but as he had just lost a relative, Captain Broadley had the mount. Not long afterwards a half-share was sold to Captain Little, by whom the horse was almost invariably ridden afterwards, and this combination in the next year (1848) won the Grand National, though the victory was attended by great good luck. For a year or two Leamington fared better, but it lost its prestige.

The fact that the Liverpool Grand National is in the programme of the Liverpool Spring Meeting is an enormous help to the undertaking, as it is certainly the foremost steeplechase of the year. Its history is worth tracing. By the time the year 1836 dawned, the St. Albans meeting was six years old, and the example set by Coleman had been more or less followed by others. For some years before steeplechases had ever been dreamed of at Liverpool, flat races had taken place under the auspices of Mr. W. Lynn, proprietor of the Waterloo Hotel, and it is curious to note how close in early times had been the connection between the Turf and the licensed victualler. Mr. Lynn, feeling assured that he had hit the popular taste, so far as his arrangements for flat-racing were concerned, conceived the idea that steeplechasing would pay its way at Liverpool, as it appeared to be so popular everywhere else. Captain Becher and Mr. Powell were among Mr. Lynn's friends, with them he took counsel, and, after haggling with sundry landowners and occupiers, the three succeeded in laying out a course, partly over the old flat-race course and partly over some adjoining land. Having succeeded in finding a home for his undertaking, Mr. Lynn advertised his steeplechases to take place on the 29th of February, 1836. There were two races, in which the well-known horses of the day took part; and the first year's experience appears to have been sufficient to

assure the success of Mr. Lynn's venture. The second year (1837) was somewhat memorable from the fact that the Irish horse, *Dan O'Connell*, who had done well in Ireland, was among the competitors for the chief race, and at the start he was an odds-on favourite; but he could barely complete the first round; and *The Duke*, a horse which at one time in his career had carried a whipper-in of one of the Midland packs, won for the second year in succession. The year 1838 saw Alan McDonough's *Sir William*, ridden by Mr. Pott, the winner of the chief Liverpool race. *Sir William*, a grand-looking chestnut, by *Welcome*, was brought over to England, from Ireland, by his owner in 1837, and when in the humour he would go kindly enough, but proved himself generally wayward. When McDonough



Kempton. Two beauties over the water.

rode him in a steeplechase in Cheshire *Sir William* fell, and the rider was dragged for a long distance. When the horse was stopped by some bystanders, McDonough remounted and won, his victory being anything but acceptable to the English division, who were extremely jealous of the Irishman. Not long afterwards McDonough

was deliberately upset at Dunchurch by a man named Ball, who, after a chase of about a mile, received a severe thrashing from the whip of Captain Lamb, the owner of the steeplechaser *Vivian*. Interfering with unwelcome competitors was by no means an unusual occurrence.

Returning, however, to *Sir William* and Alan McDonough, the injuries sustained by the latter—a broken collar-bone and three or four ribs—were so severe as to keep him in bed for a considerable time. The accident led to the sale of *Sir William* for £350, and Elmore resold him a few days later to Lord Cranstoun for £1,000, who at once matched him against Lord Suffield's *Jerry* for £1,000 aside. The next thing was to find a jockey. Several Leicestershire

horsemen—the match took place in the Quorn Country—essayed to ride him, but were powerless to induce him to jump. McDonough had in the mean time left for Ireland, and in sheer despair Lord Howth sent a messenger from Melton Mowbray to Wellmont, begging the famous Irish rider to come over and steer his old horse. There were no railroads in those days; but McDonough arrived at Melton on the Sunday before the match took place, and found that Jem Mason was to ride *Jerry*. After making the running, to McDonough's delight, *Jerry* refused; *Sir William*, however, went on, and, jumping kindly enough, won very easily. In 1840 Mr. Villebois nominated *Jerry* for what we may term the Grand National, though the race had not then received the name, and, in the hands of Bretherton, he won.

The year 1839 is memorable in the history of the Aintree Course, because it then passed out of the private ownership or lesseeship of Mr. Lynn, owing to his bad health, to a kind of syndicate. The Trustees for the Thousand Proprietors with a £25 share, were Lord Stanley, Sir Thomas Massey Stanley (at one time racing confederate with Sir Joseph Hawley), Messrs. W. Blundell, James Aspinall, and William Earle. The Racing Committee were the Earls of Derby, Sefton, Eglington, and Wilton; Lords George Bentinck, Stanley, and Robert Grosvenor; Sirs John Gerard, T. Massey Stanley, and R. W. Bulkeley; the Hon. E. M. Lloyd Mostyn, and Mr. E. G. Hornby. These gentlemen had the fixing of all races; while a third body, called "Directors," who managed the racecourse and its finances, were elected from the general number of the subscribers. Mr. Lynn was a tolerably large shareholder, and continued to assist the company with advice and suggestions. So far as can be ascertained, Aintree was the first proprietary racecourse ever organised. That it was a gate-money meeting may be inferred from the fact that the payment of £10 out of the £25 entitled the subscriber to a silver ticket, admitting him free to course and stand. The first "Great" Steeplechase under the new *régime* took place on the 24th of February, 1839, when an enormous crowd came together; but though the race was set for one o'clock, it was nearly three o'clock before the seventeen competitors paraded in front of the grand stand, and it was not until that moment that the public knew how many of the fifty-three entries were going to start. Lord Macdonald's *The Nun* and Elmore's *Lottery* were the two favourites, and the latter, ridden by Jem Mason, won with great ease. It was in this race that one of the fences became known as Becher's Brook.

It appears to have been the eighth obstacle, and was a post and rail in front of a hedge with six or seven feet of water on the far side. *Conrad*, ridden by Captain Becher, who seems to have made the running from the start, never rose at the rails, which he broke through and tumbled into the water, *Lottery* and two or three others jumping over the pair, and just missing them. *Jerry* was the winner in 1840, in which year Lord Sefton was begged to make a stone wall one of the obstacles in the course, to encourage the Irish owners to send their horses over. Lord Sefton agreed, but intimated that, to give the Leicestershire horses a chance, he would also have an ox-fence set up, and a very tolerable imitation of the genuine article



"Wild Man from Borneo."

it was. *Jerry*, like *Lottery*, a Lincolnshire-bred horse, was by *Catterick* out of a sister to *Jenny*, by *Bellerophon*. *Jerry* ran in the Liverpool race as Mr. Villebois's nomination. *Lottery*, meantime, ran for four or five times after he won, but met with no further success.

The word "National" occurs for the first time in connection with the race in 1843, when it was called "The Liverpool and National Steeplechase," and became a handicap. In the previous year (1842) the winner was Mr. D'Arcy's *Gay Lad*, ridden by Tom Olliver, who won again on Lord Chesterfield's *Vanguard*, and for the third time on Captain Little's *Peter Simple* in 1853, after a lapse of ten years. There are one or two circumstances which call for notice in connection with this "Liverpool and National" Steeplechase. In the first place, not one of the nineteen competitors fell; secondly, the race was considered a certainty for *Tom Tug* by those connected with him; but the horse, being an inveterate puller, overpowered his rider, Rackley, who was told to wait, and ran himself to a standstill, so that he could only get third to Mr. Quartermaine's *Discount* and Mr. Stirling Crawford's

The Returned. Thirdly, the winner *Discount* had up to the time of his winning been a complete failure at everything. In 1845 Mr. Loft's *Cure-All*, who ran as the nomination of Mr. W. S. Crawford, and was ridden by her owner, was bought a few months previously for £50, and was described as "a short-legged, compact, strong, and rather coarse-looking animal." A strong field of twenty-nine started in 1847, when *Mathew*, the favourite, won, he being the first Irish horse to carry off the Liverpool race. The Irish brigade mustered rather strongly, as *Mathew*, *Saucepan*, *Miss Tindall*, *St. Leger*, and *Brunette* were all claimed as being Irish. *Mathew*, a blood bay, standing about 15 hands 3 inches, by *Vestris*, was bred by Mr. John Westrop, of Coolreagh, near Scarriff, in 1838. He won several races in Ireland, before coming to England, and often ran against *Brunette*. The latter was a very famous mare. She was a black, or very dark brown, foaled in 1834, and bred by Mr. Walker in Co. Meath. She was by *Hercules*, dam by *Yeomanry*, grand-dam by *Welcome*. She did not run till she was seven years old, when she won the Meath Gold Cup at Trim in a canter, ridden by a young farmer named Murray. Mr. Knaresborough (very likely the owner of *Dan O'Connell*, who started at Liverpool in 1837) then bought her, and in his colours *Brunette* won the Kilrane Cup twice—in 1842, the year in which the race was instituted, and again in 1843, the year in which Alan McDonough at the last moment entered *Peter Simple*, just then at his best. He was, however, third only, *Brunette* winning easily, though ten lengths behind at the last fence. The mare won a number of other races all over Ireland; but, like so many good performers, she never had a foal that could have won a saddle at a country meeting. *Brunette* was subsequently sold to the Hon. W. Hely Hutchinson, of Palmerstown, and died in 1855, in the twenty-second year of her age in foaling to *Portrait*.

Mathew tried to win again in 1848, but was cannoned against and knocked down, so his chance was extinguished; some other much-fancied horses fell, so *The Chandler*, ridden by his owner, Captain Little, achieved what was generally thought to be a lucky victory, especially as at that time "The Little Captain," as he was often called, had not had very much practice in steeplechase riding, and had to fight out the finish with his old tutor, Olliver, on *The Curate*. Captain Joseph Lockhart Little, the "Josey" Little of many friends, was born in 1821 at Chipstead, Surrey, joining the King's Dragoon Guards, in which regiment he remained until 1848, when he exchanged into the 81st Foot, in consequence of having lost his money by the failure of a bank. When he first received the news,

he was leaving the paddock at Worcester, mounted on *The Chandler*. Davies, a bookmaker, laid him £500 to £20 against *The Chandler*, and as he won the race, as well as the Worcester Grand Annual, he felt himself on his legs again. Being a lightweight he occasionally rode—and won—on the flat; while a goodly number of cross-country races stood to his credit. About the year 1851 or 1852 Captain Little's name dropped out of the list of gentleman riders, and on the 17th of February, 1877, he died at the Hotel Clarendon, Paris, from a cold which brought on sundry complications. Running as the nomination of Mr. Mason, junior, the famous grey, *Peter Simple*, won in 1849, again in 1853, when he belonged to Captain Little and was ridden by Tom Olliver, while he ran in the race up to 1855. In the



Sandown past and present. From left to right, "Rathcannon" (Mr. Rashbottom), "Band of Hope" (Captain Hon. R. Ward), "Carnroe" (Captain R. H. Collis).

first-mentioned year *Peter Simple* started at 20 to 1, as his chance of success was thought hopeless. Captain D'Arcy rode his own horse, *The Knight of Gwynne*, which he had backed heavily, and when, on coming into the straight, the Captain found that he could not beat the grey,

Cunningham declared that he was offered £1,000, and subsequently £4,000, to stop his horse. The hero of 1850 and 1851 was the late Mr. Joseph Osborne's little horse (he stood just under 15'2") *Abd-el-Kader*, ridden on the former occasion by Green, and on the second by T. Abbott. *Abd-el-Kader's* dam worked as near-side leader in one of the Shrewsbury coaches, and Mr. Osborne, taking a fancy to her, became her owner, it is said at the price of 50 guineas, a large sum then for a "middle ground" horse; but Mr. Osborne always averred that her price was no more than 25 guineas. She was discovered to be by *Hit or Miss* out of a half-bred mare, and under the name of *English Lass* won some steeplechases for Mr. Osborne, who then bred from her, and in 1842 she was put to *Ishmael*, a sire

of some repute in Ireland, and bred *Abd-el-Kader*, who turned out such a Tartar that he was unsexed, and it was two years after the operation before he was able to be made any use of; and then, just as he was put to work, he sustained another accident which nearly put a stop to any more jumping. Like Mr. Preston's *Brunette*, *Abd-el-Kader* made his first appearance on an English course at Worcester and won a number of races.

As was the case with a number of other winners of the Grand National and other steeplechases, the merits of *Miss Mowbray*, the winner in 1852, were discovered merely by accident. She was bred in Bedfordshire, and was by *Lancastrian* out of *Norma*, the dam belonging to Mr. Magniac, at that time the master of the Oakley Hounds. She proved too slow for racing, but for five years carried her owner very well in the hunting-field. Then she was sold to a Manchester man, who at once returned her as being unsound, and a year younger than represented. Neither Messrs. Bevill nor Goodman would look at her a second time, and then Mr. J. F. Mason, after riding her one day with the Oakley Hounds, became her purchaser, after she was sent from Manchester. The sequel showed that Mr. Mason's judgment was superior to that of those who passed her by, as she won the Warwickshire Hunt Cup, the Welter Stakes, the Open Steeplechase at Leamington, and then the Liverpool Grand National. By a curious coincidence she was ridden at Liverpool by the still living Mr. Alec Goodman, one of the very few steeplechase riders in regular practice who wore a beard, and who (as mentioned) would at first see no connection between *Miss Mowbray* and steeplechasing.

The Liverpool of 1856 saw George Stevens win for the first time on Mr. Barnet's *Freetrader*, while for the first time since its institution the meeting extended to two days. There were a good many casualties in the race, but Stevens avoided riderless horses and all other dangers; and so pleased was Mr. Barnet with his jockey's horsemanship that he is said to have given him £500; while a few days later some backers who profited by *Freetrader's* success presented the rider with a "capital hunter of the value of £80." George Stevens occupied a somewhat curious place in the ranks of steeplechase jockeys. Although he was in racing stables as a lad, and began to ride over a country for Mr. Vevers in Herefordshire when about sixteen years old, he was never one of those steeplechase riders who were seen in the saddle all over the country. His first important win was on *Hardwicke* in the Grand Annual at Wolverhampton in 1851, running

second in the same year for the Leamington Grand Annual on *Bourton*, the winner, three years later, of the Grand National. About 1852 Mr. VEVERS (who, in 1846, when sixty-four years old, rode his own horse *Little Tommy* in the Paris steeplechase) retired from the sport which he had taken up with all the ardour of the younger school. Then it was that George Stevens returned to Cheltenham, his native place. In the course of his career he achieved the unequalled distinction of winning the Grand National five times, and on two occasions equalled Tom Olliver's feat of carrying off the great race two years in succession. His first victory, as mentioned above, was on *Freetrader* in 1856. In 1863 and 1864 he won on Lord Coventry's *Emblem* and *Emblematic* respectively, and in 1869



Mr. E. Wood and "Drogheda."

and 1870 he steered *The Colonel* to victory, having in course of a twenty-two years' experience of steeplechasing won seventy-six races in all, or on an average rather more than three a year. Although Stevens had ridden over all kinds of courses without coming to serious injury—he always made a practice of lying well away from

the other competitors—he met his death on June 8, 1871, while riding quietly home from Cheltenham to Emblem Cottage on Cleeve Hill.

The National of 1856 need only be referred to shortly for the purpose of mentioning that Mr. Capel's *Little Charlie*, the winner, was ridden by William Archer, father of Charles and Fred Archer. He was born at Cheltenham on the 1st of January, 1826, where his father kept livery stables, and it is said that he rode a pony in a hurdle-race near Cheltenham when he was no more than nine years old. Running away from home, Archer first picked up a precarious living by riding on the flat in the Midlands. His next move was to George Taylor, the late Alec Taylor's father, under whom he made a great advance. Thence he migrated

to Hednesford with fair success, and then to Russia for a couple of years to ride for the Czar; but returning in 1844 he took to hurdle-racing and steeplechasing, doing so well in that line of business that he settled down at Cheltenham. In 1848 Archer won the principal race on *Thurgarton*, beating Tom Olliver, riding his own horse, *Vanguard*. In 1862 he gave up riding over a country; his eldest son, William, was killed at Cheltenham steeplechases in 1878, and in December, 1889, Archer himself passed away at the age of sixty-three.

In the sixties and seventies there was no more popular or able gentleman rider than Mr. T. Pickernell, who rode under the name of Mr. "Thomas," and won his first Grand National in 1860 on Mr. Capel's *Anatis*. This was quite an amateurs' year, as they rode the first, second, and fourth horses. Mr. Thomas rode in the Grand National no less than seventeen times, winning thrice—in 1860, on *Anatis*; in 1871, on Lord Paulet's *The Lamb*; and finally in 1875, on Mr. W. Bird's *Pathfinder*, when, though the competitors were regarded as of moderate quality, there was a most exciting finish between the above-named and Mr. S. Davis's *Dainty*, ridden by Mr. Hathaway, *Pathfinder* winning all out by half a length. The National of 1862, won by Viscount de Namur's *Huntsman*, ridden by Lamplugh, proved fatal to James Wynne, son of "Denny" Wynne, who won on *Mathew* in 1847. He was on Lord de Freyne's *O'Connell*, and was neither very strong in the saddle, nor very robust. On the morning of the race he heard of the death of his sister, whereupon Lord de Freyne advised him to stand down. As he had travelled so far to ride he begged to have the mount, so the owner gave way. *Willoughby* and *O'Connell* cannoned at a flight of hurdles, their riders trying to avoid a prostrate horse and rider; both fell; *O'Connell* rolled over Wynne, inflicting fatal injuries.

Next came Lord Coventry's two years of success. *Emblem* (1863) was a thoroughbred mare by *Teddington*—*Miss Batty*, and for some time she was useless over a country. When a three-year-old, in 1859, she won a race on the flat (at Cardiff), out of thirteen starts. Lord Coventry bought her not a great while afterwards, and sent her to be trained by Golby, at Northleach, at that time a well-known teacher of jumpers, and afterwards to Weever, of Bourton. A few falls made her positively dread the sight of a fence. One day Weever rather lost his temper with her, and in the heat of the moment picked up a stick which he let the mare feel; but this, though not quite an orthodox manner of schooling, was the first step towards success; for, after doing rather better in subsequent trials, *Emblem* was taken out

with the hounds, and on being given a lead over some gorsed hurdles, jumped them very well. The leap appeared to infuse new courage into the mare for she refused nothing all day; proved to be a tremendous jumper, and won the Grand National. Like *Emblem*, her sister *Emblematic*, winner in 1864, was a very weedy-looking mare, yet they carried 10st. 10lb. and 10st. 6lb., respectively, to victory at Liverpool; just at the time, curiously enough, when an agitation was on foot for the weights to be raised in order to attract a better class of horse; yet these two "weeds" carried quite respectable imposts to the front. There was a tremendous race in 1865, when Mr. B. J. Angell's *Alcibiade*, ridden by Mr. Coventry, beat Captain Browne's *Hall Court* (a *bonâ fide* hunter), ridden by Captain Tempest, by a head.



Kempton Park. "*King David*" ahead, "*Ambush II.*" on the right, "*Drogheda*" on the left.

Mr. Angell, known as "Cherry" Angell, from his colours, kept a good many horses and was connected with the fortunes of the Brighton Coach in the early days of the revival. Captain (now Major) Tempest used also to ride in a good many steeplechases, and was master of the Blankney Hounds for some seasons before Mr. N. C. Cockburn,

the now retiring joint master, took the country. The winner on this occasion, *Alcibiade* (by *Cossack*—*Aunt Phyllis*), made his first public appearance over a country, though he had been well tried at Lakenham, where he was schooled. He cost Mr. Angell 400 guineas, after winning the Brighton Club Stakes, and in 1863, when three years old, was claimed out of a Selling Race at Epsom. The National went to a rank outsider in 1866, Mr. Studd's *Salamander*, who it was understood could have been bought on quite reasonable terms a year or two before. *Cortolvin*, who ran second to *Salamander* in 1866, when he was owned by the late Lord Poulett, could never win a race for his old master; but no sooner had the Duke of Hamilton bought him than he won the National in 1867, the Duke netting, it is

said, about £11,100 over the race. If, however, Lord Poulett was unfortunate with *Cortolvin* in 1866, he achieved success in 1868 with *The Lamb*, an Irish horse he leased for his racing career. On this occasion (he won again in 1871) he was ridden by Mr. George Ede, whose *nom de course* was Mr. "Edwards," a most elegant horseman, and a most successful amateur rider. Mr. George Ede and his twin brother, Mr. Edward Ede, were the sons of Mr. Edward Ede, of Clayfield Lodge, near Southampton. They were born in 1834, were sent to Eton, which they left in 1850, and soon afterwards Mr. "Edwards," who had taken kindly to horses, put himself under the tuition of Ben Land, then at the height of his fame as a steeplechase rider, and soon became so accomplished a horseman that his first mounts were on Ben Land's horses. He had his first chance in 1856, and in the next year won the Birmingham Grand Annual Steeplechase (then an important race) on Land's *Weathercock*. Twenty wins was Mr. Edwards's score for the year 1858, two years only after he started riding in public. Between 1856 and 1870, a period of fourteen years, Mr. Edwards won 306 races; whereas George Stevens, a professional, as mentioned above, won no more than 76 in twenty-two years. Mr. Edwards had always been fond of cricket; in 1862 he took to it seriously, and, in conjunction with his twin brother Edward, was mainly instrumental in founding the Hampshire County Club. As cricket in the summer called Mr. Edwards a good deal away from the flat-race course, his mounts were fewer; but in the year 1862 he beat Fordham by a head at Hampton, and on the following day made 122 runs at Southampton in a match between East and West Hants; while in 1863 he scored 1,200 runs. In the prime of life, Mr. Edwards met his death at Liverpool, when riding Mr. Stortford's *Chippenham* in the Sefton Steeplechase of 1870. The horse struck into a flight of hurdles, fell, and rolled over his rider, but, recovering his feet, dragged Mr. Edwards for some distance. This was on a Thursday; Mr. Edwards never regained consciousness, and died on the following Sunday, sincerely regretted by every one who had come in contact with him.

The years 1869 and 1870 are wrapped up with the history of George Stevens and *The Colonel*. The horse, bred by Mr. John Weyman, was by *Knight of Kars*—*Boadicea*, and, though having a fine forehead, did not strike the spectator as being an exceptionally powerful horse behind. He ran in 1869 in Mr. Weyman's name, and in 1870 in that of Mr. Evans, whose niece, Miss Powys, had previously become the wife of George Stevens. In the first year, the finish was confined to *The Colonel* and *Hall Court* (second in 1865 to *Alcibiade*), once more ridden by Captain

Tempest ; while in 1870 came the memorable finish between *The Colonel* and the club-footed horse *The Doctor*, ridden by the late George Holman. George Stevens, as was his wont, lay behind until the second time round, when, after the brook had been jumped, he brought up *The Colonel*, who took a leading position, the race being then confined to *The Colonel*, *The Doctor*, and Mr. R. W. Brockton's pulling mare, *Primrose*, who, but for her failing, would have won more races than she did. *The Colonel* eventually beat *The Doctor* by a neck, *Primrose* being a length behind the second. Subsequently George Holman was summoned by the R.S.P.C.A. for excessive whipping and spurring ; but the case was dismissed.

In the hands of Mr. "Thomas," *The Lamb* won the National again in 1871. Whether Mr. "Edwards," who won on *The Lamb* in 1868, would, in ordinary course, have been in the saddle is not known. Mr. Thomas, however, was put up in consequence of Lord Poulett's dream, or rather two dreams. In the first *The Lamb* finished last ; in the second he won, ridden by Mr. Thomas. Thereupon Lord Poulett wrote off to "My dear Tommy," asking him to ride for him (Lord Poulett) at Liverpool. The dream came off, *The Lamb* winning by two lengths. The winner was almost carried to the weighing inclosure, and Mr. Thomas was well-nigh dragged from the saddle, so great was the enthusiasm of the moment. *The Lamb*, bred in Ireland in 1862, was by *Zouave* out of a mare by *Arthur*, the last-named a famous Irish sire. *Zouave* was bred and owned by Mr. Courtenay, who owned *Mathew*, the first Irish horse to win the National. He had a varied career, for he was, at one time, not thought worth £25 as a boy's hunter. Mr. E. Studd, the owner of *Salamander*, once had the refusal of him ; but contemptuously declined the deal on the ground that the horse could not carry a pair of boots. Yet in this very race he beat Mr. Studd's *Despatch*, who ran second to him. It has often been said that *The Lamb* was a pony ; but, as a matter of fact, he stood a full 15.2, though as a four-year-old he was no more than 15 hands. It is a curious coincidence that all connected with *The Lamb* were unfortunate. After Lord Poulett's death, difficulties arose concerning his successor to the title ; Ben Land, the trainer, died by his own hand ; Mr. Edwards, who rode the horse when he won the first time, was killed at Liverpool, as already mentioned ; *The Lamb* himself broke his leg at Baden-Baden in 1872, and was killed, after his owner, Baron Oppenheim, had given 1,200 guineas for him.

The winner in 1872 was Mr. Brayley's *Casse Tête*, a light, washy chestnut, one of the worst, some people said, that ever won the National. Nevertheless, in the

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From the Painting by J. Matthews.

Cluster

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hands of John Page, whose father used to find the horses for the North Warwickshire Hunt in the Birmingham district, she won easily enough, beating *Scarrington* by half a dozen lengths. Mr. Brockton's *Primrose* broke her back during the race, and had to be killed. There were some very good horses among the starters ; for instance, *The Lamb*, *Scot Grey*, *Schiedam* (who won the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase in 1870), *Rhysworth*, and others. The two following years, 1873 and 1874, are noteworthy for the successes of the late Captain Machell as owner and Mr. J. M. Richardson as jockey, with *Disturbance* and *Reugny* respectively. In



His Majesty the King's "Ambush II."

the former year the second horse was Mr. Chaplin's *Rhysworth*, ridden by Boxall, afterwards whipper-in and huntsman to the North Staffordshire Hounds. It was but a few years previously that the owners of the first and second horses were confederates, but on this occasion they were opposed to each other. Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, who is married to Victoria, Countess of Yarborough, very frequently officiates as judge at important horse shows ; but some forty years ago, as a Harrow boy, he played against Eton at Lords in 1864 and 1865. At Cambridge he soon found a place in the Eleven, and it was while at the University that he was first

seen between the flags. This was at Huntingdon, about 1865, when he won easily, in spite of a broken stirrup-leather. In the course of his career he won the two Grand Nationals above mentioned; the Croydon United Kingdom Steeplechase (twice) on *Disturbance* and *Furley*; two Leamington Grand Annual Steeplechases on *Furley* and *Schiedam*, and many other races. Mr. Richardson gave up riding in 1874, so when Captain Machell won the National in 1876 with *Regal*, Joseph Cannon was in the saddle.

The race of 1877 was something of a surprise. At minor and provincial steeplechases there was no better-known rider than Mr. F. G. Hobson, who was quite good on the flat, but had the curious habit of catching hold of the



Sandown. The Grand Military Gold Cup. "Marpessa" and Major Onslow on the right, "Ambush II." and Captain the Hon. R. Ward on the left.

back of his saddle with his right hand at every fence he jumped; and his quickness in taking hold and letting go was quite remarkable. In the National, however (1877), he elected to ride his own horse, *Austerlitz*, and won by four lengths. There is nothing particularly historical about *Shifnal's* year (1878); but in 1879 Mr. Moore's old Irish horse, *The*

Liberator, unplaced in 1876 and third in the following year, was successful in the hands of his son, Mr. Garry Moore. *The Liberator* was a wonderfully consistent performer, and was, therefore, always a favourite with race-goers. He was bred in Ireland, by Mr. Stokes of Mount Hawk in 1869, so that he was ten years old when he won at Liverpool. He is not supposed to have run until he was five years old, and that was at Cork Park. In less than a year afterwards he changed hands at 600 guineas; made his first appearance in the National in 1876, when he fell; and at Sewell's Repository, Dublin, he failed to bring a bid for his reserve price—a thousand guineas. Thereupon, Mr. Garrett Moore bought a half share in him for 500 guineas. He did not run in 1878, but won in 1879, was

second in the following year, and unplaced in 1881 and 1882. In 1881 (*Woodbrook's* year), Fred Webb, the flat-race jockey, rode Captain Machell's *The Scot*, which ran in the name of Mr. J. B. Leigh. *The Scot*, it may be remembered, afterwards passed into the hands of the King, when Prince of Wales, whose colours he carried in the Liverpool of 1884, John Jones being his jockey. The main incident in connection with 1882 was the victory of Lord Manners on his own horse, *Seaman*. Lord Manners was well known in the hunting field, and hunted the Quorn Country for a season, but had little, if any, experience of steeplechase-riding. He went through a careful course of practice and training; but yet it was a bold undertaking for a novice to pit himself against the most experienced cross-country riders of England and Ireland. However, *Seaman* started fourth in demand, his price being 10 to 1, and, challenging *Cyrus* in the last hundred yards, won a magnificent race by a head. In this year (1882) the race was announced as being worth 1,000 guineas, with 100 to the second, and 25 to the third. *Zoedone*, third to *Seaman* and *Cyrus* in the above race, had passed into the hands of the late Count Charles Kinsky, who won on her in a canter by ten lengths in 1883; and the following year will be remembered from the fact that while the King's (then Prince of Wales's) *The Scot* was competing, the telegram announcing the sudden death of the Duke of Albany arrived. The winner was Mr. Boyd's *Voluptuary*, a cast-off from the stud of Lord Rosebery; and what made his success all the more meritorious, was that the horse had never before jumped a country in public. This is the horse ridden by Mr. Leonard Boyne in the drama of "The Prodigal Daughter" at Drury Lane. The year 1885 may be passed over with the remark that *Roquefort*, a difficult horse to ride, won comfortably in the hands of that fine horseman, Mr. E. P. Wilson; nor is there much to note of the few following years. Old *Liberator* made his last appearance at Aintree in 1886, when he fell in consequence of being cannoned against. What would have been the result if Baron Schroder's *Savoyard* had not fallen at the last hurdles, it is difficult to say; both he and *Old Joe* were a good deal distressed, but the downfall of the former left *Old Joe* with the lead, and he won by six lengths. A short time after the race all sorts of stories were in circulation concerning the antecedents of *Old Joe*. He was said to have been leather flapping; jumped for small prizes at little shows; been driven in a tradesman's cart; had followed hounds, and played many other parts. The fact remains, however, that *Old Joe* is enrolled among the winners of the Grand National.

The year 1887 saw *Savoyard* beaten by Mr. Jay's *Gamecock*, who won after having been twice placed second. Both horses, together with *Old Joe*, tried again in 1888, but the winner proved to be Mr. E. Baird's *Playfair*. *Magic* carried the Royal Colours, and it is a curious coincidence that the horse stumbled and fell at the same place which had proved fatal to *The Scot*. A fair number of previous starters were comprised in the twenty making up the field in 1889. *Frigate*, who had run second behind *Playfair*, won, beating *Why Not*, who gained the victory in 1894. *Voluptuary*, *Roquefort*, and *Gamecock*, all three Grand National winners, started in 1890, and *Frigate* would have made the fourth, but as the partnership had not been registered, she was a non-starter. The race was carried off by



"Grudon" (Grand National, 1901).

Mr. Masterman's *Ilex*, a six-year-old, the first non-aged horse to win since 1885. In 1893 Mr. Duff's *Cloister* won in the record time of 9 mins. 42 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs. for the four miles and eight hundred yards, under 12st. 7lb., a weight only carried by *Manifesto* besides of all the other winners. The year 1900 is memorable in the history of the Grand National, as the winner in that year was the King's *Ambush II.*, which

won amid every token of enthusiasm, and never before had Aintree witnessed a more brilliant scene. It was the first time the then Prince of Wales had witnessed the Grand National since the unhappy day mentioned above, when the telegram arrived announcing the death of the Duke of Albany. *Ambush II.*, by that good stout horse, *Ben Battle*, ran in the previous year (1899), and was in a prominent position when the final struggle began; but *Manifesto* won with so much in hand that nothing else had the semblance of a chance. *Grudon*, *Shannon Lass*, and *Drumcree* complete the list of winners to 1903. Up to and including 1903, thirteen horses have won the Grand National at the first time of asking, viz. *Jerry* (1840), *Gaylad*, *Discount*, *Wanderer*, *Halfcaste*, *Salamander*, *Austerlitz*, *Empress*, *Seaman*, *Playfair*,

Come Away, Drogheda, and Shannon Lass (1902). Of the four riders who can alone claim the same honour, Captain H. Coventry (1865), Mr. F. G. Hobson (1877), and Lord Manners (1882) were amateurs. P. Woodland (1903) is at present the only professional.

T. Olliver made no less than nineteen appearances, out of which he won three times, was as often second, and got third once. Two amateurs run him hard: "Mr. Thomas" with three wins out of seventeen attempts, including two thirds and a fourth, and Mr. E. P. Wilson with two firsts and a second in his sixteen races. But G. Stevens more than redresses the balance on the professional side, for in his fifteen starts he won the record number of five victories and was once placed third. The only other riders who can claim three wins are A. Nightingall, who tried fourteen times, and Mr. T. Beasley, who had a dozen efforts. Naturally the horses do not make such frequent appearances; but, among winners, seven starts stand to the credit of *Frigate, Why Not, Liberator, Gamecock, and Manifesto*, who only twice failed to get into the first three during his career, and if the entry he has made for 1904 be followed by a race, this double winner will hold the record number of eight starts at the advanced age of sixteen. *Peter Simple*, another who won twice, started six times and was unplaced in four races, as was *Regal*, who won in 1876. Of the seven who can count five starts, only *Abd-el-Kader* won twice.

Passing for the moment from professional to what may with truth be called amateur steeplechasing, it is fair to add here that it is just possible we might have had no National Hunt Committee or any National Hunt Steeplechase had it not been for the exertions of Mr. Fothergill Rowlands. That gentleman for a few years followed his profession of medicine; but he was away hunting as often as possible, and, being a fine horseman, took to riding steeplechases. More than that, he exerted himself to the utmost in trying to revive that form of racing which some people then, as now, averred had enormously declined. In the late fifties it occurred to "Fog" Rowlands, as he was called, that farmers might be induced to breed high-class horses if a steeplechase were established confined to *bonâ-fide* hunters, and it was hoped that farmers and hunting men would ride as they did in the twenties and thirties. The plan gradually matured, and in 1859 Mr. Rowlands and his friends were enabled to bring off an experimental race at Market Harborough. The projectors sought the assistance of the different hunts, but two only responded—the Vale of White Horse and Old Berkeley, then known as Lord Dacre's. The added money, £250, was guaranteed by Mr. Rowlands and his supporters, all of

them having to pay something towards the deficit. In 1860, however, things looked better; about a dozen hunts made offerings, and with a jump the added money went up to £500, the race being won by Mr. B. J. Angell's *Bridegroom*. In 1863 a new departure was made, by the founding of the Grand National Hunt Committee, under whose auspices the race of that year was held, and though it was to be a peripatetic affair, Market Harborough was fixed upon for the fourth time, partly by way of making a start, and especially as over the old course arrangements would be all cut and dried; but five horses only went to the post. A considerable time before the date came round for the race of 1864 to be run, a circular was issued by the Grand National Hunt Committee which had by this time quite



Kempton. Making the pace in a maiden hurdle race.

settled to harness, and the race of 1864 is memorable from the fact of its being the first to be run under the sole care of the Committee. There were twenty-eight starters, the winner being Mr. T. Behrens's *Game Chicken*, and it was hoped that this would be the first of a series of brilliant successes. It was not to be, however;

and it must be sorrowfully confessed that the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase has by no means come up to expectation. The race is remarkable from the fact that one of the competitors, *Lord George*, in the same stable as *Cooksboro'*, was ridden by Mr. Conney, a good horseman, though deaf and dumb, who was killed in May, 1866, while riding Mr. Stoddart's *Whipper-in* in the Foxhunter's Plate at Scarriff. Up to 1875 the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase had been run over a natural course, unless Bristol is to be excepted, but in the above year it took place at Sandown Park, as it did in 1888, 1893, and 1895. For the first time in its history the race went to Scotland in 1876, at the Bogside (Irvine) Meeting; and in 1895 it joined hands with the Eglinton Hunt Meeting. Liverpool saw the Grand

National Hunt Steeplechase as a kind of appendix to the National; but the former was a miserable affair, three runners only; Derby welcomed the Committee in 1879 (the second race on an inclosed course), in 1882, 1887, and 1892. Hurst Park was selected in 1891, 1896, and 1899; Gatwick, for the first, and, up to the present, the only time in 1898; while Melton was visited in 1864, 1883, and 1901. The other inclosed grounds over which the National Hunt Steeplechase has been run are Four Oaks Park, near Birmingham, in 1881, and Leicester in 1884. Newmarket was perhaps the earliest steeplechase ground in England in the days



"Shannon Lass" (*Grand National*, 1902).

of King Charles II.'s wild-goose chase; and the late Colonel H. McCalmont inaugurated a meeting on the Links, and to Newmarket went the National Hunt Steeplechase in 1897. It is likely that more steeplechasing will be seen there in future than has ever been the case before; but the meeting of 1897 was noteworthy from the fact that for the first time in the history of the race it was won by a foreign owner, with a foreign-bred horse, ridden by a foreign rider. The winner was Vicomte de Buisseret's *Nord Ouest*, a stallion by *Gamin*, out of *La Vague*, bred in France, and ridden to victory by Mons. Morand. The Vicomte was a

well-known Continental sportsman, who had often won races on the flat and over a country in France and Belgium.

The rules under which steeplechases are run have undergone a great process of expansion. The original code, known as the "Melton Rules," were few in number and of great simplicity. They were added to when the Grand National Hunt Committee was established, and they have been amplified at intervals ever since, two revisions having taken place in 1877 and 1889. From time immemorial steeplechasing had been associated with hunters, and for a long time the attempt was made to give hunters a chance, so that in due course we found that "popular mystery," the racecourse hunter, galloping about. At last the farce was played out, and after other definitions, the racecourse hunter was finally abolished altogether in 1890.

When the Grand National Hunt Committee took in hand the rules of steeplechasing, there was nothing said about fences, partly because most of the races had been run over a more or less natural country, and many men who were in 1903 no more than middle aged can remember the time when there were as many ditches (unguarded) on the taking-off side of a fence as there were on the landing side. But at places like Kingsbury, Woodside, Enfield, Streatham, and Ealing, it became of supreme importance that horses should be, as far as possible, insured against falling. To this end fences were cut down till they became a farce; while a ditch on the taking-off side was never seen. Steeplechasing fell upon evil days until, at last, in 1882 Lord Marcus Beresford, who had ridden a good deal between the flags, at a meeting of the Grand National Hunt Committee, moved that a Committee be appointed to examine into and report upon the best means of restoring steeplechasing. This was done, and the result was seen in the regulation fences obtaining in 1903.

As will have been gathered from the fact that the original steeplechases were of the point-to-point order, a real attempt was made in them to give the hunter a chance; and this kind of race was revived in the late seventies. For some time, however, the Grand National Hunt Committee took no cognizance of these races; but at last they were forced to do so; and in the steeplechasing volume of the Racing Calendar for 1886 horses running in point-to-point races were excepted from the penalties attaching to those taking part in contests not under rules, provided that certain conditions were observed. The need that arose for further legislation is succinctly recorded in the Code in force in 1903.

The last few pages on Steeplechasing, for most of which I am deeply indebted to my friend Mr. W. C. A. Blew, had scarcely been penned when news reached us of the death of Mr. John Purdon, of Cloneymore in County Meath, the owner of *Ascetic*, the most successful modern sire of steeplechasers, whose stock were still counting the Grand National among their victories some six years after the good horse's death. He was by *Hermit* out of *Lady Alicia*, and therefore traced back through *Newminster* to *Touchstone*, and through *Testy* to *Venison*. Between 1896 and 1903 (to April 24) his get won 169 races, worth close on £25,000; and

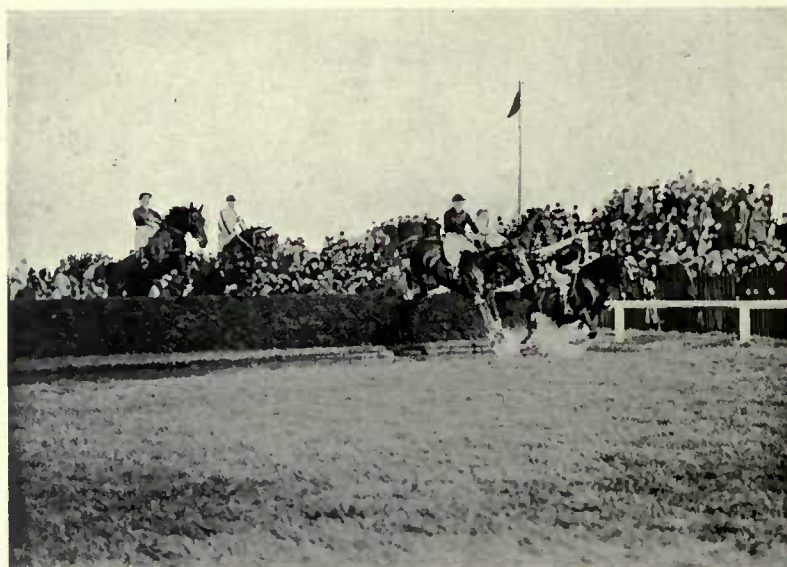


"Drumcree" (*Grand National*, 1903).

Drumcree's victory in the Grand National repeats what *Cloister* did ten years ago. Four of the *Ascetics* ran in the last great race at Aintree besides the winner, who was foaled and reared in Ireland, his breeder being Mr. C. Hope, of Westmeath; and his dam, *Witching Hour*, was full of *Stockwell* and *Touchstone* blood, as she showed in her jumping and lasting powers across country. Owing to the presence of her daughter, *Pride of Mabestown*, with *Drumcree* in 1903, we saw the first instance of a full brother and sister racing for the same Grand National. *Hackler*, son of *Petrarch*, gets many good winners on the flat as well as across country, and

Royal Meath is the best son of *Ascetic* now at the Irish stud. Two more good Irish sires are *Atheling* (sent to the United States a short time ago) and his near relation *Enthusiast*.

Irish horses have left an indelible mark on English steeplechasing records, and of the five horses who have won it twice (*Peter Simple*, *Abd-el-Kader*, *The Lamb*, *The Colonel*, and *Manifesto*) they can actually claim the first three. They began early with four entries for the Grand National of 1847, including *Mathew*, the winner, and *Brunette*, that famous mare who went all over Ireland in a van. *Mathew* was by a son of *Whalebone*, who proved to be a cornerstone of merit. *Emblem* and *Emblematic* traced to the *Whalebone* source through



Liverpool. Grand National of 1903. "Mathew" and "Pawnbroker" leading over the water.

Teddington, *Orlando*, *Touchstone*, and *Camel*.

In 1849 Ireland was first and second with *Peter Simple* (the first dual winner) and *The Knight of Gwynne*; and next year they actually secured "one, two, three," with the same horse second, *Abd-el-Kader* first, as he was next year, and Lord Waterford's *Sir John* third. After *The Lamb*

in 1868, and the repeated victory of 1871, there was no winner from the Emerald Isle till *Martha* was third to *The Liberator* in 1879; *Empress*, in 1880, had two compatriots behind her; and the Irish mare *Frigate* was second in 1884, 1885, and 1888, and winner in 1889. *Cloister* was bred by Lord Fingall early in 1884, and developed into a very powerful animal, with a splendid back and limbs, bay with black points. The blood of his sire *Ascetic* was returned through his dam *Grace II*, who was a granddaughter of *Newminster* and great-granddaughter of *Venison*. His first attempt at the Grand National, in 1891, led to defeat by *Come Away*, who gave him 5lb., and he failed next year to give the huge weight of 26lb. to *Father O'Flynn*. In 1893 he cantered home in record time under the crusher of 12st. 7lb.

forty lengths ahead of *Æsop*, and his last win was the Great Sefton Steeplechase, under 13st. 3lb., from nine opponents. He retired after winning nineteen out of thirty-five races, and certainly stands at the top of the steeplechasing class with *Manifesto*, *Come Away*, *Congress*, *Seaman*, *The Colonel*, *Usna*, and *L'Africain*. He passed his last days at Lower Forty Farm, Wembley, and, by the orders of his owner, Mr. Charles G. Duff, his body was preserved by Rowland Ward. Two horses entered in the Grand National of 1903 were almost as famous as *Cloister*. They were Mr. J. G. Bulteel's *Manifesto* and His Majesty the King's *Ambush II*. *Manifesto*, carrying 12st. 3lb. (or a stone more than the winner), was fifteen years old, and seemed to carry his years as easily as his weight. He had a grand race home for third place with *Kirkland*, beating him by a head. *Ambush II*. came down at the last fence, but his name will never be forgotten, for after *Manifesto*'s second victory, he put a Grand National to the King's credit in the same year as the Royal colours were first past the post in the Derby.



"Manifesto."

Ambush II. was foaled in 1894, by *Ben Battle*, the grandsire of *Manifesto*, out of *Miss Plant* by *Umpire*. He did not take kindly to learning jumping, and was first owned in part by Mr. Lushington and in part by Mr. William Ashe, who bred him in Kildare. But he was bought by the King (then Prince of Wales) for £500, and was trained at Eyrefield Lodge, Major Eustace Loder's place on the edge of the Curragh, carrying silk for the first time in 1898 at the Meath Hunt Races. Anthony rode him well in nearly all his races.

Ireland has certainly done her duty in horsebreeding, and the land which produced *Sir Hercules*, *Birdcatcher*, *The Baron*, *Harkaway*, and so many others of the right stamp, may well do even more in the future than she has done in the past; for if *Pretty Polly* goes on as she gave promise when these lines were

written, her name will be added to a list of Irish classic winners which includes *Galtee More*, *Ard Patrick*, and *Wildfowler* in half a dozen years. In the flat-racing season of 1903 Irish breeders scored £16,470 with *Ard Patrick*, £13,502 with *Pretty Polly*, £3,032 with *Lady Drake*, £2,758 with *Oriente*, £2,048 with *Cappa White*, £1,866 with *General Cronje*, £1,775 with *Hammerkop*, £1,735 with *Valenza*, and many more. In the list of winning sires for 1903, *St. Frusquin* (by *St. Simon*) was ahead by £48 only, so far as English racing was concerned; but was £925 behind *Gallinule* when racing in Ireland was taken into consideration as well. But present gains are not the only thing to put to Ireland's credit. While they breed from the right blood, without regard to fashion, and without high fees, they will produce better stayers than we do, and they may very likely provide the safeguard of our worn-out stock in years to come, when we are still further off than we are now from the days, and the ideals, of such studs as that at Bishop Burton, where *Altisidora*, *Barefoot*, *Memnon*, and *Rockingham*, and the yet more famous *Blacklock*, were the favourites of the stable; where *Lottery*, *Tramp*, and *Dick Andrews* stood as sires.

CHAPTER XXI.

FAMOUS RACING STUDS OF THE LAST THIRTY YEARS.

“Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment.”

THERE has been a considerable change in racing studs and training stables, as in most other things connected with the Turf, during the last thirty years. In tracing these developments, I have begun with one of the old-fashioned sort, not only for the sake of contrast, but to emphasise the value of the *Musket* blood, to which increased attention has been given of late.

Several men are still living who have heard old Tom Parr's stories of how gentle old *Fisherman*, with George Hall up, would never begin to go until he had run two miles, and then would wear the heart out of anything on four legs; how he could be trained on a turnpike road and raced every day, and never leave a grain in the manger, though he ate more solid corn than any other horse. Bred by Mr. Fowler in 1853, this stout son of *Heron* and *Mainbrace* carried as a two-year-old the puce and white jacket of Mr. Thomas Parr, who bought him from Mr. Halford. When three years old he started in 34 races and won 23 of them, including the Queen's Vase at Ascot and the Cumberland Plate at Carlisle, against *Warlock*, the future St. Leger winner, whose chances were lost by George Fordham's thinking too soon that the race was over. In his fourth year he won 22 races out of 35, and in the next season out of 32 attempts he scored 21 times, including the Ascot Cup, which he won again when he was six against *Saunterer* and *Defender*, and actually won his last Queen's Plate (over three miles) on the same afternoon. He was bought privately in 1860 for Mr. H. Fisher, of Adelaide, after *Stockwell* had been captured by Mr. Naylor for 4,500 guineas, and with him went to Australia four of Lord Londesborough's brood mares: *Gildermire*, *Juliet*, *Marchioness*, and *Rose de Florence*, one of whom

proved the greatest matron of the famous Maribyrnong stud, which realised 80,000 guineas when it was dispersed. Among winning descendants who claimed *Fisherman's* blood were *Navigator*, *Martini Henry*, and *Sylvia*, who won the Sydney Cup (2 miles) under 9st. 7lb. in 3 mins. 28 secs. Her sire is the *Musket* horse *Trenton*, now in England, whose dam, *Frailty*, is of *Fisherman* blood. Mares by *Trenton*, *Patron*, *Aurum*, and *Abercorn* have their good share of this, as have *Brag* mares. But *The Victory*, who won the Melbourne Cup of 1902, is a direct descendant in tail male, for he is by *The Admiral* out of *The Charmer*,



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"Country Life."

Mr. Edmund Tattersall.

and *Fisherman* was ancestor both of sire and dam. It is through him, therefore, that this die-hard strain should be brought back; for of the other *Herod* lines we can only get *The Flying Dutchman* and *Gladiator* from France; *Glencoe* through a son of *Hanover*; and *Buccaneer* through the Hungarian *Talpra Magyar*, a son of *Kincsem*.

I wish I had space to say more of Thomas Parr, whose name will always be connected with *Fisherman*, with *Rataplan*, with *Saucebox*, *Mortimer*, *Avalanche*, and *Weathergag*, whom Admiral Rous sold after he had been beaten fourteen times. Mr. Parr's transactions were not always so lucky. *Weathergag* won the

Goodwood Stakes and the Cesarewitch in the same year; but Mr. Parr sold *Fernhill* and *Isoline* (ancestress of *Isonomy*), and with them lost his chance of the Northamptonshire Stakes, the Metropolitan, and the Goodwood Cup. It was perhaps lucky that Mr. Parr's horses were mostly hard-bitten stayers; for he would run them every day in the week if he could at any distance, and the training arrangements at Letcombe Regis were not always all they might be, in spite of the fidelity of George Hall, whose "Noah's Ark jacket" was always sure to be cheered lustily as he led his quiet old friend back to the stable. It was a favourite expedition with

the young Oxford bloods of nearly fifty years ago to pay a visit to Letcombe Regis, but they rarely got a glimpse of the crack they came to see, and the traditions of "old Parr's" tea-dealing, training, and riding are not dead yet in the village which is scarcely two miles from my father's house in Wantage, beneath the windy pastures of the Vale of the White Horse. At Letcombe Regis are the stables of J. Hornsby, where *Carabine* was trained in 1902, when he won the Chester Cup, and found, next year, that the climate of India did not suit him so well as the Berkshire Downs. In July, 1903, *Decave*, too, showed that the *Kendal* blood in his dam had served him well. C. Morton trains also at Letcombe, and won £13,305 in 1903 with twelve winners, of whom *Our Lassie*, *Sundridge*, *His Lordship*, *Kilcheran*, and *Inishfree*



By permission of Mr. Calvert.

The Cambridgeshire of 1896.

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|-------------------------|----------------|
| 1. "Winkfield's Pride." | 2. "Yorker." |
| 3. "Laodamia." | 4. "Chitchat." |

did best. He began the season of 1904 with twenty-seven two-year-olds in the stable. Then at Ilsley there are J. East, P. Lowe with *Over Norton*, and C. Peck with *Week End*, *Sundorne*, and *Batchelor's Button*. At Lambourne is H. Bates, J. Sergeant with *Flamenco*, and J. Chandler with Lord Falmouth's *Fiancée* and *Quintessence*. A. Clement trains for an American owner in the same district. There are many more besides these on the Downs which have been consecrated to training by the White Horse carved upon their crest; and nearer Wantage, itself the birth-place of Alfred the Great, are the stables of E. Robson, from which came *Higher Up*, *Medina*, *Miss Archer*, and *Winnipeg*. From him R. S. Sievier bought *Bobsie*, who turned out afterwards to be a brilliant steeplechaser, and was entered for the Grand National of 1904.

It was to Mr. Naylor that Tom Parr sold *Isoline*, and in his colours that she

won the Goodwood Cup. The Grand Prix of that year was won by *The Ranger*, belonging to Mr. Savile, whose *Ryshworth* was second to *Disturbance* in the Grand National of 1873, his best performance after having won seven of his fifteen races as a two-year-old. The "yellow, scarlet cap, gold tassel" was some time on the Turf before it was well known as a winner; but in 1869 *Cremorne*, *Uhlán*, and *Lilian* were all foaled at the Rufford Abbey Stud in the same season. *Cremorne*, who was by *Parmesan* out of *Rigolboche*, was a bad windsucker and difficult to train, but he was all right at Epsom, and won the Grand Prix by two lengths at Paris on the Sunday in Ascot week, while in the Two Thousand he was only beaten by a head. His trial as a four-year-old for Ascot is given by Mr. Sydenham Dixon as follows:—

The last two miles and a half of the Beacon Course.

<i>Cremorne</i> , 4 yrs., 9st. 4lb.	1
<i>Kaiser</i> , 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb.	2
<i>Uhlán</i> , 4 yrs., 8st.	3
<i>Lilian</i> , 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.	0

Of these, *Kaiser*, who jumped in for the last mile and a quarter, had only been beaten a short head for the Two Thousand, ran a dead heat for second in the Derby, and subsequently landed the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. The first part of the gallop was led at a hot pace by an unnamed colt out of *Harlequin's* dam, and *Uhlán* made assurance doubly sure by winning the Ascot Stakes easily under 7st. 12lb. Mr. Savile naturally took every bet he could get. *Cremorne* made hacks of *Flageolet*, *Hannah*, *Corisande*, and the rest; and on the following day beat *Vanderdecken* for the Alexandra Plate, practically his last race, for he only cantered round the Goodwood Cup course to punish a bookmaker who "knew too much." His stud fee was a hundred guineas; and perhaps his best colt was *Cadogan*, as *Kermesse* proved his best filly for Lord Rosebery. She won the Stanley Stakes from *Isabel* an hour after *Iroquois'* Derby, beat *Dutch Oven* by half a length at even weights for the Champagne Stakes, and won £7,047 in her five victories out of six races as a two-year-old. *Kaiser*, it may be added, in spite of his persistent string-halt, won the Newmarket Derby by four lengths against *Boiard* and *Doncaster*.

The vanquisher of *Cremorne* in the Two Thousand Guineas was *Prince Charlie*, who was almost as great a public favourite as *Victor Wild*, *Bendigo*, or *Sceptre* herself, and was certainly one of the fastest horses for a mile who ever raced. He

was bred and owned by Mr. Jones, of Littleport, by *Blair Athol* out of *Eastern Princess*, and had the action of a blood pony even when he had grown to his full height of seventeen hands. He was never tried till April, 1871, as a two-year-old, when his speed fairly amazed Joseph Dawson; but could only be given a fortnight's work for the Middle Park Plate. The first signs of roaring were shown in the January of his three-year-old season, but he won his Two Thousand against *Cremorne*, though not with the same ease as the Criterion. Epsom was about the worst course that could well be imagined for "the Prince of the T.Y.C.," and the only time he won a race of more than a mile in his whole career was in the Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood, over the Craven Course of a mile and a quarter. His four-year-old season, in 1873, was an undefeated record of ten races. M. Lefevre constantly tackled him with *Blenheim*, when he was five, and beat him (though it is true there was 7lb. difference) in the Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot, the only defeat *Prince Charlie* ever sustained after his second in the St. Leger. He had a triumphant reception in the town after his last race on the Heath, his famous match with *Peut-être* over the Rowley Mile. The best of his get are *Salvator* and *Lochiel*, now in



From a pencil drawing by
Jane E. Cook.

Henry Custance.

America and Australia; and it is perhaps just as well there is so little of his blood in England, for it is more likely to transmit his roaring than his speed. True it is that *Ormonde* was a pronounced roarer when he beat *Minting* and *Bendigo* for the Hardwicke Stakes; true, too, that an *Orme* has bred a *Flying Fox*, clear-winded both of them. But these are the exceptions. The Duke of Westminster was right to sell his favourite.

Ormonde's name takes me at once to Kingsclere and John Porter, who was first introduced to the mysteries of a training stable by Walters, the trainer of Alderman

Copeland's horses; and who first saw, also at Hednesford, those famous jockeys Charles Marlow and George Whitehouse, the first and second for the Derby of 1849 on *The Flying Dutchman* and *Holspur*. Hednesford was not far from Rugeley, in Staffordshire, where John Porter was born in 1838. It was a far bigger racing centre in those days than it is now, for Mr. Mostyn sent *Queen of Trumps* there with John Blenkhorn, to be trained into a St. Leger winner that was to give his final quietus to Bob Ridsdale. It was in the stable where Palmer the poisoner kept his horses that young Porter got his first year's experience under Saunders, and left



From a pencil drawing by
Jane E. Cook.

Tom Cannon.

there to go to "old John Day," who was then training for Mr. Padwick at Michel Grove, in Sussex, where he helped in many an important trial, as a lad of fifteen, with that wonderful mare *Virago*. Some question about *St. Hubert* and *Oulston* led to William Goater, Day's head lad, removing Mr. Padwick's horses to Findon, where young Porter was persuaded by the late Lord Westmoreland to stay until 1863.

He could scarcely have made a better beginning. John Barham Day, born in 1794, died in 1860, and was father of John, born 1815; William, born 1822; and Alfred, born in 1830. In the saddle he had steered *Crucifix*, *Chorister*, *Elis*, *Oxygen*,

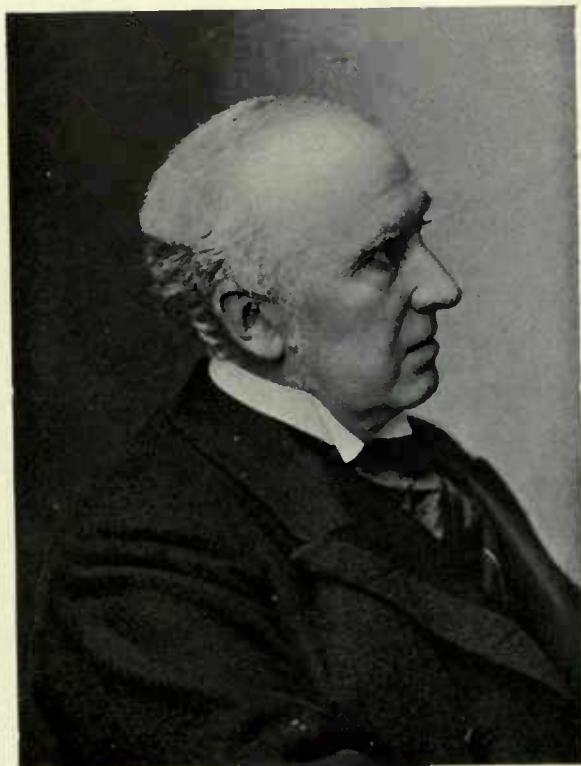
Pussy, *Ralph*, and other winners; and what he had done at Danebury, his son William did later on at Woodyates, which was rented from Lord Shaftesbury. The unpleasantness about *Old England* passed away by 1847, and William Day counted among his patrons Mr. James Merry, Lord Alington, Sir Frederick Johnstone, the Earl of Durham, Mr. Frederick Swindell, Earl Howe, Lord Ribblesdale, and Lord Rivers. His horses were very successful too, though he always objected to high prices for yearlings, and in handicaps he scored three victories each in the Chester Cup, Cambridgeshire, Royal Hunt Cup, and

Somersetshire Stakes; two each in the Metropolitan, Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, Great Eastern Handicap, Cesarewitch, Goodwood Stakes, and Northamptonshire Stakes; besides the Portland Plate, Chesterfield Cup, Stewards' Cup at Chester; Doncaster and Lincoln Handicaps; the Newmarket, Lincoln, Goodwood, Doncaster, and Stockbridge Nurseries. To this list must be added the New Stakes at Ascot, the Criterion at Newmarket, the Oaks, the Emperor's Vase at Ascot, the Goodwood Cup and Derby, the Two Thousand (twice), and the Queen's Vase at Ascot. He bought *St. Giles* for Lord Ribblesdale in a lot of five colts at 60 guineas each in a paddock at Sledmere. *Promised*

Land was the best he ever owned; and with *Dulcibella* and *Weather-bound* he won the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire in the same year for Mr. Swindell. Few trainers have been so successful as was John Day at Danebury in 1866 and 1867, and even Lord George Bentinck, as he stood on the slopes to watch *Crucifix* gallop, never saw such a team at the same time on those famous Downs as the horses which then carried the "blue and white hoops" of the Duke of Beaufort, and the "scarlet and white hoops" of the Marquis of Hastings. They were *Athena*, *Black Prince*, *Ceylon*, *Challenge*, *Duke of Beaufort*, *Gomera*, *Herald*, *John*

Davis, *Lady Hester*, *Lord Ronald*, *Lecturer*, *Lady Elizabeth*, *Mameluke*, *Miss Havelock*, *Naiveté*, *Red Cap*, *Rustic*, *See Saw*, *The Earl*, *Viridis*, and *Vauban*; and it must have nearly broken John Day's heart to have seen them all dispersed within a twelvemonth. In 1880 he trained *Foxhall* for Mr. James R. Keene, of New York, at a small private stable in Wiltshire, and again won the same two events, when *Foxhall* carried 7st. 12lb. in the Cesarewitch and 9st. in the Cambridgeshire, and was steered by John Watts.

It was by John Day at Danebury that *Venison* was trained for Lord George



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Lord Russell of Killowen.

Bentinck as a two-year-old in 1835; but it was Mr. Kent, senior, who helped to van *Elis* from Goodwood to Doncaster for the St. Leger, at a cost that could not have been less than £80, and may have been £100. In the autumn of 1841, John Kent had charge at Goodwood of all Lord George's Danebury horses, and it is an interesting instance of the longevity of trainers that in January, 1904, John Kent was able to communicate to the newspapers the details of a conversation he had with Lord George Bentinck concerning a witness in the *Running Rein* case. The original John Kent seems to have been a builder at Wantage, always a racing town, in the middle of the eighteenth century, and moved to Newmarket, where he built



H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig Holstein.

the Rutland Arms Hotel and the Jockey Club Rooms. His grandson was certainly as hard worked as any trainer before or since in Lord George Bentinck's service, and in one year he actually started seventy-five horses in the four days of the Goodwood Meeting, and saddled every one with his own hands. After Lord George's death, Mr. Gratwicke's horses came to Kent's stables from Michel Grove, and among other supporters were the fifth Duke of Richmond, and Viscount Enfield,

afterwards Lord Strafford. The death of the sixth Duke of Richmond during one of the most fatal years the English Turf has suffered for a long while, is a reminder of how much the Gordon-Lennox family have done for racing, not only by the influence of the Goodwood Meeting, but in many other ways. As Lord March, the late Duke himself took a more prominent part than is sometimes remembered in the racing, for the card at Goodwood, on the last day of 1839, shows the following result:—

The March Stakes of 10 sovs. : each h. ft. heats. Last three-quarters of a mile of Drawing Room Stakes Course (29 subscribers). Gentlemen riders.

Lord March's b. f. <i>Guava</i> , 4 yrs., 10st. 11lb.	(Owner)	4	1	1
Duke of Richmond's b. f. <i>Reel</i> , 3 yrs., 9st. 8lb.	(Colonel Bouverie)	1	3	0
Mr. Sidney Herbert's b. g. <i>Arctic</i> , 6 yrs., 12st. 8lb.	(Owner)	2	2	0
Captain Gardner's b. c. <i>Shuffler</i> , 4 yrs., 9st. 12lb.	(Owner)	3	dr.	

London, Virtue & Co.



From the painting by Isaac Cullen.

ISAAC CULLEN.

Englars (1890)

By permission of the publisher, F. G. McQueen.



In 1842 Lord March rode three winners in succession, being of the same age and the same weight as John Kent, who recalled these facts when his old master died. The Duke was at his death the senior member of the Jockey Club, a position in which he was succeeded by the late Lord Alington, and no better man of business ever presided over the deliberations which were sometimes held at his town house in Belgrave Square. A pillar of agriculture, a practical statesman, and as genial a sportsman as ever breathed, the Duke's death was felt as a loss wherever the honourable record of his public and private life was known and valued.

Racing at Goodwood in its first anniversary of 1802 (the year of Lord George Bentinck's birth) came third on the annual programme, which was opened by the



By permission of Mr. Calvert.

1. "St. Bris." 2. "Chitchat." 3. "Laodamia."

The Cesarewitch of 1896.

Craven at Newmarket; and the first event in its hundred years' record is the Hunters' Plate of £50, for horses carrying 12st., ridden by gentlemen only, won by Mr. Newbery's brown gelding *Pantagenel*. Since 1804 there have always been more than one day in the meeting. The grand stand was opened in 1830, when the hero of Waterloo was entertained by his A.D.C., the fourth Duke of Richmond. Jealous for the reputation of Ascot, King George started a second meeting there, which did not succeed, though there seems no good reason why it should not do so if properly managed at the right time. But in spite of Sandown, Kempton, Hurst Park, Gatwick, Lingfield, and many other modern attractions, Goodwood has held its own, though the railway journey is long, and the course is a long drive uphill from the station; for there is a characteristic charm about the beauty of the spot

which is unsurpassed in the three kingdoms, and has appealed to the public as well as to owners with unfailing power. Prince Soltykoff, another of the losses of the disastrous year of 1903, was probably the last owner alive who had raced at Goodwood as long ago as 1871. Just ten years before that date, a field of forty-five horses started for *Croagh Patrick's* Stewards' Cup, and the favourite won, which certainly goes far to show that, after Newmarket, Goodwood must be one of the best courses in the country, in spite of not having a straight mile. The Cup Course is a model of what such things should be, and the going is of the very best; for on the excellent foundation laid sixty years ago by Lord George, a perfect system of top-dressing has produced grass that is closer and finer than is to be seen at



Finish of the Derby for 1900. "Diamond Jubilee" wins.

Newmarket. Anything more glorious than the view it would be difficult to imagine, for the course lies seven hundred feet above the sea, on a plateau about six miles north-west of Chichester, and miles of wooded uplands and swelling hills can be seen as far as the sight can travel. Ancient beech trees shadow half the lawn, and behind

them is the famous "Birdless Grove." To the south the English Channel lies beyond a great expanse of open country, with the Isle of Wight in the blue distance. Though Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes make up a pleasant fortnight, the man who races from London is apt to grumble at the difficulties of getting to and fro. But there are luckily still left enough supporters of the Turf who love the sport for its own sake, amid beautiful surroundings, and who are not entirely absorbed in making money over some one else's animals at a meeting near enough to enable them to be back for dinner in Pall Mall. In the modern roll of the Goodwood Cup winners occur such names as *The Bard*, *St. Simon*, *Kincsem*, *Hampton*, *Doncaster*, *Flageolet*, *Favonius*, and *Isonomy*, who was one of the best horses John Porter ever

had. In 1895 His Majesty scored with *Florizel II*. But the race is no longer what it was, though worth £2,000, and has now been won three times in succession by Mr. Arthur James, with *Fortunatus*, *Perseus*, and (in 1903) *Rabelais*. It is difficult to look back at the meetings for fifty years before *Rabelais*, and preserve a completely satisfied opinion as to the present state of breeding.

John Porter, to whom I must now at once return, has had better seasons than that of 1903, which saw the formation of "Kingsclere Racing Stables (Limited), registered October 15th, with capital £30,012," and the Dukes of Portland and Westminster as chief supporters. In

1863, just forty years before, George Manning, Sir Joseph Hawley's private trainer, died; and at twenty-five years old John Porter succeeded him in command of the stables at Catsgore, near Cannon Heath, already made famous by *FitzRoland*, *Beadsman*, and *Musjid*. Sir Joseph's previous winners, *Teddington*, *Aphrodite*, *The Ban*, *Fernhill*, and *Vatican*, were trained by Alec Taylor at Fyfield, near Marlborough, before the Manton Stables had been built. It was chiefly owing to Lord Westmoreland's warm recommendation that "the lucky baronet" choose a trainer so young looking as Porter, who showed his skill at once with *Columba* and



From a pencil drawing by
Jane E. Cook.

Mr. John Porter.

Washington at Doncaster in 1863, and *St. Alexis* (7st. 4lb.) in the Great Eastern Handicap at Newmarket. A friendship began which was consolidated by Sir Joseph's kindness when Porter was ill with typhoid fever at Doncaster, and which only ended when the cherry jacket was no longer carried by Templeman, Marson, Alfred Day, Wells, or Huxtable, the jockeys who chiefly rode for Sir Joseph. In 1858 his *Beadsman* beat Lord Derby's *Toxophilite*, and the Prime Minister's defeat was watched with so much interest that M. de Montalembert, then visiting the late Lord Dunraven, left a description of the scene which is as forceful as it

is accurate. *Beadsman* sired *Blue Gown*, *Rosicrucian*, and *Green Sleeves*, and the winter of 1867-8 was one of the most anxious Porter had yet passed. The Derby that followed proved as memorable as any of the four Sir Joseph won, and the doubling of the population of the United Kingdom since that date has not sufficed to bring a bigger crowd than when *Blue Gown* won in 1868.

Other owners began by this time to associate themselves with Porter's work. One of them was Sir Frederick Johnstone, who purchased *Xi* from old John Osborne conjointly with Sir Joseph Hawley. As a trustworthy trial horse this proved a



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John Corlett, Esq.

difficult one to beat, and it was on *Xi* that Wells carried the colours for the first time after *Blue Gown* had been disqualified for the Champagne Stakes. About 1869, too, the notorious Walter, from the Swan Inn, Kingsclere, was publishing his "Racing Circular," and starting his "Discretionary Investment" bubble which was decisively pricked by Dr. Shorthouse in the same paper which published, entirely without its editor's sympathy or knowledge, an article severely reflecting on Sir Joseph Hawley's conduct and character. When the apology was read in Court, Mr. Straight began with the words—"High Toryism, High Churchism, High Farming, and Old Port for Ever," which is still

the motto of that excellent publication, "The Sporting Times;" and General Peel nearly fell off his chair with laughing. But the doctor was imprisoned in Holloway for an article which he never wrote, refusing to give up its author's name. All these matters drew a great deal of public attention of course to Kingsclere, where in 1876 Mr. F. Gretton had a yearling by *Sterling* out of *Isola Bella* by *Stockwell*, which Porter bought at the Yardley sale for 360 guineas. This turned out to be the great *Isonomy*, who transmitted his quality and stoutness to *Isinglass* and *Common*. Any sort of ground seemed to suit him, and he was very

little raced as a two-year-old, according to the doctrines Porter has preached and practised nearly all his life. He won in bets and stakes upwards of £110,000 for his owner, including the Cambridgeshire (3 yrs., 7st. 11lb.), the Gold Vase and the Gold Cup at Ascot, the Goodwood Cup, the Great Ebor Handicap, the Newmarket Derby, the Manchester Cup (giving *The Abbot* 42lb.), and another Gold Cup at Ascot to close his wonderful career. Mr. John Gretton and Lord Stamford then sent their horses to Kingsclere, and it should be noted that Lord Alington had sent *Beaudesert* (who had a bowed tendon) soon afterwards. Lord Stamford began well with *Geheimniss*, which he bought from Tom Cannon in 1881 for £2,000. She was one of the fastest fillies at six furlongs ever known, won the Oaks, and was second for the Leger. About this time the Kingsclere owners were Lord Alington, Sir Frederick Johnstone, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Stamford, and Mr. John Gretton, and Porter's resources were taxed to the utmost. Luckily, besides *St. Blaise* and *Shotover*, there was a trustworthy trial horse in *Whipper-in*, and *Shotover's* victories



Newmarket. Craven Meeting, 1902.

in the Two Thousand and Derby were the beginning of a splendid succession which Porter was able to achieve for the late Duke of Westminster.

The Derby trial of *St. Blaise* was no doubt considered interesting enough for His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, to see on his first visit to Kingsclere, because on the 12th of April he had been tried over a mile with the following result, as given in John Porter's "Kingsclere," edited by Byron Webber:—

<i>Whipper-in</i> , 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb.	1
<i>St. Blaise</i> , 3 yrs., 8st. 13lb.	2
<i>Incendiary</i> , 6 yrs., 8st. 13lb.	3

Won by a length and a half, six lengths between second and third.

The Prince was quietly met with a fly from Porter's house at Overton Station, by the 9 a.m. train from Waterloo, and was received on the Downs by Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone. The trainer started the field of five, in which "all went in," irrespective of exclusive ownership, in order to ensure as thorough an investigation as possible. It resulted as follows, over a mile and a half:—

<i>St. Blaise</i> , 3 yrs., 8st. 6lb.	1
<i>Incendiary</i> , 6 yrs., 8st. 2lb.	2
<i>Shotover</i> , 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb.	3
<i>Geheimniss</i> , 4 yrs., 9st. 5lb.	4
<i>Energy</i> , 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb.	5

Won by two lengths, four lengths between second and third, a head between fourth and fifth.

Lord Alington died in February, 1904. He was the Hon. Gerald Sturt until 1876, and began racing as soon as he came of age twenty years before. Harry Hill,



Finish of the Derby for 1901.

Lord George Bentinck's chief commissioner, said that Mr. Sturt, before he was twenty-five, could get more valuable turf news for nothing than Lord George ever attained with all his reckless outlay. The best Lord Alington owned with Sir Frederick Johnstone were *St. Blaise*, *Common*, *Throstle*, and *Matchbox*, and his worst dis-

appointment was no doubt when *Allbrook* was beaten by Fordham's splendid riding on *Sabinus* in the Cambridgeshire. At his death Lord Alington was Senior member of the Jockey Club, and one of the oldest supporters of the Turf then living who had won such victories; and until very near the end he took the deepest interest in racing and in breeding. The break-up of "the old firm" was half-suspected when Sir Frederick Johnstone's horses were found to be entered in his own name for the great three-year-old races of 1905; but few realised that, when Lord Alington watched his *Flor Fina* run for the All-aged Stakes at Ascot, it would

be his last visit to a racecourse. His speech on breeding and high fees will never be forgotten in the House of Commons. "After you have paid these fees," he said, "the mare will come smilingly up to you the following year no more in foal than I am now," and he passed his hand over his long spare figure, to the great amusement of his hearers. He brought off his best betting *coups* with William Day, his classic races with John Porter; and perhaps the fastest animal "the old firm" ever owned was *Friar's Balsam*, a smashing two-year-old son of *Imperatrice*, the pretty sister of *Imperieuse*. *St. Blaise* may have largely owed his Derby to C. Wood's fine riding, but he was certainly not sold to Mr.

A. Belmont, of New York, because he was "one of the worst that ever won;" and, as may be seen from the trial above recorded, he was a good bit in front of the winners of the previous Derby and Oaks, carrying less than weight for age, which certainly seems to indicate that he was good enough to be victorious himself in nine years out of ten. Not very long after this Mr. Brodrick Cloete joined the stable, and soon made his mark with *Cherry*, by *Sterling* out of *Cherry Duchess*, who won the Kempton Grand Prize, the Epsom Grand Prize, and walked over for the Knowsley Dinner Stakes at Epsom. Another of Mr. Cloete's was the famous colt by *Sterling* out of

Casuistry, so happily named *Paradox*, who was bought for 450 guineas by Captain Bowling when he and Porter were attending the sale of Yardley yearlings in 1883. He was difficult to train; but his first trial over six furlongs against the *Rebecca* colt, *Whipper-in*, *Reprivee*, and *Siren*, so impressed the Duke of Westminster that he became His Grace's property at 6,000 guineas. It was perhaps a sinister omen that he ran a dead heat for third in the Middle Park Plate, which *Melton* won, but he never made up the ground he lost at the start; and his next race, the Dewhurst Plate, he won in a canter, and Mr. Cloete's confidence in buying him from



From a drawing by
Jane E. Cook.

Mr. Matthew Dawson.

the Duke, who was dissatisfied with his purchase, seemed likely to be well rewarded, in spite of the difficulties in training him continuing. On April 30, 1885, he won a high, and what most judges considered a conclusive, trial, giving 21lb. and a beating to *Farewell*, who subsequently conquered a big field for the One Thousand; and it was therefore argued with some justice that when *Paradox*, on whom 3 to 1 was laid, was raced to a head by *Crafton* in the Two Thousand, it could not have been his true running; and there is little doubt that the jockey was wrong to wait with him. Much the same thing, but with that little, all-important difference just



From the painting by Emil Adam.
By permission of Hanfstaengl.

"Minting."

the wrong way, happened in the Derby, which was really won by Archer's possessing the knowledge that *Paradox* had to be sent along from start to finish, and using it brilliantly. Webb, skilled artist as he was, thought that his colt, after beating *Royal Hampton* and *Xaintrilles*, was coming in alone; but Archer, knowing *Paradox* would not race when left out by himself, brought *Melton* up with a sudden and desperate rush, which literally snatched victory out of the fire at the last moment. It had been a dead heat between *Harvester* and *St. Gatien* the year before. Many imagined the same thing might have occurred again; but the judge gave it to

Melton by a head. It must have been some slight consolation to his owner that *Paradox* won the Grand Prix at Paris. Another terrific race Mr. Cloete had in 1891 for the Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster, over the old St. Leger course, with *Cereza*, a regular *Newminster* filly, who did not stand, or require, much training, and was therefore kept out of the Oaks in order to win the Coronation Stakes at Ascot. At Doncaster she met *Haute Saône* and *Mimi*, and this time the short head went the right way. The struggle was so close that *Cereza's* jockey did not know which had won, for there was only a short head between all three mares, and the excellence of the performance may be judged from the fact that the betting was 100 to 30 against *Cereza*, 2 to 1 against *Haute Saône*, and 5 to 4 against *Mimi*, who had won the Thousand Guineas, the Newmarket Stakes, and the Oaks in that season. Mr. Cloete moved his horses from Porter's to Marsh's, and then started training them himself at his own stud farm, where gallops have been laid out on the beautiful meadows at Hare Park, near Newmarket.

But Porter must soon have been consoled for the defeat of *Paradox*, if a trainer who was doing so well for so long ever really needed consolation; for in that very same year of 1885, a two-year-old by *Bend Or* out of *Lily Agnes* was being tried in October over the Kingsclere Downs, and from the first day the Duke of Westminster's bay colt showed his fine, free, tireless action, every good judge saw he was a smasher. Even the best of them, however, hardly realised at once that *Ormonde* was to have an unbeaten career of so brilliant a lustre that, in the opinion of very many, he was the best horse of the nineteenth century. Take him all round, this lineal descendant of *Stockwell* was certainly one of the most remarkable horses ever bred in England, and his first rough gallop, against *Kendal*, when both were two-year-olds, was the first time he was stripped, the only time he was tried, and the only time he was ever headed at the finish. In the Post Sweepstakes (Bretby Stakes Course) he did not start the favourite, and beat *Modwena* (11 to 10 on) by a length. A strong favourite for the Criterion Stakes (6 to 4 on, freely), he beat *Oberon* (by *Galopin* out of *Wheel of Fortune*) and *Mephisto* easily. He met a fairly good field again in the Dewhurst Plate, but started at 11 to 4 on, and beat *Miss Jummy*, who was not much more than moderate, though she won the Oaks. He cantered home, and went into winter quarters; and the spring of 1886, that memorable year, dawned happily for every friend of Kingsclere. There was great discussion over a particularly fine crop of three-year-olds. *The Bard* was unbeaten, with the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln



From the painting by Captain Adrian Jones.

"Surefoot."

to his credit. *Saraband* had won his race very easily at Kempton. Matthew Dawson declared *Minting* (by *Lord Lyon*) to be "one of the very best animals he had ever known," an opinion which carried so much weight that when he met *Ormonde* for the first time in the Two Thousand, he started favourite at even money; *Saraband*, 3 to 1; *Ormonde*, 7 to 2. *Ormonde* made his own running, and won so easily that Mr. Vyner very discreetly reserved *Minting* for the Grand Prix. For the Derby it was much the same story, except that that gallant little horse *The Bard* came round Tattenham Corner almost on terms, but could not stride with *Ormonde* when they swung into the straight. At Ascot he won the St. James's Palace Stakes, and beat *Melton* in the Hardwicke next day. The Yorkshiremen were so delighted with his looks that they laid 7 to 1 on him for the Leger, and he did all they asked and more. He actually started with 25 to 1 on him for the Great Foal Stakes at the Newmarket First October, and was without an opponent for the Newmarket St. Leger. His price for the Champion Stakes was "100 to 1



From the painting by Captain Adrian Jones.

"Sainfoin."

on," and again for the Free Handicap, where he gave 2st. to *Mephisto*, and won in a canter by eight lengths. After walking over for a Private Sweepstakes on the last day of the Houghton, he went home for the winter with £24,560 to his credit, without having been really extended at all, except for those few strides by *The Bard*. Then arose the sad tale that he had begun to "make a noise." It was too true. Still, he beat *Kilwarlin* by six lengths for the Rous Memorial at Ascot, with 4 to 1 on. The odds shortened, however, to 5 to 4 on, when he had to meet *Minting* for the Hardwicke Stakes at even weights, 9st. 10lb. each. He won by a neck, and Tom Cannon let it be understood that the gap might have been larger if necessary. His last race was the Imperial Gold Cup at the

Newmarket July Meeting, over the last six furlongs of the Bunbury Mile, and he had to be driven to shake off *Whitefriar*. He only just left the Turf in time to save his shield untarnished, and was sold into South America, leaving, in *Orme*, a son well worthy of so great a sire.

The cheers over that sensational struggle for the Hardwicke Stakes will not easily be forgotten, for there was behind them just that touch of sadness for both owner and trainer which they alone were able fully to appreciate at the time. Perhaps Porter was the only man who realised the full risks that splendid horse was running. The period was a memorable one in several ways. In 1886 the King, then Prince of Wales, had joined the Kingsclere stables. In 1887 the Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was celebrated. It was at one time suggested that *Ormonde* should carry the Duke of Westminster in the procession. Eventually it was decided to bring him quietly up to London to a garden-party at Grosvenor House. He was unboxed at Waterloo, walked deliberately across Westminster Bridge, and by special permission across the Parks. A cabman with an eye for horseflesh was the only ordinary Londoner who knew what was passing through the capital, and he would not believe the short reply his question received—“*Ormonde*.” That gentlemanly thoroughbred enjoyed his Mayfair garden-party as if he had been used to such functions all his life, and travelled just as contentedly back to Kingsclere when the last orchid had been handed him to nibble by the ladies.

Ormonde was selected as a type by Major-General Sir John Hills, in his interesting book, “The Points of a Racehorse,” to illustrate the quite unique and extraordinary length of his humerus, which is nearly as long as the shoulder-blade, and also the remarkable uprightness of its slope. With his grand quarters and loins, short back, excellent low stifle, straight hind legs with powerful gaskins, and deep barrel, *Ormonde* at his best showed every point of racing excellence remarkably displayed in spite of having a plain head and a rather short neck. His splendid framework he no doubt inherited as much from *Bend Or* as from *Lily Agnes*, and he handed it on to *Orme*, his famous son from *Angelica*, who is a pattern of good looks with scarce a blemish on him, truly and perfectly built for a combination of strength and speed, with wonderfully developed style, no lumber in front, splendid slope to the shoulders, and excellent loins and quarters. *Orme's* son, *Flying Fox*, though not built on such powerful lines as those of his sire and grandsire, shows even finer quality, and all his good points harmonise

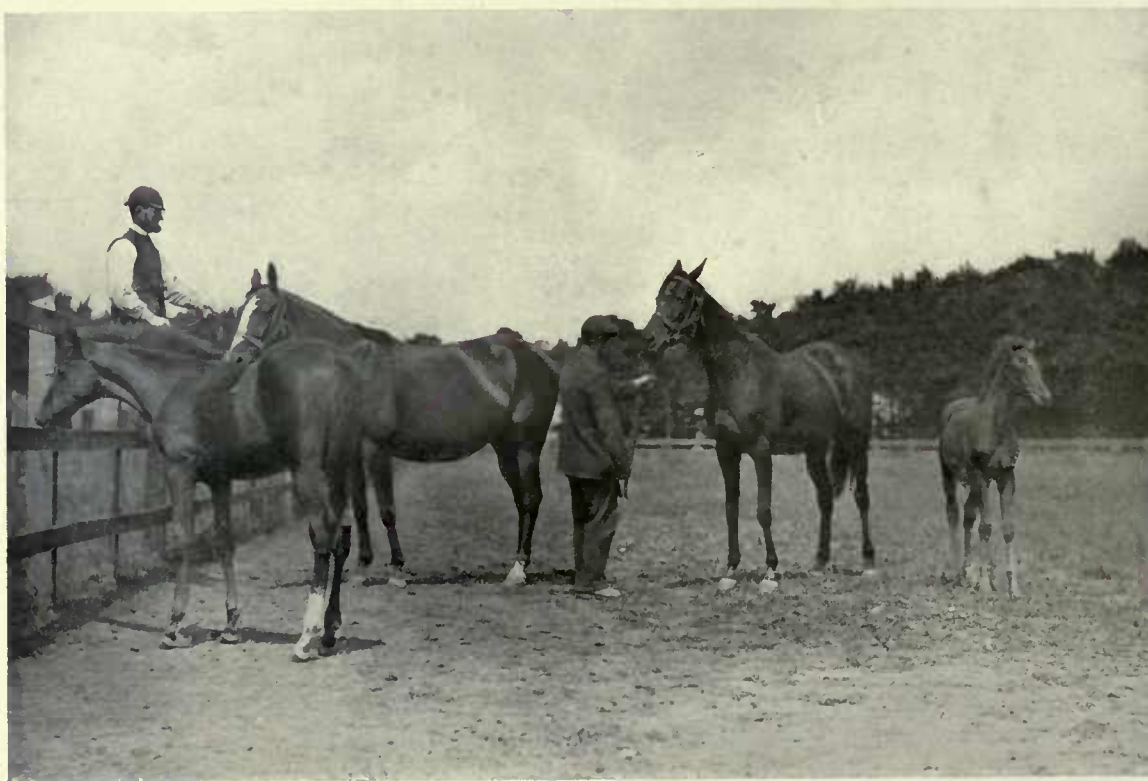


Sir J. Blundell Maple's "Common."

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together in a perfect unison. To the grand stifle, well-marked and very straight hind leg, well-let-down, long, and well-placed humerus, good shoulder, short back, deep brisket, well-put-on neck, handsome head, and fine, steady-looking eye, the only possible improvement would be a very slight addition to the length of quarter. The first of his get are entered for the Derby of 1904 by his sporting French purchaser, M. Blanc. It is rare indeed that good blood has shown its value in so direct a line of magnificent successors.

Sainfoin (by *Springfield* out of *Sanda*) was bought as a Hampton Court yearling



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"*La Flèche*," with filly by "*Morion*."

by Porter for himself and Sir Robert Jardine at 550 guineas. After he had only run once as a two-year-old and once as a three-year-old (winning both races), Sir James Miller offered £6,000 and half the Derby Stakes if he won. At Epsom he did win, beating *Le Nord* by three-quarters of a length, *Surefoot* and *Orwell* being behind them. *Surefoot* he beat again in the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, which were won by that fine horse *Amphion*. Baron Hirsch joined Porter's stable in 1889, and two years afterwards came *Common's* year. The big son of *Isonomy* and *This'le* never ran as a two-year-old, for he wanted all the time he could get to be trained.

When he appeared at Newmarket for the Two Thousand, local critics thought him well named; but they soon altered their opinion when he had beaten *Gouverneur*, *Peter Flower*, and *Orvieto* in a common canter. At Epsom he showed he could go as well on soft ground as on hard, and thoroughly justified the odds of 11 to 10 laid on him. Immediately after he had secured the triple crown by winning the St. Leger, he was sold to Sir Blundell Maple for £15,000, and went to the stud after as short a career on the Turf as was possible for so commanding a success. But there were many who regretted that so fine an animal was not given the chance of becoming the great Cup horse he might undoubtedly have proved himself, for he was one of the very best that ever trod the turf, of so powerful a make that, as in the case of *Ormonde*, a hasty glance at him at the stud produces an impression of coarseness, which is really unfounded. His loins and quarters are wonderful, with good hind legs, a grand stifle, and excellent shoulders and humerus. Kingsclere had four good two-year-olds while *Common* was in training. These were *La Flèche*, *Orme*, *Goldfinch*, and *Windgall*. The daughter of *St. Simon* and *Quiver* cost Baron Hirsch 5,500 guineas, at that time the record price for a yearling, and one which the King, then Prince of Wales, strongly advised her purchaser to give. Like her full sister, *Memoir*, *La Flèche* was beautifully and truly made throughout, with very fine stifle, straight hind leg, and good shoulders. She eventually won £31,153 in stakes alone; was unbeaten as a two-year-old; cantered away with the One Thousand; was beaten by a cleverly ridden outsider for the Derby; won the Oaks by a head, in spite of having a very hard race in her; beat *Orvieto* (4 yrs., 9st. 10lb.) by three lengths (9st. 8lb.) in the Lancashire Plate at Manchester; and turned the tables decisively on *Sir Hugo* at Doncaster by winning the Leger in a canter. Her final success in 1892 was the Cambridgeshire, under 8st. 10lb., against *Pensioner* with 6st. 4lb. That year the Prince of Wales and Baron Hirsch left Porter's stables with mutual regret on both sides. *Orme's* career was by no means over while his brilliant stable-companion was rolling up her victories. He had been only once beaten out of six attempts as a two-year-old, and his three-year-old season was rendered sensational throughout the length and breadth of England by the mysterious incident popularly known as "The Poisoning of *Orme*." The theory of a diseased tooth was at one time widely believed; but in the book he published in 1896, John Porter asserted that he had "not the least doubt whatever" that the horse had been poisoned. Mr. Williams, the well-known veterinary professor, was of opinion, when called in at the time, that the poison was mercurial. Besides the

usual symptoms of salivation, the unlucky animal's hair came off in patches in about a fortnight, and for some ten days his life was in danger. But he was never left alone a moment, and his fine constitution, aided by unremitting care, pulled him through at last. The inevitable inquiry was placed in the capable hands of Sir George Lewis, and £1,000 reward was offered for the apprehension of the guilty person. No evidence has ever been forthcoming sufficient to convict any one. But by July, 1892, the horse himself put all doubts to rest as to his recovery by winning the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown against *Orvieto*, *St. Damien*, *Certosa*, *Gouverneur*, *Llanthony*, and *Rouge Dragon*. With odds of 5 to 4 betted on him, and ridden by George Barrett, he won by a neck, and loudly did the huge crowd cheer



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"Thrastle."

him; indeed, the world-wide interest in his reappearance overshadowed almost every other contest of the year until *La Flèche* and others beat him in the St. Leger after he had been ridden to a standstill. But the greatest race of his life was yet to come, when he met her again in his second entry for the Eclipse next season.

This time Mornington Cannon rode him (10st. 2lb.), while George Barrett was on the mare (9st. 13lb.). He won by half a length, the mare being third; and he beat *La Flèche* again (giving her 7lb.) in the Gordon Stakes at Goodwood. In spite of his illness, he retired from the Turf with a winning list of £32,726.

The St. Leger of 1894 was as great a surprise as that of *Dutch Oven* or *Caller Ou*. *Thrastle* (by *Petrarch* out of *Thistle*) started at 50 to 1 in a field of eight, and Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnstone took forty ponies between them in order that she might not run unbacked. She beat *Ladas* by three-quarters of a length, and *Matchbox* was third. In 1895 Kingsclere had rather too many seconds for Porter's liking; but the season of 1899 more than made up for it. That was *Flying Fox's*

year indeed. As a two-year-old he won the New Stakes at Ascot and the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket. As a three-year-old he won the Two Thousand, Derby, St. Leger, Eclipse Stakes, Princess of Wales's Stakes, and Jockey Club Stakes. No wonder he was sold to M. Blanc for the highest price ever given for a thoroughbred. In years later than those already mentioned, Porter won the Oaks with *La Roche* (1900); the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot with *Manners* (1899) and *Simon Dale* (1900); the Coronation Stakes with *Lowood* (1898); the Hardwicke Stakes with *Shaddock* (1896) and *Collar* (1898); the Great Yorkshire Stakes with *Manners* (1899); the Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket with *Labrador* (1896) and *Batt* (1902); the Gold Cup at Ascot, the Alexandra Plate, and the Doncaster Cup, all with that stout horse *William the Third* (1902); the Chesterfield Cup and the Doncaster Cup with *Calveley* (1899); and the Gold Vase with *Ice Maiden* (1902). Writing in the "Badminton Magazine" for September, 1903, Porter was able to publish a winning total of £691,672 since he had come to Kingsclere, without counting *Beadsman*, *Musjid*, or *FitzRoland*, whom George Manning had trained there before him. The record is a fine one, and it may be hoped that it will continue on its high level now that the stable has become a limited company.

The horses trained by Porter for the King when Prince of Wales were *Calistos*, *Counterpane*, *Falcon*, *Loyalist*, *Lady Peggy*, *Peter Athol*, *Montgomerie*, *Huntingtower*, *Shamrock II.*, *Esterhazy*, *Derelict*, *Pierrette*, *Nandine*, *Melesine*, *Marguerite*, *Mrs. Doddy*, and *Golden Maze*, none of whom brought much luck to the Royal colours. *Counterpane* (who, like *Lady Peggy*, was by *Hermit*) won the King's first race for him at Sandown, but fell dead on the post in her next attempt at the finish for the Stockbridge Cup. But an ample recompense for all this was obtained by the purchase (made on Porter's advice) of *Perdita II.*, a daughter of *Hampton* and *Hermione* by *Young Melbourne*. Her foal of 1891 was *Florizel II.*; two years later she threw *Persimmon*; and then in 1897 came *Diamond Jubilee*, with whose victorious career the famous and palatial racing establishment presided over by Richard Marsh at Newmarket is chiefly connected.

At the beginning of 1902 Marsh had sixty-seven horses in training at Egerton House, a total five in excess of John Porter's large establishment at the same period. Born in 1852, at Smethe, in Kent, Richard Marsh rode *Temple* to victory in the New Stakes at Ascot in 1869. He was successful in the jumping line as well, both at Croydon and Auteuil. He began training in the Newmarket district in quite a modest way at Six Mile Bottom, for Mr. Hector Baltazzi. In the

seventies he was at Lordship Farm, where he gathered experience for some sixteen years, when Joseph Cannon took on the place. But when Lord Ellesmere built Egerton House in 1892, Marsh really had his opportunity. The large and roomy stables over which he presides are most conveniently situated just beyond the July course on the Cambridge Road, within two miles of the Newmarket Post Office, and certainly form one of the smartest establishments of the kind hitherto constructed. There is accommodation for about eighty horses in the boxes and stalls that surround its two huge courtyards, and just outside them is a large square



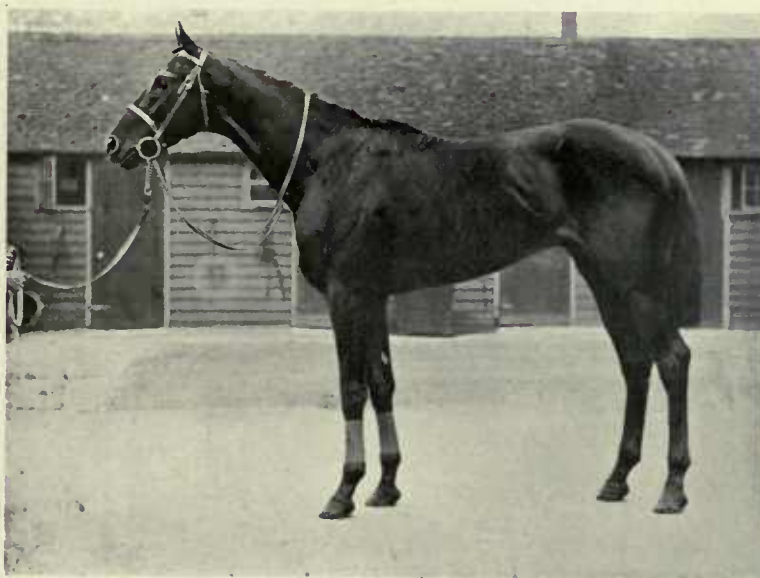
*From a photograph taken at Sandringham.
Reproduced by permission of His Majesty the King.*

"Perdita II."

paddock for walking exercise. With its avenues of Scotch firs and light, sandy soil, there is no touch of dampness or malaria in the place, which is very little affected by fog. Better buildings it would be scarcely possible to devise, and it would be difficult to imagine the sentiments of old Tom Parr of Wantage, or the Yorkshire trainers of the early nineteenth century, if they could behold the developments of modern racing in this particular direction. They might prefer *Fisherman*, and his kind, to all the luxuries for man and beast which we seem to have agreed to consider more essential than producing the old stamp of stayer;

but they would certainly feel somewhat abashed at the greatly increased amount of varied business, and extremely heavy responsibility, which the modern trainer has to face in addition to the simpler duties of his predecessor. In moving his horses from Kingsclere, the Prince of Wales was no doubt influenced by the fact that Newmarket is now not only within an easy run from London, but also comparatively close to Sandringham. His horses were accompanied by those of Baron Hirsch and Lord Marcus Beresford, to which were added several belonging to the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Brodrick Cloete, who only left Egerton House in order to try one of the most enjoyable forms of amusement, and train on their own estates the horses they had bred themselves, an ideal occupation for any one who has the opportunity to enjoy

it. Lord Wolverton, Mr. J. W. Larnach (who owned the Derby winner *Jeddah*), Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Lord Hindlip, Lord W. Beresford, Lord Dudley, Lord Warwick, Lord Hastings, the Duke of Portland, Mr. Arthur James, and many more, have at one time or another had their animals under Marsh's charge; but it was "the



"*Jeddah*" (1895), by "*Fanissary*."

Prince's luck" that made the reputation of the stable, as may be gathered from the fact that in six years Marsh scored the following successes for the Royal colours, all with the three famous sons of *Perdita II.*, who died in 1899: with *Florizel II.*, the Manchester Cup, the Gold Vase at Ascot, the Goodwood Cup, and other races; with *Persimmon*, the Derby, St. Leger, Ascot Cup, Eclipse Stakes, and Jockey Club Stakes; and with *Diamond Jubilee*, the Two Thousand, Derby, St. Leger, Eclipse Stakes, and Newmarket Stakes. To these should be added the One Thousand Guineas with *Thais*, who was by *St. Serf* out of *Poetry*, and was very difficult to train. She died before the end of 1898, after having been sent to *Isinglass*. If *Thais* had beaten *Canterbury Pilgrim* at Epsom as she did

at Ascot, the Prince of Wales would have won Oaks and Derby in the same year. *Florizel II.* was even less promising as a two-year-old, but in his fourth year his only defeat was almost as creditable as his six successes, for he carried 9st. into fourth place for the Cesarewitch; and judging from *Volodyovski*, *Mackintosh*, *Floriform*, and *Doricles*, he may be said to have begun brilliantly at the stud.

The first time *Persimmon* had his clothes off in a trial he gave 35lb. and a beating to *Rags*, winner of the Sudbroke Selling Plate at Lincoln in 1895, to whom all the Egerton House two-year-olds failed to give 14lb. He could not be got fit for the Two Thousand, and looked a rather slovenly, sprawling colt



His Majesty's "Mead," by "Persimmon."

until he began to take a turn for the better, when he improved with great rapidity. But he seemed so to resent locomotion by steam that it appeared probable they would never get him by train to Epsom at all. At last Marsh called out in despair: "I'll give a sovereign apiece to those who help get him in." Half Newmarket was at him in a moment, lifted him fairly off his legs, and swept him into the box, where he began to eat his corn with a supercilious air of wonder that so much fuss was being made. Marsh had to explain that he did not carry the Derby stakes in his pocket, and all of the assistants could not get their sovereign then; but no doubt they made it later on, when the great colt beat *St. Frusquin* by a neck, and there was a scene of tremendous enthusiasm, culminating, when the Prince took his leading-rein from Marsh at the weighing-in enclosure, in such cheers as have rarely been heard even on the Epsom Downs. The two rivals were so closely matched that the 3lb. *Persimmon* had to give *St. Frusquin* in the Princess of Wales's Stakes would almost exactly account for his half-length defeat. Of the cardinal points in the excellence of a thoroughbred as described by Sir John Hills, the most important are the perpendicularity of the slope from the point of the shoulder to the point of the elbow,

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London, Nov. 18. 1870



From the Painting by Emil Altem.

Ladas.

By permission of the Earl of Rosebery



and the proportionate length of the humerus to the scapula. On these points depends the free and extended action of the fore legs, just as that of the hind legs depends on a long femur ending in a low and well-developed stifle-bone and joint. In all horses the humerus is shorter than the scapula. It is longer in the greyhound and the cheetah, and actually sixty per cent. longer in the lynx, which is "built for speed." *Victor Wild* exhibits a happy combination of these points, with that power and character in loins and quarters which is Sir John Hills' third essential. *Ormonde*, *Orme*, *Velasquez*, and *Isinglass* are examples of a specially well-placed humerus, as far removed from the horizontal as possible. In *Ormonde* the humerus was longer than in any horse yet examined, for it was nearly as long as his shoulder-blade. In

Persimmon its length and perpendicularity are also especially well marked. Though he looks high on the leg, he is not so in reality. He is remarkable for the great depth from withers to brisket, and his straight hind legs are perfectly made. His elbow is low, quite free from the body, not in any way tied in, and with a large joint, and



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"Florizel II."

he is not too broad between the legs in front. His light head and neck are well put on. There is no lumber in front, his loins and quarters are good, and the triangular wedge between girth and brisket is well marked. It would be difficult to find a more perfect model for the practical exposition of excellent racing points than the various pictures of him reproduced in these volumes, and the same style of formation is beautifully carried out in his daughter *Sceptre*, a style which improves with age, as was shown by *Clorane* and *Victor Wild*.

Both 1896 and 1897 were great years for Marsh, and he was given another in 1900 by *Diamond Jubilee*, a smaller edition of *Persimmon*, and a lighter colour, who brought Egerton House to the top of the winning stables in 1900 with £43,321.

more than half of which was won by His Majesty's colt, the remainder being due to *The Gorgon*, *Dieudonné*, *Strong Bow*, and *Strike-a-light*, among the twenty horses who produced thirty-one victories. There was only less excitement than in *Persimmon's* year, when *Diamond Jubilee* added another Derby to the Royal record, because the war was trying most people's nerves a little high; and that he must have been well wound up for the St. Leger is clear from the fact that he did record time when winning easily.

Any trainer in these days who can score the Derby three times in five years



"*Diamond Jubilee*" (1897) by "*St. Simon*."

has made himself a name that is not easily forgotten; but when we add to this the fact that from 1893 to 1900, Marsh trained the winners of 327 races worth £215,408, it becomes evident that consistent industry has been at work on good material ever since Egerton House was built; and a Royal yearling in Marsh's boxes as these lines are written, called *La Paix* (by *Persimmon* out of *Laodamia*), gives every promise of this success being continued in the future. At the stud which is attached to the racing stables stand *Ayrshire* and *St. Serf*, for the Duke of Portland finds that *St. Simon*, *Carbine*, and *Donovan* are enough for

Welbeck and the fine collection of brood mares and foals he has there. *Ayrshire*, who is evidently well suited by the Newmarket air, made £36,915 by his eleven wins on the Turf, and since 1893 his stock have won £96,537. *Ayrshire's* hind legs, though fairly straight when young, are becoming sickle-shaped as he grows older, but they are well let down, and his muscular loins and quarters, good stifle, and long, well-placed humerus are more than enough to account for his excellence. *St. Serf*, a more commanding-looking horse than his stud-comrade, is taller but not so deep-girthed. His hind legs are also not quite straight enough; his humerus is not so well placed as *Ayrshire's*, and he has a little lumber in front, but his speed came from his excellent stifle and fine loins and quarters. He is a son of *St. Simon* out of *Feronia*, foaled in 1887, and won £5,809 as a three-year-old. From 1895 to the end of October, 1903, his stock won £69,462 in 181 races and a dead heat, the best of them being *Thais*, *Mabon*, *Happy Slave*, *Calveley*, *Merle*, and *Serpentine*.

It has been lucky for the Duke of Portland that *St. Simon*, *Ayrshire*, *Donovan*, and the rest should have done so splendidly at the stud just at a time when the "white, black sleeves and cap" seemed almost unable to get a winner past the post

on the Turf, after a series of successes from 1887 to 1894 which have only been excelled by Lord Falmouth's wonderful victories. I have already spoken of *St. Simon* in my first volume (pp. xxii. and 5) and elsewhere, but it is only fair to add that, under other circumstances, the names of *Scot Free*, *St. Gatien*, *Harvester*, and *The Lambkin* would most probably not have appeared on the honourable rolls of the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger, for none of them would have given the bay son of *Galopin* and *St. Angela* much trouble had he been able to compete for these races; he did, as a matter of fact,



From a pencil drawing by
Jane E. Cook.

The Sixth Duke of
Portland.

give 20lb. and a bad beating to the St. Leger winner in a rough gallop before the race, and many think his form was never equalled by any other horse of his century. *St. Simon* always objected to being tied up during his toilet, and C. Fordham told Mr. Sydenham Dixon that Job himself would not have had the patience to look after him. Unbeaten in his Turf career, like *Ormonde*, he was beaten, like *Ormonde*, in his first trial. His constitution and his appetite were perfect the whole time he was in training, and his spirits were always very high. The financial results of his victories, of course, by no means represent his form, for his best nominations were void, and not only did all courses seem alike to him, but he did not ever seem to find it necessary to extend himself.



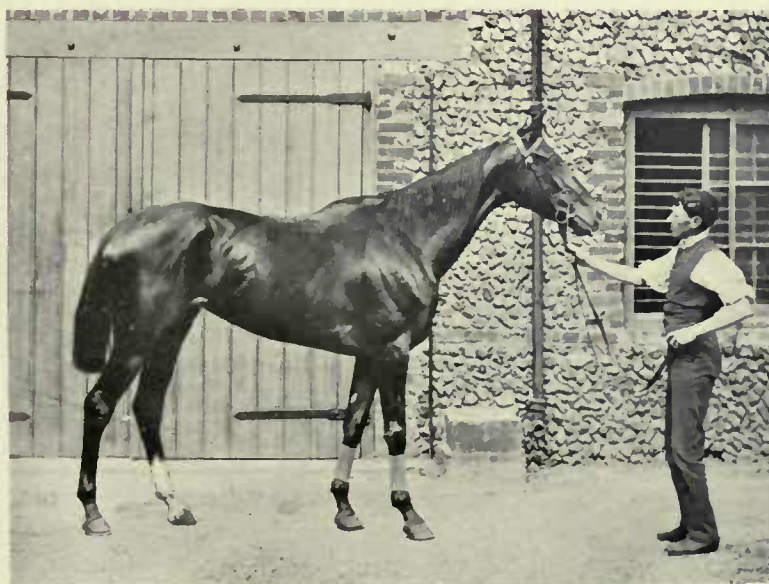
"*William the Third*" (1898) by "*St. Simon*."

Even as he looks at the stud to-day, in the picture reproduced in these pages, he shows a wonderful combination of points in one animal: a good stifle, powerfully muscular hind legs, quarters, and loins, a short back, a grand slope of the shoulder, a good humerus, with a free elbow and a long fore-hand. Of his prowess as a sire I have already

written at length. He has sired more high-class animals, collectively, than even *Stockwell* did. Still, if we take the £59,302 which his produce won in 1896, it cannot compare with the £61,047 which was won by 37 representatives of the older sire in 1866 in 139 races, which did not contain such valuable prizes as were to be won thirty years later. The biggest winner was *Lord Lyon* with £20,350, and next to him came that exceptionally good mare *Achievement* with £10,662 to her credit, besides *Breadalbane* (brother to *Blair Athol*), *The Duke*, *Lord Ronald*, *Regalia*, *Rustic*, and *Savernake*. It must be remembered, too, that in that most remarkable season *Stockwell* sired first and second for the Two Thousand; the winner of the One Thousand; first, second, and third in the

Derby; and first and second in the St. Leger; while *Lord Lyon* only won by a head both at Epsom and Doncaster. Against this, however, *St. Simon* can put a list containing such flyers on the Turf, such good sires, and such good matrons, as *Adieu*, *Childwick*, *Raconteur*, *St. Serf*, *St. Frusquin*, *St. Maclou*, *Tarporley*, *Florizel II.*, *Diamond Jubilee*, and *Persimmon*, *William the Third*, *Roquebrune*, *La Roche*, *Bill of Portland*, *Pietermaritzburg*, *Pekin*, *Raeburn*, *St. Florian*, *Simontault*, *Amiable*, *Mrs. Butterwick*, *Semolina*, *Saintly*, *Memoir*, *La Flèche*, *Signorina*, and *St. Windeline*, a filly whose strength and vitality I had the best personal opportunities of verifying in the paddock at Epsom on the day of *Sceptre's* Oaks. It is difficult to say that such successes as are implied in this list were entirely the result of blood, in spite of the three full

brothers who were sons of *Perdita II.*, the two full brothers whose dam was *Plaisanterie*, and the two full sisters who were daughters of *Quiver*. For *Isinglass* and *Islington* were full brothers; so were *Orvieto*, *Laveno*, and *Ortolo*; and the difference in their performances can only be explained by a difference in framework, and



"Seabreeze."

not by their breeding. This seems to indicate that very few sires have the power of reproducing their excellence, not only in many of their own offspring, but in the descendants of that offspring too, as was the case with *Bend Or*, *Ormonde*, *Orme*, and *Flying Fox*, and as is seen in *St. Simon*, *Persimmon*, and *Sceptre*, and in several other cases of the *St. Simon* blood. Even the best of these stallions again can scarcely ever repeat a sequence of sons from the same mare like those descended from *Perdita II.* Among modern mares that can be compared with *Perdita II.*, *Quiver* has been already mentioned. There are also *Morganette*, dam of *Galtee More*, *Blairfin'le*, and *Ard Patrick*; *Vista*, dam of *Bona Vista*, *Sir Visto*, and *Velasquez*; Mr. Cartwright's *Princess of Wales*, who bred *Albert Victor*,

Louise Victoria, Victoria Alexandra, George Frederick, and Maud Victoria, own brothers and sisters in consecutive seasons; *Napoli*, dam of *Orvieto, Laveno*, and *Rappalo*; *Atalanta*, dam of *Melanion, Ayrshire*, and *Troon*; and *Mowerina*, dam of *Donovan, Raeburn, Modwena*, and *Semolina*. If to these we add those famous matrons *Jannette, Shotover, Illuminata, Lily Agnes*, and *Angelica*, we shall probably arrive at the conclusion that for breeding purposes neither a winner, alone, nor a representative of the best blood, alone, will ensure success. We have to look for correct framework, and also for that power of transmitting it, which *St. Simon* and



From the painting by Emil Adam.
By permission of Messrs. Hanfstaengl.

"Donovan."

Bend Or have been proved to possess, and which many a less "fashionable" sire in the future may be found to possess as well, provided his own "points" are good, without reference to his immediate ancestors.

I have already alluded to Mr. W. Allison's development of Mr. Bruce-Lowe's "Figure System"; and it will, therefore, be only fair to add the latest proof he adduced on December 16, 1903, of its value as a guide in breeding winners. He shows that in the season of 1903, counting place-money for the Two Thousand, One Thousand, Derby, Oaks, Princess of Wales and Jockey Club Stakes, Eclipse Stakes,

and St. Leger Stakes, besides all races in Ireland worth £90 and upwards, the winnings of his "families" come out as follows:—

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. No. 4, with 160 races (4 d. heats) worth £62,560. | 6. No. 14, with 77 races worth £37,416. |
| 2. No. 2, with 220 races (3 d. heats) worth £57,443. | 7. No. 3, with 140 races worth £34,832. |
| 3. No. 5, with 103 races (1 d. heat) worth £41,019. | 8. No. 8, with 107 races (2 d. heats) worth £33,049. |
| 4. No. 1, with 149 races worth £40,377. | 9. No. 7, with 80 races worth £22,838. |
| 5. No. 16, with 88 races (1 d. heat) worth £39,936. | 10. No. 9, with 78 races worth £21,881. |

If we consider the number of races only, this means that 1,202 out of the 2,023 races of 1903, in Great Britain and Ireland, were won by animals belonging to the



From the painting by Emil Adam.
By permission of Hanfstaengl.

"Memoir."

families Mr. Allison numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 14, and 16, which is certainly a remarkable result. If we take the value of the stakes, we find also that the total amount given in Great Britain and Ireland for first prizes alone was £534,927, of which these same families scored £391,331, a sum which includes the place-money for the eight great English races and Irish races worth £90 and upwards. Taking the families in the order shown by the table printed above, No. 4 family owes its pre-eminence in 1903 to *Rock Sand's* £22,633, for in the number of races won it only comes second. Mr. Allison traces its success to the *Layton Barb Mare*. 1

prefer to see in it the result of much more modern blood, and much less complicated methods of selecting sires and dams than Mr. Allison apparently prescribes. Nor do I understand how he can reconcile the total disappearance of his sixth family from the first twenty in such a table as that just printed, while the families he numbers 21, 22, and 23 do make their appearance in this same first twenty. It is true that the families who have won a hundred or more races, if placed in order of merit would read as No. 2, No. 4, No. 1, No. 3, No. 8, No. 5, and No. 12; but, in spite of this, if we take the value of the prizes won, how are we to explain the facts that the family he placed sixteenth can be actually fifth on the table quoted owing to its possession of *Sceptre*, the best mare of modern times; and that the family he placed fourteenth



"Merman" (1892, Australia).

can in the same table have reached the sixth place owing to possessing such two-year-old fliers as *Pretty Polly* and *St. Amant*? If we consider the number of mares by which each family is represented in the current number of the General Stud Book, the problem becomes even more difficult; for though it is true that some mares

have more foals than others, it is clear that his No. 2 family, with nearly 200 more mares to represent it than No. 1, will by that very fact of numerical superiority enjoy a greater chance than the No. 1 family; and indeed it is two places higher than his No. 1 family in the table which we are now considering. I think that the views taken of this theory, called the "Figure System," are of such importance in our future systems of breeding, that I have added these more modern considerations of its value to those arguments based on earlier results which were given in Vol. I. p. 154, and Vol. II. p. 435. The conclusion in my own mind is an unbounded admiration for Mr. Allison's skilful and interesting treatment of the facts he had before him, but an unshaken belief that the statistics he produced are

valuable as history alone, and should be considered in relation to the past rather than the future ; as a record of certain relationships and descents, rather than as a guide to fresh alliances. I am inclined to think that the shifting in the original order of his families already shown in the table given for 1903, will tend to increase as the years go on, until it is seen that the brilliant exposition he published in "The British Thoroughbred Horse" is indeed a monumental record of the facts of racing up to 1901, and as such will always have its value, but that it is not the breeder's gospel of salvation which Mr. Bruce-Lowe thought he had discovered.

If we take the male lines, for the sake of contrast, it may be of interest to see how the blood of the *Godolphin Arabian*, the *Byerly Turk*, and the *Darley Arabian*, whom I have described in previous chapters, came out in their descendants at the Ascot Meeting of 1903 through *Matchem*, *Herod*, and *Eclipse*. In these days *Matchem* blood generally means *Melbourne* mares in this country, though *Kingston* has freshened it in America, and, on this side, with *King's Courier*, who now stands



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"Trenton."

at Stetchworth ; and there are other young sons of *Kingston* now in England, like *Lancashire*, *Bobrinski*, and *Surbiton*, to be reckoned with ; *Australian Star* may also benefit it in the future ; nor must *Chaleurcux* be forgotten. Among Ascot winners it was represented only by *Kroonstad*, who traces through *Kilwarlin* to *Melbourne*. *Herod* is far stronger abroad than here, since the exportation of *Glencoe*, *Gladiator*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Fisherman*, and *Buccaneer*, and was represented at Ascot by two winners only, *Bass Rock* (son of *Grey Leg*, and so through *Ion* and *Highflyer*), and by the French *Arizona* (son of *Upas*, and so through *The Flying Dutchman* to *Woodpecker*). Another direct descendant of "the Dutchman" is the French *Pastisson*, who stands at Cobham. *Dinna Forget*, who stands in

Ireland, has *Ion* at the top of his pedigree and *The Flying Dutchman* at the bottom. *Dog Rose* at the Weston Rhyn stud is another *Herod* horse. This means that *Matchem* and *Herod* between them only won £4,547 out of £38,006, and all the rest of the money at Ascot was carried off by *Eclipse* and *The Darley Arabian*, *St. Simon* and four of his sons claiming no less than 10 of the 28 Ascot winners.

It is perhaps strange that *Matchem*, *Herod*, and *Eclipse*, of all the stallions in Weatherby's first Stud Book, are now the only ones represented in tailmale on the modern English Turf. And among these three it is noteworthy that, of the £492,125 won by the produce of sires in the United Kingdom in 1903, no less than £442,010 was scored by winners tracing back to *Eclipse* alone. *Matchem's* descendants in



"Australian Star" (1896, Australia).

the list of winning stallions were *Bartizan*, *The Deemster*, *Freemason*, *Kilwarlin*, *Kingston*, *Marco*, *Morion*, *Sir Visto*, *Winkfield*, and *Wolf's Crag*, to whom traced the winners of £33,041. *Herod's* line was represented in the same list by *Curio*, *Despair*, *Grey Leg*, *Le Sancy*, *Loved One*, *Mac Mahon*, *Ocean Wave*, *Omnium II.*, *St. George*,

whose descendants won £17,759. Even more significant than any of these facts is the predominance of two families in the *Eclipse* line itself; for the Irish sire *Birdcatcher* is represented by 57 winners of £181,671, and *Blacklock* had 33 winners of £158,607. Next to them comes the *Touchstone* family with 34 winners of £92,982.

All this is surely a clear indication of such perpetual in-breeding to "fashionable stock" that unfortunate results can scarcely be avoided if the same process is too long continued. It seems obvious that *Matchem* and *Herod* blood must be brought back, and must be more freely used, if we are to have any regard for consequences beyond the immediate present.

Besides *St. Simon*, whose prowess as a sire suggested these reflections, the Duke of Portland has *Donovan* and *Carbine* standing at Welbeck. *Donovan*, the most redoubtable racehorse of his day, provides an excellent example of the true position and form a stifle-joint should have—low and clearly in view, muscular and well developed. By *Galopin* out of *Mowerina*, he won £55,154 in only two years' racing, scoring eighteen victories (the Derby and St. Leger among them) out of twenty-one attempts, a record which is only beaten by Colonel McCalmont's *Isinglass*, who made £57,185, of which £34,018 was scored when he was four years and upwards. *Donovan* had a fine two-year-old career, and began his next season by beating *Pioneer*, *Minthe*, and *Enthusiast* (in that order) for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Leicester in April, which were worth £12,000. He started for the Two Thousand of 1889 with odds of 85 to 20 on him. "It was a slow muddling race," writes Mr. Sydenham Dixon, "and Tom Cannon accomplished one of the most brilliant feats of all his memorable career in the saddle, and completely outrode



By permission of Mr. Calvert.

"Clwyd," b. c. by "Beaudlerc"
out of "Strathbrock."

Barrett." So Mr. D. Baird's *Enthusiast* won, and *Donovan* lost the triple crown. No mistake was made about making the running on the next occasion. John Watts was put up on *Turcophone* to make the pace as hot as possible in the Newmarket Stakes, and did it so well that *Donovan* won by two lengths, and the pacemaker secured the £1,000 for the second, *Enthusiast* being unplaced. After that *Donovan's* number went up for the Derby, the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, the St. Leger, the Lancashire Plate, and the Royal Stakes at Newmarket, and no horse has ever won as much money in the time as he did in 1889. At the stud he grew into one of the handsomest stallions in England, and in the prime of life has sired such sons as *Velasquez*, *Matchmaker*, *Veronese*, and *Tom Cringle*, the first two of whom are

doing well on their own account already. In *William the Third*, the Duke of Portland seemed likely in 1904 to possess a legitimate successor to *St. Simon*; and a son of the old stallion, bred by the owner of them both, is a very natural favourite at Welbeck. *William the Third* started his stud career at the high fee of 200 guineas; and his reputation, as one of the best stayers of recent years, has evidently done no harm to his prospects as a sire.

The Duke brought *Carbine*, in June, 1895, from Australia, at the price of £13,000, and his arrival at what was probably at that date the most valuable stud in the world was celebrated by a regular reception for those who were interested in thoroughbred stock on the very day when the late Colonel McCalmont



"*Kilcock*" (1892) by "*Kilwarlin*."

was elected for the Newmarket Division. To the cheers for his victory at lunch was added "one more cheer for *Isinglass*," before the guests passed out, in the most appropriate frame of mind, to inspect the Welbeck stud. *Raeburn*, the only horse who ever finished in front of *Isinglass*, was standing among the stallions, with *Havoc*,

Child of the Mist, *Donovan*, *St. Simon*, and *Carbine*. The last-named, a son of *Musket* out of *Mersey*, is stoutly made, with an excellent and muscular stifle, powerful loins and quarters, a straight hind leg, but only fair shoulders, and the humerus is a trifle short. He was only once unplaced in all his forty-three races in Australia, and won thirty-three of them, at all distances from five furlongs to three miles, his crowning triumph being the Melbourne Cup of two miles, carrying 10st. 5lb. as a five-year-old. Behind the saddle it would be difficult to find a fault, but his shoulders are certainly not all that his victories would lead one to expect. However, his lethargic disposition is exactly the right one for mating with those *Galopin* and *St. Simon* mares, who sometimes possess an excess of the quality in which he is

slightly deficient, so his sojourn on the limestone pastures of a new country is likely to prove of the greatest benefit to his get. The best racer Australia has produced since *Carbine* is that wonderful mare *Wakeful*, a daughter of *Trenton*, who is the son of *Musket* and *Frailty*, and is handsomer and finer built than *Carbine*. In only just failing to give the three-year-old *Lord Cardigan* 48lb. in the Melbourne Cup, *Wakeful* established her claim to a place in that select company of mares which includes *Kincsem*, *La Flèche*, *La Camargo*, *Sceptre*, and the lately dead *Wheel of Fortune*, who was at Welbeck when *Carbine* first arrived with three other Oaks winners to keep her company, in *Memoir*, *Mrs. Butterwick*, and *Amiable*, a quartette of stars unequalled in any other racing stable of the day. But like *La Flèche*, *Lady Elizabeth*, *Marie Stuart*, *Jannette*, and many another flier, *Wheel of Fortune* never



By permission of Mr. Catvert.

The Great Jubilee Stakes, 1897.
"Clwyd" beats "Kilcock" and "Victor Wild."

reaped such glory at the stud as she did upon the Turf. Though *Jannette* was one of the finest mares of her day for size and quality, *Wheel of Fortune* was the best Lord Falmouth ever owned, and up to 1881 Archer always spoke of her and *Bend Or* as the best animals he had ridden. *Signorina* was perhaps one of the prettiest mares of modern times; but she was too fidgety to be photographed well, and I have never seen a picture that really did her justice.

Few who heard Charles Greenwood that day in 1895 expressing the feelings of every visitor to Welbeck, could have realised that by 1903 he would be no longer with us. A true friend, a trusted colleague on the newspaper we both served, an unrivalled "reader" of a race, Charles Greenwood's loss was felt in many more offices than that of the "Daily Telegraph," where "Hotspur" had

been as much a comrade as a contributor; and the world of Racing paid his memory a just and general tribute when the news of his unexpected death reached this country from abroad. After the death of Francis Lawley, Charles Greenwood had stood with John Corlett and Sydenham Dixon in the front rank of the best sporting writers of his day.

Carbine is not the only Australian sire in England. Mr. W. Allison has some of the finest now alive at the Cobham stud, which he manages with so much skill and experience. Among them are *Merman*, a "cast-iron" horse with wonderful bone, who was bred (by *Grand Flaneur*) in New South Wales in 1892. After racing successfully in Australia, he was bought by Mr. Allison for Mrs. Langtry in



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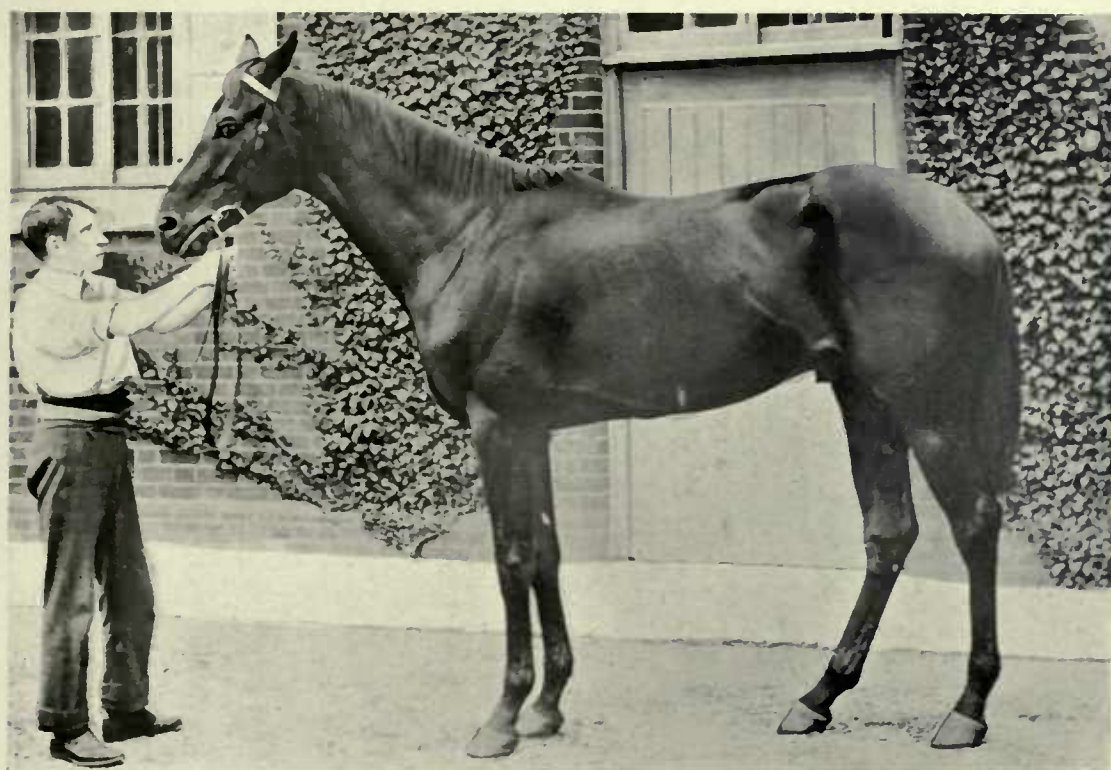
"Kendal."

1896, and finished his career for her magnificently with the Ascot Gold Cup in his eighth year. *Anrum* is another Australian importation. He was probably the best horse of his age in Australia, and is a son of *Trenton*, the fourth sire from the same good limestone pastures which, as I must once more repeat, are surely destined to supply a reinvigorated

stock to keep up the excellence of the old blood in this country. Four years older than *Carbine*, *Trenton* is better looking, and a more commanding horse in every way, and he was at the head of the winning Australian stallions of 1901-2, with that splendid mare *Wakeful* as his best daughter. Mr. Spencer Gollan, whose success with *Australian Star* will not easily be forgotten, is doing similarly good work for this country, and his *Sternchaser*, imported from New Zealand, is in charge of Mr. Worthington at the Grange stud, Ivinghoe, with several mares also from the Antipodes.

In speaking of Richard Marsh's stable at Newmarket, I mentioned *Persimmon* (1893), *Diamond Jubilee* (1897), and *Florizel II.* (1891) among its greatest racing

triumphs. The first two are now the sires at the King's stud at Sandringham, of which I have reproduced several pictures by His Majesty's kind permission. That the same member of the Jockey Club should have stood at the head of the winning owners in 1899, and also possessed the winning stallion of 1902 (*Persimmon*), who was close to the top in 1903 as well, is in the nature of a record of which even the King of the English Turf may well be proud; and the triumphs of *Sceptre* and *Zinfandel*, both by the King's horse, have not been ended as I write these lines. There are, indeed, many who think that Lord Howard de Walden's



"Galtee More" (1894) by "Kendal."

Zinfandel was the best of his year, and will go on proving his right to that honour as he grows older. The portrait of him I reproduce was given me by his owner. The mares at the Royal stud comprise such fine-bred ones as *Medora* and *Amphora*, bought at the McCalmont sale, *Vane* (sister to *Flying Fox*), *Laodamia*, whose yearling *La Paix* (by *Persimmon*) seems her best get, and *Nunsuch*, who is by *Nunthorpe* out of *La Morlaye* by *Doncaster*. *Florizel II.* was sent to stand at the Heath stud, Newmarket, Lord Marcus Beresford's establishment just behind Richard Marsh's stables, in 1896, and in his first

season got the Derby winner, *Volodyovski*, out of *La Reine*, who was by *Rosicrucian*, and the St. Leger winner in *Doricles*, not to mention other successes like *Mackintosh*, *Floriform*, *Champagne*, and *Uncle Sol*. *Victor Wild* stands here too, who was beloved by the public as much for his stoutness and courage as because he broke nearly all the starting-price bookmakers who wrote his name down. A big, blaze-faced chestnut, the white on him showed like a flag of victory in many a hard-fought race, won by his splendid back and quarters. He was



From the painting by Emil Adam, in the possession of Lord Rosebery.

"Velasquez."

bred (by Mr. A. Mostyn Owen) in 1890 by *Albert Victor* out of *Wild Huntress*, and was bought after his first victory as a two-year-old by Mr. T. Worton, who owns him still. As a four-year-old he won the Royal Hunt Cup, and in his next season he beat the four-year-old *Grey Leg* in a canter for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park; *Clorane* beat him by a head, when he carried 9st. 6lb., in his next attempt on the Royal Hunt Cup. His great race for the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes, which he won for the second time, in 1896, will never be forgotten, for he was giving 2st. 9lb. to *Kilcock*, the second horse. His third effort resulted

in getting third to *Clwyd* and *Kilcock*, who finished in that order, and his racing career closed splendidly with his victory for the Coronation Cup at Kempton under 9st. 13lb.

At Newmarket also is Sir Ernest Cassel's stud at Moulton Paddocks, formerly presided over by F. W. Day, but now occupied by Mr. Francis Lambton. The silver grey and light blue cap won their first race on the Turf in 1895, and by 1901 they had reached £9,711, among the best winners being *Handicapper*, *Bona Rosa*, *Sermon*, *Sonatura*, *Solitaire*, *Sang Bleu*, and *Fleur d'Été*. The chief stallion



From the painting by Captain Adrian Jones.

"Amphion."

at Sir Ernest's stud is *Love Wisely*, a strong, compact young sire with perfect hocks, who was got by *Wisdom* out of *Lovelorn* by *Philammon*, and is full of *Birdcatcher* blood. The late Mr. Bass never owned a better racer, and *Love Wisely* would have been more famous had he not been foaled in the same year as *Persimmon* and *St. Frusquin*, but in winning the Ascot Gold Cup as a three-year-old, he did what only *St. Simon* and *Marcion* have done in the last thirty years, and he beat *Florizel II.*, *Laodamia*, *Sir Visto*, and *Victor Wild*.

I ended my last chapter by speaking of the value of Irish horses. It would be

difficult to quote two better modern instances than *Galtee More* and *Ard Patrick*. It was in 1894 that Mr. J. Gubbins first sent his horses to Beckhampton, the famous training stables of Mr. S. Darling, near Calne, in Wiltshire. Chiefly owing to the good material received from this source, Darling took second place in the list of winning trainers in 1897, when *Galtee More* won the Guineas, Derby, Leger, and four other races, worth £22,637 in all. In 1898 Captain Greer's *Wildfowler* won the St. Leger from the same stables. In 1900 Darling turned out seventeen winners, and in the following season he did particularly well for Mr. Foxhall Keene, owner of *Disguise II.*, winning the Oaks with *Cap and Bells*, while *Sinopi* and *Olympian* put other good races to the credit of the establishment. In 1902 he



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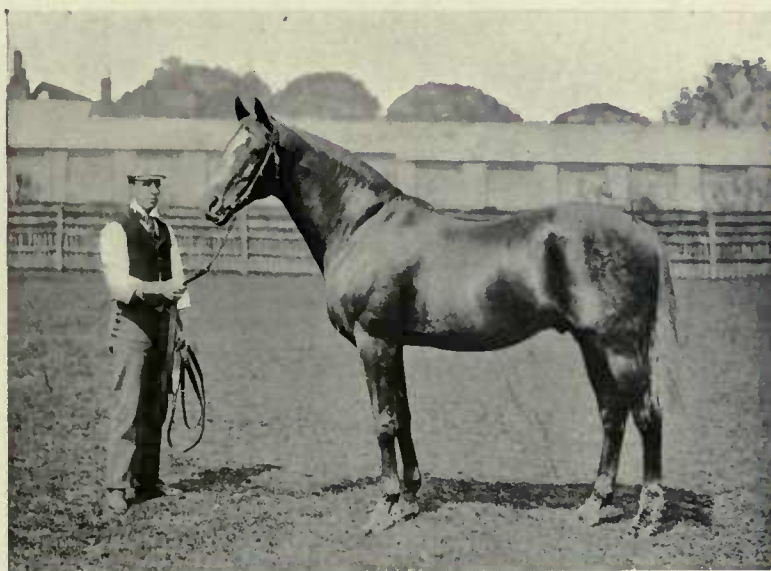
"Melton."

did well with *Port Blair*, but of course his greatest triumph was with *Ard Patrick*, whose races with *Sceptre* at Epsom and elsewhere will never be forgotten by any one who saw them. It was a proof of Darling's skill that *Ard Patrick*, after being practically crippled by the bad going at Ascot in 1902, was got perfectly sound again in 1903, and won

his great race with *Sceptre* and *Rock Sand* at Sandown. Count Lehndorff bought him for the German Government; and soon afterwards, so pleased was that acutest of critics with the blood, that he bought *Galtee More* as well from the Russians; so the same foreign country now enjoys the services of two of our best sires. In 1903 Darling was second on the winning list with £19,182, having horses under his care from Mr. Gubbins, Lord Ilchester, Mr. L. Robinson, Captain Greer, and Mr. G. Faber.

Of Lord Rosebery it used to be said that he had made up his mind to win the Derby, marry an heiress, and become Prime Minister. If these wishes were expressed in his Eton days, the order of their importance is probably rightly given

here. But whether they be mere fables or no, they certainly became an accurate description of the facts ; and the first of them has occurred twice over already. Lord Rosebery was once heard to say, in connection, I think, with his second Derby victory, that the objections which some people had formed against his racing had lain dormant during the long period of his comparative failure on the Turf, but were roused to fury by his success. When it came, that success was certainly unquestionable, and much of it was owing to Matthew Dawson's training. Between 1894 and 1898 inclusive, he owned *Ladas*, *Sir Visto*, and *Velasquez*, and won over £76,000 in stakes. The stallions are now at the Durdans, and at the Crafton stud near Mentmore, where *Seabreeze*, that famous winner of Oaks and St. Leger, is among the brood mares, and *Ladas* looks one of the handsomest and most spirited of living stallions. The Durdans, where the collection of sporting pictures that has illustrated so many of my pages is one of the best in the world, was once owned by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who won the Derby with *Amato*,



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"Bend Or" at Eaton.

and it is here that Lord Rosebery's yearlings are kept, in the very atmosphere of Epsom racecourse, where that famous matron, *Illuminata*, passed the last days of her twenty-sixth year close by them.

When Lord Rosebery was asked to stand for the Chancellorship of Oxford University after Lord Salisbury's death, some opponents revived the obsolete romance that he had been sent down from Christchurch. The truth is that his first *Ladas* was doing well on the Turf as a two-year-old while his young owner was a member of the Bullingdon with Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir A. W. Neeld, Sir George Chetwynd, Lord Ilchester, Sir W. Milner, and other good sportsmen. Dean Liddell was naturally cognisant of the fact of *Ladas*' existence and ownership,

and thoroughly understood the advice given to Lord Rosebery that if he wished to continue racing it would be difficult to withdraw the horse. After Lord Rosebery had taken his own name off the books of the House, he remained a welcome guest for ever afterwards.

That first *Ladas* did not prove the flyer he was expected to be, later on, and it was not till he owned *Kermesse* that Lord Rosebery got a really good one, though he won the Gimcrack Stakes in 1873 with *Padoroshna*. He has trained with James Dover at East Ilsley, where *Achievement* and *Lord Lyon* did their



From a pencil drawing by
Jane E. Cook.

The First Duke of
Westminster.

gallops ; with Robert Peck at Russley ; with Robert I'Anson at Epsom, who trained both sire and dam of the second *Ladas* ; with Joseph Cannon at Newmarket ; with Matthew Dawson ; with the younger Walters ; and with Charles Wood at Jevington. In 1904 Blackwell and Percy Peck were each training a selection of Lord Rosebery's racers. I know of no one else alive now who has run two of his own Derby winners in the same race ; and with His Majesty, the Duke of Portland, Mr. Gubbins, and Sir James Miller, he was one of the five men alive in March, 1904, who had won the Derby twice.

One of *Ladas*' best sons, *Epsom Lad*, is, by the kindness of Mr. James

Buchanan, reproduced in an engraving for this volume near that of his sire. It is in the good company of *Isinglass*, *St. Frusquin*, *Flying Fox*, and *Ard Patrick* that *Epsom Lad*, a son of *Disorder* by *Bend Or*, stands among the few horses who have won both the Princess of Wales's Stakes and the Eclipse Stakes, but his win in the latter will always be remembered because his jockey's saddle slipped, and Gómez had to hold it on with one hand behind him while he finished with the other. How close the finish was may be seen in the instantaneous photograph preserved on p. xvii. of the preface to my first volume. It was a clever piece of

balancing, but Mr. Charles Greenwood told me that it was no more wonderful than the way Malerba rode *La Uruguay* round Tattenham Corner on a piece of cloth which was alone used to hold the stirrups, and finished second to *Knight of the Thistle*. *Epsom Lad* showed that day that hard ground had no terrors for him, and in spite of his often looking lame, his action on the turf was always perfect. *Epsom Lad* was trained by the South American Alvarez, and at Kempton he beat a brilliant field containing *Volodyovski*, *Doricles*, *William the Third*, *Santoi*, and *Merry Gal*. As a yearling *Epsom Lad* was as nearly perfect as could be, and when he was entire he beat *Diamond Jubilee*. But though he did great things later on, and was quite the best gelding of recent years, he changed a good deal for the worse both in looks and temper after he had been added to the list. As one reason for racing is the improvement of the breed of horses, I have noted with interest that a new rule forbidding geldings from being qualified to be entered for the Derby has been passed while this book was progressing from its first volume to its last. The decision of the Jockey Club in the case of *Marsden*, in February, 1904, makes it clear that the Derby is in future to be limited to "entire colts at the time of starting." This is as it should be. In *Black Sand* (another bargain luckily picked up in 1900) Mr. Buchanan also owned a winner of the Cesarewitch in the second best time then known, and of the Jockey Club Cup, in which he gave *William the Third* 3lb. His deep sloping shoulders, strong coupling, short back, and muscular thighs are one result of his breeding, for this grandson of *Hermit* has *Newminster* blood through *Lord Clifden* and *Wenlock* in his dam *Sanda* (the dam of *Sainfoin*), while in the third remove *Galopin* and *Stockwell* are among the sires, and *Seclusion* (dam of *Hermit*), *Feronia* (dam of *St. Serf* and grand-dam of *Ayrshire*), *Mineral* (dam of *Kisber*),



From a pencil drawing by
Jane E. Cook.

Fred Archer.

and *Lady Evelyn*, an Oaks winner and the daughter of an Oaks winner, among the dams. He stands now at Marsh Green Farm, near Wycombe, but will shortly be sent to Mr. Buchanan's new stud farm at Lavington, in Sussex.

Another example of good breeding is *Amphion*, who traces to *Blacklock* in male line, and is full of *Touchstone* blood. General T. E. Byrne, who bought him as a yearling, won £22,980 in stakes, among which were the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes (under 7st. 11b.), the Hardwicke Stakes (against *Sainfoin*, *Nunthorpe*, and

Surefoot), and the Lancashire Plate at Manchester, in which he carried 10st. 2lb. to victory against *Memoir*, *Orion*, *Martagon*, *Orvieto*, *St. Serf*, and others. Up to the end of 1902 his get had won £45,155 in eight seasons, and he stands at the Compton Stud, founded in 1884 by Major W. H. Fife. Two good descendants of *Galopin* are under the care of Mr. Oliver Hudson at Mr. J. B. Joel's Northaw House Stud, in *Sir Geoffrey* and *Bill of Portland*, sons of *St. Angelo* and *St. Simon* respectively. The latter was brought back from Australia, where he had done well with mares of *Fisherman* and *Musket* blood, and with the daughters of *Trenton* he should prove equally successful in England.



The late Duke of Westminster leading in "Flying Fox" after the Eclipse Stakes. (M. Cannon up.)

Another sire who was brought back to England, after having proved his worth abroad, was *Melton*, who stands at Mr. Musker's Westerham Hill Stud, cared for by Mr. T. Handley, the training of the racing stock being confided to A. J. Gilbert at Green Lodge, Newmarket. Mat Dawson always believed in *Melton's* possibilities as a sire, and with reason, for he combines *Beeswing* through *Newminster*, with *Alice Hawthorn* through *Thormanby*, and *Cobweb* through *Bay Middleton*, with *Stockwell*, *Touchstone*, and *Venison* thrown in. He won the Derby and the St. Leger, with close on £20,000 in stake-money, before Lord Hastings sold him to Italy for

London, Leslie & Co.



From the painting by Emil Adam

Epsom Lad (1897)
By permission of James Buchanan Esq



£12,000, where his stock won all the best races. In spite of that, Mr. Musker can count up about £35,000 from his stock under Jockey Club Rules since he returned to England, and he has had the rare distinction of living with a son of two winners of the Derby, for *Orion*, until recently his stud-companion, is by *Bend Or* out of *Shotover* by *Hermit*, a pedigree that rings out like a battle-cry. Than *Hermit's* Derby, which he won after breaking a blood-vessel only ten days before, few more sensational races have ever been seen, and his stud career was almost as wonderful, for before he died in 1890 his get had won £340,000; so that even Mr. Henry Chaplin, his owner, might well be excused for saying he was "the best friend I ever had." *St. Blaise*, besides *Shotover*, proved the value of his blood in the Derby, and his list of descendants shows such names as *Tristan*, *Thebais*, *Alicante*, *Lonely*, *Peter*, *Timothy*, *Queen Adelaide*, and many another good one.

In earlier pages I have spoken of the prowess of Whitehall and the North. A pleasing feature of the season of 1903 was the bold front shown by Yorkshire and



From the painting by Harrington Bird in the possession of Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.

"Alicante."

other trainers, the charges of William I'Anson and M. D. Peacock, in particular, having done well for Malton and Middleham respectively. It is to be hoped that the return of prosperity to those training centres is no mere flash in the pan, and that next season will see an even stronger reflection of the palmy days of Scott and Fobert. Peacock won 27 races and I'Anson 24. W. Elsey captured no fewer than 57 races for Lincolnshire, and Armstrong carried off 38 events for Cumberland. With a total of 58, W. Waugh, of Newmarket, only beat Elsey by one; but Elsey had 36 winning horses, while Waugh scored with 28. McCall, of Westbarns and Gullane, was easily head of the Scotchmen with 35 victories.

I suppose it would be difficult to find any stud that has so long a history or so



great a record of success as that at Eaton, which I first mentioned in tracing the history of the Dukes of Westminster and the Grosvenor family in the eighteenth century. Its sires, from *Pot8os* to *Bend Or*, have been as famous as they were efficient, and their noble company contains stars like *Touchstone*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Doncaster*, and *Ormonde*. The Grosvenor colours have won the Derby seven times, the Oaks nine times, and five St. Legers. The record prices connected with the stables are no reflection of their owners' methods, for none could race more heartily for the love of the sport alone; but they are strong indications of the value of its stock. *Ormonde* brought £30,000 as a sire. *Flying Fox* was



From the painting in the possession
of Leopold de Rothschild, Esq.

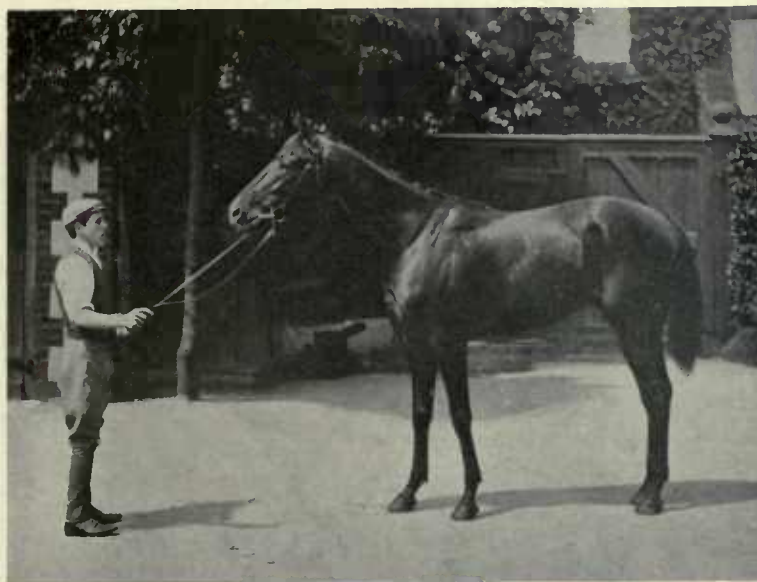
"Mr. Acton's" "*Sir Beuys*," with
George Fordham, winner of
the Derby of 1879.

bought by M. Edmond Blanc for £39,375, and there was a regular groan of disappointment at Kingsclere when this fine descendant of *Stockwell* passed into foreign hands. As the hammer went down, Mr. Tattersall could remember, as one of his earliest recollections of racing, the remarkable sale at Middle Park, Eltham, in July, 1872, when

Blair Athol, son of *Stockwell* and *Blink Bonny*, and sire of *Prince Charlie*, was preserved for this country at what was then the record price of 12,500 guineas, by the Cobham Stud Company. The first Duke's horses in training sold, at his death, for £73,962, all nineteen of them descended from *Doncaster*; and his twelve Eaton-bred yearlings fetched the amazing figure of £45,465, the highest single price being the record of 10,000 guineas for the yearling *Sceptre*, who thoroughly justified Mr. Sievier's confidence in her powers. The sale at which *Sceptre* passed out of the Eaton stud has perhaps only been equalled in interest by that of Lord Falmouth when Mr. Phillips bought *Galliard* for 3,000 guineas, after the Mereworth-bred son of Prince Bathyan's beloved *Galopin* had won close

on £11,000 in six out of eight races, in spite of being beaten by *St. Blaise* for the Derby. He died in Germany in 1903. *Bend Or* is dead as well, the last survivor of the memorable Derby victory of 1880, when Fred Archer rode the winner, Robert Peck trained him, and the first Duke of Westminster owned him. Before three and twenty years had gone they all had passed away. The splendid old stallion was being exercised as usual in the Park at Eaton, when he stopped in his walk and quietly put his head on his attendant's shoulder, as if to say Good-bye, and then laid down and died like the gentleman he was, as sound as a bell to the end. Within a month after his death his get had won close upon £170,000 in the United Kingdom, and his mares, the most successful matrons in the Stud Book, had even more than that to the credit of their winning offspring. His head, one of the most beautiful I ever saw, was sent to the British Museum of Natural History.

The only son of the invincible *Ormonde* (save *Orme*) left in this country in 1904 was *Glenwood*, a dark bay stallion at Mr. McIntyre's Theakston Hall Stud, not far from



By permission of "Country Life."

Mr. L. de Rothschild's
"St. Frusquin."

the historic soil of Middleham, High Moor, and Wensleydale. Here he stands with *Tarporley*, by *St. Simon*; *Queen's Birthday*, grandson of *Speculum*, but of the true *Weatherbit* and *Rosicrucian* type; *Best Man*, a second edition of *Melton*, though described as "by *Ormonde* or *Melton*;" and *Clwyd*; together with over forty brood mares.

Almost as famous as the golden straw of the Duke of Westminster, or Lord Falmouth's magpie jacket, has been the blue and yellow of the house of Rothschild on the English Turf, and the rise and progress of that famous family yield nothing in the romance of fortune to the traditions of the Grosvenors. The Rothschild family began their successes on the Turf by winning a Hunter's Stakes worth £65

at the Gorhambury Meeting with a chestnut gelding named *Consul*. Protest overruled. The meeting does not sound important now; but Lord Verulam had laid out the course, and among those present were the Dukes of Rutland and Dorset, the Marquises of Exeter and Anglesea, and the Earls of Chesterfield, Jersey, and Uxbridge. Many a good horse has carried the "dark blue, yellow cap" since *Consul* won. But the statue of *King Tom*, now at Mentmore, which I reproduce on page 490, preserves the memory of one of the stoutest of them all. He was second in the Derby of 1854, as *King Alfred* was in 1868, and Baron Rothschild also ran second and third to *Fille de l'Air* in the Oaks of 1864, and third in 1865 to *Regalia*, with *Zephyr*, the dam of *Favonius*. But his delight when *Tormentor*



"Doricles" (1898) by "Florizel II."

won the Oaks in 1866, chiefly roused by the success of a daughter of *King Tom*, was trebled when *Hippia*, another daughter, secured the same trophy for himself, and beat Colonel Pearson's brilliant mare *Achievement*, who was evidently not herself, for she ran a dead heat for second with so moderate a filly as *Romping Girl*. In 1871

the Palace Stables at Newmarket, presided over by Hayhoe, had a wonderful year, for "Baron Meyer" won the Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, and the Leger right off the reel with *Hannah* by *King Tom*, who had also sired *Kingcraft*, the Derby winner of the year before; *Favonius* and Tom French secured the Derby; *Corisande* and Maidment won the Cesarewitch. No wonder "Follow the Baron" is a watchword of the Turf that will live as long in history as the "superb groan" of Lord George Bentinck, or the "blue ribbon" of Disraeli. Among other notable victories were the Royal Hunt Cup with *Jasper* in 1867, the Ascot Stakes with *Hippolyta* and *Tomato* in 1864 and 1865, five victories in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, the Goodwood Cup with *Favonius* in 1872, and the Alexandra Plate at Ascot with

Restitution in 1869. The fact that Baron Lionel kept his horses with his brother, Baron Meyer, who was a tremendous power upon the British Turf, led to some slight confusion now and then, and Baron Lionel raced under the assumed name of "Mr. Acton." His best colt was *Sir Bevis* by *Favonius* out of *Lady Langden*, who won the Derby of 1879. It was in some ways worthy of so notable a centenary, that this year should have given George Fordham, one of the finest jockeys who ever rode in it, his only Derby win; though not until *Palmbearer*, who started at 100 to 1, looked like fighting for the first place with *Visconti*, who was afterwards sold for 70 guineas.

In 1880 the famous "dark blue and yellow" passed worthily into the hands of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who has stoutly upheld the honour and the popularity of his house ever since—a popularity which is firmly based on the fact that they have invariably "run straight." The scene that followed the victory of *Favonius* was quite as boisterously enthusiastic, in the opinion of those who saw all three, as that which greeted the more modern victories of the Prince of Wales or Lord Rosebery; indeed, the delighted crowd seemed bent on carrying home portions of the anatomy either of the Baron or of his thoroughbred as cheerful souvenirs of the great occasion. It is a touch of that irony of fate which sometimes lights on even the most fortunate that the only year in which the triumph of another horse was more eagerly looked for than that of "Mr. Leopold's" nomination, was the year in which, with *St. Frusquin*, he came nearest to winning the blue ribbon that has not yet rewarded his sportsman-like persistence. That *St. Frusquin* was practically the same horse as *Persimmon* is shown by the fact that he beat him, another Derby winner, and a Two Thousand winner, when he wound up his career in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, and was in receipt of 3lb. from the Royal colt. Certainly no gamier horse than he—and I should like to add *William the Third*—have been saddled of late years; and his breakdown before *Persimmon's* St. Leger was perhaps compensated for his owner by the victory of *Doricles* later on. In 1898 Mr. Leopold de Rothschild headed the list of winning owners with £30,267, and among his other successful horses were *Fosco*, *Goletta* (Princess of Wales's Stakes), *St. Gris*, *Jaquemart*, *Trident*, *Sacripant*, and *Pom Pom*. In *St. Amant* he owned a two-year-old of the greatest promise in 1903, with whom every one looked forward to seeing him at last win the Derby. Few names are more respected in the racing world than that of the Rothschilds.

CHAPTER XXII.

“‘*SCEPTRE*’ WINS!”

“Now to conclude and end my song, it is the sportsman’s list,
And when you come your gold to sport don’t let *Beeswing* be missed.
May fortune smile upon her now and on her steps attend,
So now, my jolly sportsman, my song is at an end.”

I STARTED this book with the consideration that 1900 was a good year from which to take a glance back at ancient Turf history with a view of determining in some measure the manner of our progress towards the future. No one could have imagined, at the time my first volume was planned, that so great a gap would have been created between the year 1904 and all its predecessors. The recent deaths of so many staunch supporters of the English Turf, among whom Lord Alington was in his day one of the most prominent, have indeed made a history of racing up to this time appropriate, in a far sadder sense than I had ever contemplated. Even in 1903 alone England lost in Lord Salisbury a Prime Minister whose views on sport were as tolerant, as broad minded, and as honourable as they were in every other department of his distinguished public career; and we also had to mourn the loss of John Dawson, the trainer of *Galopin* and *Petrarch*; of Harrison, the jockey of *Victor Wild*; of Sir John Blundell Maple, who owned one of the largest thoroughbred studs in existence; of Mr. H. Nugent, one of our foremost gentleman-riders; of the sixth Duke of Richmond and Gordon, senior member of the Jockey Club; of Prince Soltykoff, who came to England for a few months’ visit, and raced there for five and forty years; of Lord Colville of Culross, member of the Jockey Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron; of Mr. Forrest Tod, owner of *Csardas*; of W. J. Innes, whose charity and uprightness were as well known on the Turf as in the smaller world of Fleet Street; of the Hon. Cecil Howard, the capable manager of several racing studs; and of William Wilson (brother of the famous E. P. Wilson), who

trained *Roquefort* and *Voluptuary* for the Grand National. In the spring of 1904 the world of steeplechasing lost one of its best amateur riders in Captain the Hon. R. Ward. Earlier in that year died Mr. William C. Whitney in New York, a generous supporter of the Turf, both in England and in his native country, where his name will ever be connected with such first-rate sires as *Hamburg* and *Meddler*. He secured a high place in the records of English Racing, not only as having twice won the Cambridgeshire, with *Watershed* and *Ballantrae*, but as having leased from Lady Meux, after the death of Lord William Beresford, *Volodyovski*, the winner of the Derby of 1901, who only lost the Leger owing to his jockey. That Derby was memorable in several ways. There was a big field, and it was the first time the Start-

ing-gate was used at Epsom. The white flag went up at 3.22, and they got away at 3.38. Among the horses beaten by the favourite were *Floriform*, *Handicapper*, *Revenue*, *Ian*, *William the Third*, *Doricles*, *Pietermaritzburg*, *Royal Rouge*, *Olympian*, *Tantalus*, *Orchid*, *St. Maclou*, *Lord Bobs*, *Cottager*,



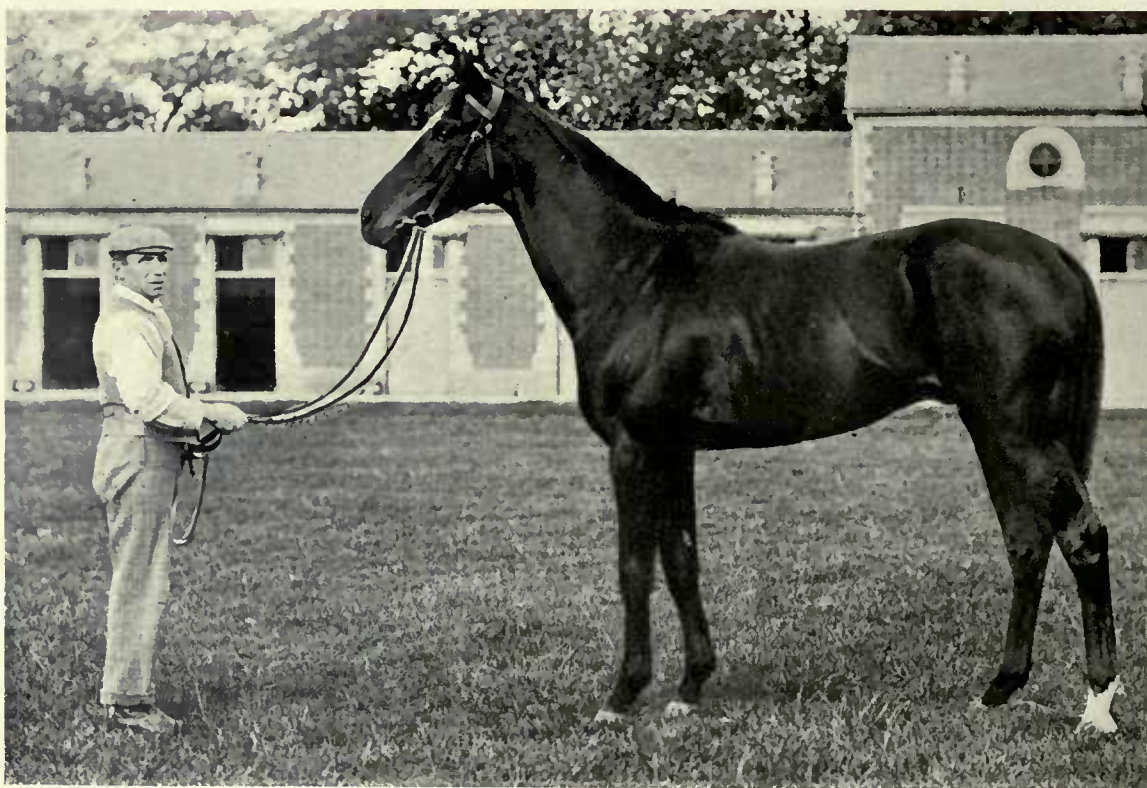
“*Cap and Bells II.*” (1898) by “*Domino.*”

Veles, *Veronese*, *Wargrave*, and *Osboch*. The time was 2.40 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs., a record for the race. Of Mr. Whitney’s American horses, by far the best and most beautiful was *Elizabeth M.*, daughter of the English-bred *Watercress*.

The death of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge in March, 1904, broke one of the last links between the modern Turf and the generation which had seen Lord George Bentinck’s races.

In 1902 died Mr. Edward Weatherby, who had not long previously completed a protracted tenure of his hereditary office of keeper of the Match Book and Secretary to the Jockey Club, which made him an honorary member when he was succeeded by his son; Joseph Enoch, the well-known trainer; Mr. W. H. Langley,

who as "Pavo" had been widely read and respected in the sporting world; and Earl Fitzwilliam, who was racing in 1837 with *Mulatto*, and ran *Ignoramus* fifth in *Imperieuse's* St. Leger. His annual Post Match with Lord Falmouth at Doncaster was quite a popular institution, and the rivalry grew all the keener after Lord Falmouth's second son had married Lord Fitzwilliam's third daughter. The last race he won was the New Nursery at the Houghton Meeting with *Spring Jack*, who was by *Springfield* from Lord Falmouth's *Dutch Oven*. In the same year we lost John Watts, who steered *Foxhall* in the Cambridgeshire; won the Derby on *Merry*



"*Volodyovski*" (1898) by "*Florizel II.*"

Hampton, Sainfoin, Ladas, and Persimmon; the Oaks on *Bonny Jean, Miss Jummy, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Memoir, and Mrs. Butterwick*; and the St. Leger with *Ossian, The Lambkin, Memoir, La Flèche, and Persimmon*. The day following Watts' death, Lord Gerard breathed his last. He had been elected to the Jockey Club in 1876, but sold *Pilgrimage* before her victories in the Guineas, and owned *Sweetbread, Crafton, St. Medard, and Macaroon*, among others. Mr. R. H. Fry died at the end of the year, one of the best-known and most respected bookmakers in England, who paid out £40,000 over *Alicante's* Cambridgeshire, and £45,000

to one man when *Comedy* was successful. Himself the very embodiment of fair dealing, he had enormous sums standing as bad debts in his books, and his charity was unending, not only in Dulwich, but for the hospital in Red Lion Square, which he had practically created. But two other names, even more famous than those already given, were on the same year's fatal roll—those of Captain Machell and of Colonel Harry McCalmont. These cannot be passed over with so slight a mention.

Captain James Octavius Machell was born in 1838 at Beverley, in Yorkshire, and the love for horseflesh he absorbed with his native air is reflected in the fact that he retired from the 29th Regiment in 1863, either because he could not get leave to see the St. Leger, or because it was ordered to India, and he thought he could “do better at home.” At the First Spring Meeting of 1864 he had already made his mark by winning the Prince of Wales's Handicap Stakes of £1,140 (and a bet of £5,000 to £100) with his Irish colt *Bacchus*.



“Elizabeth M.” (1898, U.S.A.).

One of his first appearances at Newmarket was when he beat Captain Chadwick in a hundred yards foot-race over the Severals at Newmarket. Sir John Astley was an appropriate spectator of a contest that recalled the old days as vividly as did “The Mate's” own match with Mr. Alexander. I have reproduced Sir John's portrait from Millais' painting, by the courtesy of his son; but I have been glad to add to it the characteristic figure of “The Mate” on *Drumhead*, 6 yrs., 16st. 6lb., when he beat Mr. Alexander on *Briglia*, 16st., for 500 sovereigns, over a mile and a half at Newmarket in July, 1879. It is a figure which will not only recall a beloved friend to many, but which is typical of an old and breezily sportsmanlike *régime* that seems to be passing away; just as

"Mr. Manton," the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, used to remind us of the racing ladies of the past, and all they have meant in the annals of the English Turf. Throughout those annals it would be difficult to find a stronger or more characteristic figure than that of Captain Machell, who seemed to have grafted his own strong, individual peculiarities on to the eccentric, manly soul of Admiral Rous himself. Not only bodily activity (he could once jump, standing, from the floor to firm footing on a high mantelpiece), but persistent courage, both physical and moral, were his strong points, at his best.



By permission of
"Country Life."

The Duchess of Montrose
("Mr. Manton").

One proof of that was the picture of Crackenthorpe, the Westmoreland home of his family, which hung in his study at Newmarket, inscribed "Rebuilt by Hugh Machell (1689), sold by Lancelot Machell (1786), repurchased by James O. Machell (1877);" and if he was proud of the old cognisance of "three greyhounds courant," he was even prouder of the ancestor who had been chaplain to the Merry Monarch; and he loved every inch of ground in Newmarket. As his lifelong friend, Lord Calthorpe, used to say, he could never pass even a herd of ponies without stopping to appraise the best, and the number of friends whose horses he trained and managed at Bedford Cottage has rarely been equalled in the long

tale of Newmarket's racing stables. The Marquis of Hastings refused to take Mr. Tattersall's advice, and so it was Mr. Chaplin who bought *Hermit* at the Middle Park Sale of yearlings. The Captain had become associated with Mr. Chaplin in 1865, and it was because Lord Calthorpe told Mr. Chaplin that it would be "not fair to Jem Machell," that *Hermit* was not scratched for the Derby after the blood-vessel broke in his head. It is strange that Custance, having been given up, at Captain Hawksley's earnest entreaties, to Mr. Pryor, found that his new mount, *The Rake*, had broken a blood-vessel as well. But

that was on the lungs. Captain Machell did not win very largely over the race, though he repeatedly begged Lord Hastings to hedge the enormous sums that reckless nobleman stood to lose, and *Hermit*, whom he always considered delicate and difficult to train, was his favourite up to that time; but he thought *Blinkhoolie* his best stayer, and Sir Joseph Hawley considered *Vespasian* the fastest he had ever seen. He trained for the late Lord Lonsdale, the late Lord Aylesford, the late Duke of Beaufort, Sir Charles Legard, General Owen Williams, Mr. J. B. Leigh, Sir John Willoughby, Mr. Warren de la Rue, Lord Rodney, Mr. C. F. Blake, the Duchess of Montrose (Mr. Manton), and others. *Timothy* had been often beaten in the scarlet jacket; but when the Captain bought him for Mr. McCalmont, he almost immediately landed the Gold Cup and the Alexandra Plate at Ascot. The Duchess of Montrose naturally felt this was bad luck, and she was heard to murmur, as she approached the weighing-room: —“Two important races, and I haven’t won a penny! They may go scot-free here, but One Above will surely punish them!” When he had had control of Colonel McCalmont’s horses, Captain Machell could boast of having secured all the classic races in his time, among them the Two and One Thousand victories of *Pilgrimage*, *Harvester’s* dead heat with *St. Gatien*, *Kilwarlin’s* St. Leger, *Seabreeze’s* St. Leger and Oaks, besides four Grand Nationals with *Disturbance*, *Reugny*, *Regal*, and *Seaman*, and scores of handicaps.

From 1864 to his death Captain Machell won 540 races worth £110,010 in his own name; but it was of course with *Isinglass* that his greatest successes were associated; and as the wonderful record of this splendid horse has never been beaten, it may well be tabulated here. He ran twelve times, and only once failed,



By permission of Sir
F. Astley Corbett.

Sir John Astley on “Drumhead”
(6 yrs., 16st. 6lb.)

when he was asked to give 10lb. to *Raeburn* in the Lancashire Plate. His eleven victories were—

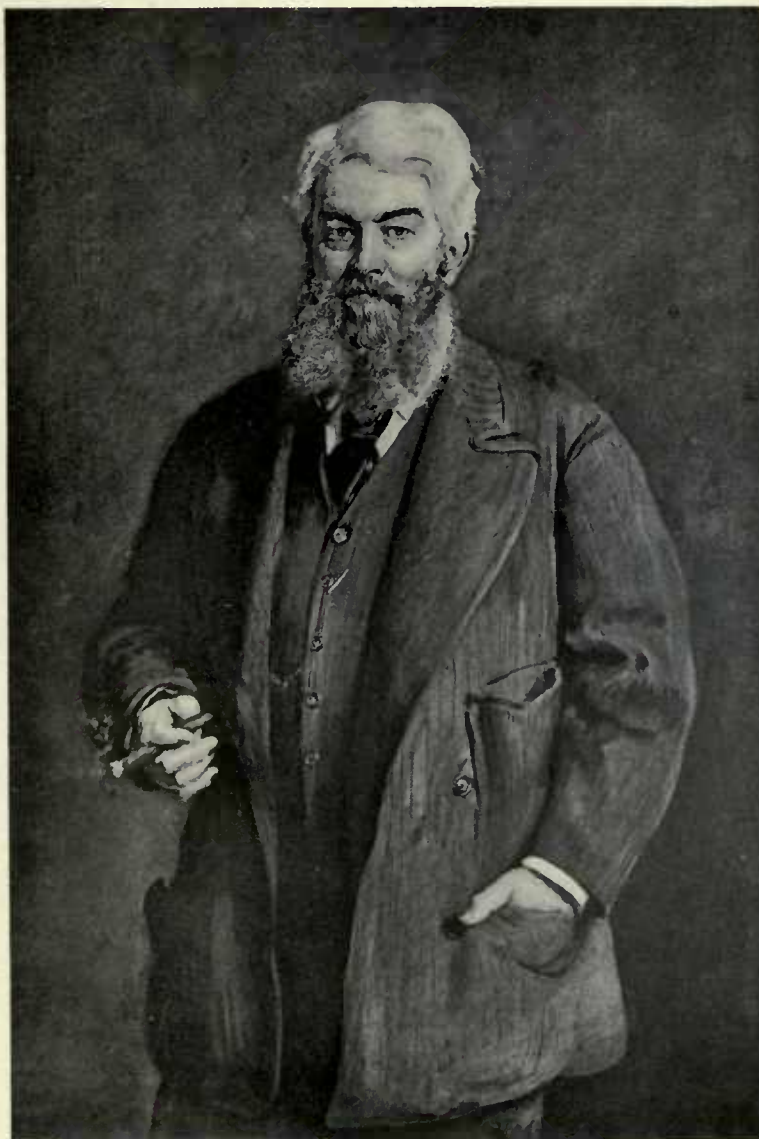
	£		£
1892. Two-Year-Old Plate	196	1894. Princess of Wales's Stakes	10,911
„ New Stakes, Ascot	2,006	„ Eclipse Stakes	9,285
„ Middle Park Plate	2,375	„ Jockey Club Stakes	11,302
1893. Two Thousand Guineas	4,250	1895. Gold Cup, Ascot	2,520
„ Newmarket Stakes	3,795		
„ Derby	5,515	Total	<u>£57,455</u>
„ St. Leger	5,300		

It was indeed hard luck on Mr. C. D. Rose that his *Ravensbury* should have been born in the same year, apparently for the sole purpose of running second invariably to the bay colt by *Isonomy* out of *Deadlock*, a mare who was bought by Captain Machell for nineteen sovereigns from the late Lord Alington, sold once more by him, until the value of her colt, *Gervas*, was discovered, and most luckily got back again out of a farmer's light cart in exchange for a colt by *Marvellous*. She was sold to Mr. McCalmont with *Islington* at foot for £500, and her next foal was *Isinglass*. Lord Alington's only consolation must have been that it was by Captain Machell's advice that *Fusee* had been sent to *Hermit*, with the result of *St. Blaise*.

It took a long time for Newmarket, and the rest of the world, to appreciate how good *Isinglass* was, because, like many another of the very best, he was very lazy by temperament, and not only objected to home gallops, but even to making his own running in a race. Even for the Princess of Wales's Stakes he actually went to the post a less fancied chance than *Ravensbury*, and 9 to 1 could be got about him, says Mr. Sydenham Dixon. Some time afterwards Colonel McCalmont said to Mr. John Corlett:—"You were the first man I ever heard say he would win the Derby. Come over to the coach, and we will celebrate it." And away they went.

The racing world has rarely felt so sudden and so deep a shock as when the news came that Harry McCalmont had died with appalling suddenness, by heart failure, just as he was leaving the hall of his house in St. James's Square, at the early age of forty-one. Born on the day when *Kettledrum* won the Derby, he seemed destined early to success in sport, and the large fortune he inherited enabled him to give his instincts full play. He stroked the Eton eight at Henley in 1880, and rowed in the Kingston crew for the Grand Challenge. Like many another lover of horses he was an enthusiastic yachtsman, and his "*Giralda*" was sold to

Spain on the outbreak of the Cuban War. After leaving the Guards in 1887, he was appointed to the 6th (Militia) Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire, the first to volunteer, at the end of 1899, for active service in South Africa, where he commanded them, and was invalided home from Bloemfontein with a military C.B. and the medal with two clasps. During his absence at the front he was re-elected Member of Parliament for the Newmarket Division, and in his last session he moved the Address in answer to the King's Speech. Some years before, he had bought the Cheveley estate from the Duke of Rutland, and rebuilt the whole mansion on the original Jacobean lines with its old stone-flagged terrace; while just beyond ‘the Ditch’ he organised upon the Links Farm a steeplechase course, stands, and paddock complete. Little more than a fortnight before his death his *St. Maclou* had won the Manchester November Handicap, after having beaten *Sceptre* by a



From the painting by Millais in the possession of Sir F. Astley Corbett.

Sir John Astley
("The Mate").

head in the Lincolnshire Handicap under 7st. 12lb., thus scoring a remarkably meritorious Double Event which is not likely to be frequently repeated. This fine horse, by *St. Simon* out of *Mimi* by *Barcaldine*, was sent to the stud in his sixth year. Twice he beat the Derby winner of his year, once the St. Leger

winner, and once the St. Leger and Oaks winner of 1902. Colonel McCalmont's light blue and scarlet quartered jacket, white cap, was first registered in 1888, and he began well by winning at Ascot with *Timothy*, bought from "Mr. Manton" for 4,000 guineas. Four years afterwards *Isinglass* appeared in a Maiden Plate at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, "a smart plater," as he was then modestly called by James Jewitt, with whom Colonel McCalmont trained until his retirement from ill health brought in Captain Beatty. The excitement when *Isinglass* won the Eclipse Stakes of 1894 will not easily be forgotten, nor will so valuable a field of seven as that which contained him, *Ladas*, *Ravensbury*, *Raeburn*, and *Throstle* often be seen again. After that, 1902 was Colonel McCalmont's next



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"Ravensbury."

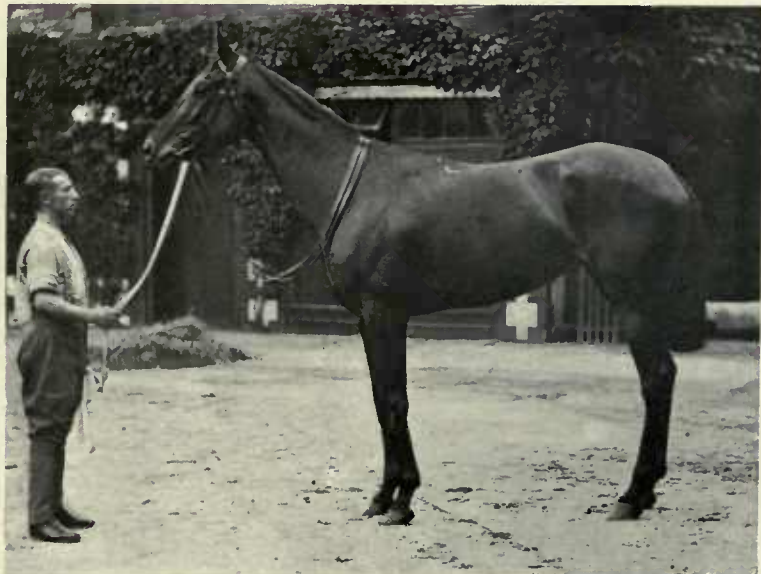
best season, and in the last year of his life the victories of *Rising Glass*, *St. Maclou*, and others brought his stakes up to £18,114, which was better than Sir Blundell Maple, and only beaten by *Sceptre's* owner. No doubt *St. Maclou* and *William the Third* were the best four-year-olds of their day in training. *Isinglass*, too, did equally well for him at the stud,

for it was only by *St. Simon* and *Persimmon* that his figures of £27,826 were beaten in the list of winning sires in 1902, and that good stallion's record at Cheveley Stud contained such winners as *Vain Duchess*, *Veles*, *Star Shoot*, *Sweet Sounds*, *Glass Jug*, *Rising Glass*, *Glasalt*, *The Scribe*, and *John o' Gaunt*. Lord Howard de Walden made a capital beginning to a promising racing career by securing some wise purchases from the McCalmont stud and training them with Captain Beatty.

Very little less than a year after Harry McCalmont passed away, died Prince Soltykoff, a man known far longer at Newmarket, who never achieved anything like his younger rival's successes, but who never failed for want of trying. Born

in 1828, he was descended from a Russian Field Marshal, who got the title by beating no less a man than Frederick the Great. After himself taking part in the campaign before Silistria, he came to Newmarket, and soon showed that he had not won thirteen out of fifteen races in one meeting at Moscow for nothing. About his earliest success must have been the Queen's Vase at Plymouth, and three years afterwards he was elected to the Jockey Club, as its first Russian member, and celebrated the occasion by winning the Portland Plate of 1867. His best horses were *Tibthorpe*, *Sheen*, *Balfe*, *Thurio* (Grand Prix), *Lucetta* (Cambridgeshire), and *Gold* (Ascot Cup). Though he ran second for both One Thousand and Oaks, with *Argo Navis*, to *Miss Jummy*, his nearest thing to a classic victory was when

his *Sun Rose* was hung up in the starting-gate for the One Thousand of 1903, and was only beaten by a length and a half, protest disallowed, because (ran the official answer) it was made too late. Apparently it reached the stewards sixteen minutes (instead of a quarter of an hour) after the race. Much as every one regretted this,



“Goletta” (1894) by “Galopin.”

few realised it would be the Prince's last chance. His hospitalities at Kremlin Lodge, whence he used often to walk across in his slippers to Lagrange House to see the thoroughbreds, will be much missed at Newmarket, which has had so many losses to bear of late. It was old Tom Jennings who trained *Sheen* for him for the Cesarewitch, which he won under 9st. 2lb., the highest weight ever carried successfully in this race.

The case of *Sun Rose* brought Prince Soltykoff's name into prominence in connection with the discussion as to the advisability of the starting-gate. Into that discussion I do not propose to go very far, because the gate itself will probably disappear before the arguments about it have ceased. It was tried in the United

States, where it had the best possible chances of success, and has already been replaced by an electric bell. Almost every other country seemed to possess a better pattern than that hitherto used in England, where the anxiety of the authorities to prevent the undoubted tediousness often occasioned by the old starting with the flag seemed to blind them to the fact that in introducing a machine for the starter they had not changed the thoroughbred horse into a piece of machinery as well. Trainers were firmly admonished to teach their youngsters to face the gate. Many of them succeeded so well that breeders began to complain that good animals were being beaten by inferior two-year-olds, who had learned the knack of getting off at once. But when these same clever quadrupeds got their trainers into trouble



"Caiman" (1896, U.S.A.)

in their next season, it became clear that it was rather the fault of the horse than the man, and that many animals would not face the gate at all. The Rule of Racing ran that "horses must be started from a walk." The machine introduced the alteration that they "must be started from a stand," from a stationary pivot into a racing galloping stride within a

second, a feat which very few indeed were able to accomplish so successfully as *Sundridge* usually did. The result of this inability is a loss of three-quarters of a length in the first few strides, and four or five lengths in a hundred yards, an almost impossible handicap on courses like Epsom and Brighton. I should not like to say that the alteration was due to no successor to Mr. McGeorge and his authoritative flag having been forthcoming, though he was certainly a man whom no one could have excelled as a starter. Very few animals indeed will stand, like *Rock Sand* as a three-year-old, with their nose on the webbing waiting contentedly for the lever. If the gate has to be used at all, it must be improved, for such a *fasco* as that of the Wokingham Stakes at Ascot is not

pleasant to look back upon. The starter must have a high and a much longer platform, parallel for thirty yards with the course. He should be able to give the signal without any movement on his part being noticeable at all, at any place on that platform. He should be connected by electric wire with an advance flag, and by telephone with the stewards or the judge's box. The horses should enter the rails thirty or forty yards before the starting-post, and walk up to it under the direction of the starter, who could send them off whenever he pleased, as soon as he saw them well in line, before they got close up to the gate. Unless this is done—which is improbable—the starting-gate must disappear.

Not the least of the many losses which Newmarket has had to bear of late was that involved by the death of Sir J. Blundell Maple, a few weeks after he had been elected to the Jockey Club. He first raced in 1881 as “Mr. Childwick,” with Humphreys at Lambourne, who prepared one really good horse for him in *Saraband*. In 1887, after purchasing the place, he installed Percy Peck as his trainer at Falmouth



“*Chelandry*” (1894) by “*Goldfinch*.”

House, the handsome villa poor Fred Archer used for so short a time. The lavish way he raced may be gathered from the fact that in 1903, his last season, W. Waugh, then his private trainer at Newmarket, had forty-five animals ready, and twenty-six of them won fifty-one races worth £13,810 10s., the best being *Nabot*, *Lord Bobs*, *Divorce Court*, *Queen's Holiday*, *Kittywick*, *Vidame*, *Childwickbury*, *Girton Girl*, *Simony*, and *Newsboy*, one of the fastest two-year-olds of the season. By 1890 the “white and gold stripes, claret cap” were registered in the name of Mr. Blundell Maple, and he transferred his *nom de guerre* of “Childwick” to Sir Tatton Sykes's yearling, which he purchased at what was then the record price of 6,000 guineas. After a fine career on the Turf and at the stud, *Childwick*

was sold to France, where he sired *La Camargo*, the only mare across the Channel, except *Kincsem*, who can be compared with *Sceptre*. Sir Blundell bought *Royal Hampton* from Mr. William Blenkiron's famous Middle Park Stud, who has been the sire of such good ones as *Court Ball*, *Kirkconnel*, *Marcion*, *Omladina*, *Forfarshire*, *Prince Hampton*, *Royal Lancer*, *Girton Girl*, and *Queen's Holiday*. He was by *Hampton*, son of *Lord Clifden* and sire of the three Derby winners, *Ayrshire*, *Ladas*, and *Merry Hampton*. But of course the most famous of the stallions at the great Childwick Stud Farm, near St. Albans, one of the biggest racing establishments in the world, was *Common*, who has not yet done all at the stud that his Turf record and his splendid conformation might have led his purchaser



Mr. Hugh Owen at the starting-gate.

to expect, but is already the sire of *Osbech*, *Nun Nicer*, *Barn Dance*, *Claret*, *Cottager*, *Compliment*, *Aliwal*, *The Bishop*, *Simony*, *Newsboy*, and others. Among other good horses owned and raced by Sir Blundell were *Saraband*, *Siffleuse* (One Thousand), *Balmoral*, *Priestess*, *Minting Queen*, *Kirkconnel* (Two Thousand), *Simon's Bay*, *The Owl*, *Ardeer*, *Cossack*,

that splendid-looking animal *Lord Bobs*, and *Mackintosh*, one of the best of *Florizel II.*'s wonderful first year's produce. His magnificent stud farm under the control of Alec Waugh, was but one evidence of Sir Blundell's whole-souled devotion to the thoroughbred, and to the best interests of the English Turf and of his country. After nineteen years, he headed the winning owners in 1901, with forty-four horses in training, and £21,370 as the result of his fifty-three victories, which brought his record up to £154,000 in 420 races at that date. His conscientiousness may be judged from the reply he sent to an offer from Vienna of £21,000 within a week after he had purchased *Isonomy's* son for £15,000: "Thanks for offer. The English Turf requires *Common's* services. Money will not

London, Virtue & Co.



From the Painting by S. D. Bates

By permission of the Artist

The Derby of 1896

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales's Perseus beating Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's St. Frusquin



tempt me.” Between 1881 and 1902 inclusive, the Duke of Portland won £244,153 in 266 races, with half shares deducted in such cases as *Amiable*, *La Roche*, *St. Aldegonde*, and others. From 1883 to 1902 inclusive, Sir J. Blundell Maple won no less than 487 races, a record which the house of Rothschild is alone likely to surpass; but he only scored £171,808 in stake-money. As member for the Dulwich Division of Camberwell, Sir Blundell drew attention in Parliament to the mismanagement of the horse supply sent out to the South African War, and every word he said was more than vindicated by the revelations that were published later concerning the Remount Department. His stud farm contained no less than seven stallions, sixty-nine brood mares, and twenty-eight foals when I saw it two months before his death. It is sad to think that so concentrated an opportunity for the permanent benefit for horse-breeding should not have been in some way preserved intact for the nation their owner served so well. He was as sincerely mourned in the Newmarket and St. Albans districts as in those parts of London where his commercial prosperity and fine business instincts meant so much to the enormous number who depended on the great firm of which he was the head.



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Sir J. Blundell Maple.

In drawing attention to the question of remounts, Sir Blundell Maple did very real service; for those who object to the Turf on principle have had a very powerful weapon put into their hands by the utter failure of this country to produce enough horses for a sudden crisis. Supporters of English racing had hitherto loudly asserted that it was racing alone which kept up the English breed of horses. They had pointed to the facts that in 1813 there were barely 800 horses running on the flat, whereas we began the twentieth century with over 4,000 in 1901. Yet the country does not seem to have benefited by this, if the remount statistics are to be believed;

and the Turf would not seem to have been richer to any impartial observer who noticed that out of the enormous number of English thoroughbreds foaled in 1900, only seven were good enough to go to the post for the Derby of 1903, six of whom were beaten by a Frenchman. France, in fact, certainly seems to have produced more stayers than we do at the present time, if the records of Ascot may be taken as a sound indication. One reason for this is that in France and in other foreign countries breeding for remounts is taken to be the first important matter; racing comes only second. We have not gained, I believe, by reversing the process. Not a penny is contributed by the State or by the public purse to the Derby, St. Leger, Two Thousand, One Thousand, Oaks, Eclipse Stakes, or Jockey Club Stakes. In the



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"Prince Hampton."

corresponding races in France, on the other hand, the total prize-money of £43,700 is almost entirely solid cash, which the winning owners can put into their pockets without having previously disbursed it. That part of this prize-money comes to the French Government through the percentage it exacts on the "Totalisator"

betting machines has no bearing on the argument. All public money distributed by a Government can eventually be traced to individual sources. But a Prime Minister does not call upon every member of his Government to put down so much out of his pocket towards the official salaries. In France, the ten per cent. share of the total "pari mutuel" receipts which goes to the State Breeding Studs, amounted in 1903 to nearly £100,000, and charitable institutions benefited by double that sum, a result which immediately induced the Kaiser to initiate similar arrangements on the German Turf, with the single aim of encouraging German breeding. It should be remembered, too, that racing Expenses have steadily increased in England of late, not merely from the spectator's point of view, but more especially from that of the

owner. Mr. Frank Gardner, for example, who had a very fair share of luck, sold off the whole of the large racing stud he kept at Foxhall in Wiltshire, as he found the balance was invariably on the wrong side. In France, however, his expenses were not much more than a third of what they had been, and the prizes to be won were more substantial. Newmarket establishments such as those lately left vacant by Sir J. Blundell Maple, Prince Soltykoff, Mr. W. C. Whitney, or Mr. J. R. Keene, cannot be run on much less than £7,000 a year, and there are not so many men nowadays who care to risk that amount on so uncertain a pursuit. The fact that English owners no longer bet as they used to do should—it may be imagined—enable them easily to contribute what they are asked by the racing authorities, and the few

“bad debts” now published by Weatherby are certainly in brilliant contrast to the old days. But the disappearance of such gigantic wagers as those common in the days of Lord George Bentinck, of Mr. Gully, of Lord Glasgow, or Mr. Merry, is not—unfortunately—only traceable (if traceable at all) in the vastly increased



“*Royal Lancer*” (1899) by “*Royal Hampton*.”

stakes now run for each year on the English Turf. It is more than balanced by what is really a far greater evil, and an evil which antagonists of the Turf have fastened upon with far too little prospect, as yet, of receiving a just answer.

People who could afford to bet do not do so now, because they are among the few who can afford the large expenses of a racing stable. But betting as a means of running a small stud by men who could not otherwise afford what is a luxury in these expensive days—betting among labourers, clerks, and working men who cannot afford to risk a penny of their wages, who never saw the horse they back, and who are the prey of fraudulent starting-price bookmakers—this kind of betting has become little short of an abominable curse. I am heartily in sympathy with Admiral

Rous in his rejection of the "Totalisator" from Newmarket Heath. But it is certainly time for those who know, and those who have the power, to take final action. The philanthropist who knows little of his subject has done more harm than good by proposing impracticable remedies for a very real ill. His one excuse is that the Jockey Club seems hitherto disinclined to act; yet they are a picked body of men of influence and wealth, who could initiate any legislation they pleased and carry any motion they supported. At present they do not even insist that



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The Earl of Durham.

all bookmakers of whose presence they are cognisant should be properly licensed, a measure which every honest bookmaker in England would welcome. The parrot-cry that a manly recognition of the consequences of evil is in reality an encouragement of that evil, should, it may well be thought, have been silenced by the unutterable harm done to the British army by the repeal of Acts which regulated its health in the most important directions. The Jockey Club can well afford, not only to disregard the cry that they would encourage betting by regulating its processes and protecting the ignorant, but also to neglect their usual caution in the matter of betting which was one

result of the settling of Crockford's account over the Derby of 1844. Times are very different now, and the Club will do well, for their own sakes, to take up the question in no uncertain spirit, to demonstrate that the English Turf can cleanse itself of stains which it does not monopolise, and which are not inherent in the gallant sport of racing. The Duke of Portland was right, early in 1904, to speak out a plain warning against the perils of the modern system, that miserable system of starting-price betting by which tens of thousands gamble upon horses they have never seen, never will see, and never want to see. The money lost

in it does not go into the pockets of people who support the Turf in any shape or form, and the abolition of the uncleanly parasites who flourish on it can only benefit the health of the institution they dishonour. To sweep them and their nauseous abuses from the face of the land would be a very different thing from trying the impossible task of preventing betting altogether, an amusement which may be just as cleanly and just as honourable as any other form of pastime in which pecuniary considerations are unavoidably present. The Duke of Portland has said that if the Turf were a hotbed of roguery he would have nothing to do with it. And he does not think it advisable, “or even possible, to try to put a stop to betting by the law of the land. . . . The percentage of honourable men connected with the Turf is as high as in any other profession.”

We heard of no faddist crusade against the banking business because the catastrophe at Glasgow revealed a tissue of dishonesty and fraud, to which the Turf can offer no parallel, either in the actual commission of crime or in the widespread disaster which followed it. Those



Hon. L. Willoughby (Newmarket, 1902).

who sell us the necessities of life are not, all of them, above making their fortunes out of a subtle adulteration of various goods which in one form or another the public is bound to buy. The manipulation of mines, and companies, in the City of London is not invariably conducted on lines which are above the reproach of the financial purist. The Turf is not alone, in fact, in possessing scoundrels among those who follow it, nor is it by any means the most fruitful soil on which scoundrelism can flourish. To say that racing produces betting, and should therefore be discouraged, is to commit the critic to a crusade against far more institutions than the Turf. I am not sure that in logical fairness he ought not to proceed to deplore the existence of Westminster Bridge and the British Museum,

inasmuch as both those blameless and valuable buildings were either erected or enriched by the produce of the Lotteries that were finally suppressed in 1823. This does not mean that betting is a good thing, or even that the betting connected with racing is to be encouraged. The ideal Turfite would be the man—who still exists—who races entirely on his own income. Those who deal with things as they find them, and prefer practical proposals based on knowledge to the impossible Utopias of uninformed faddists, will surely never shirk the duty, which is their privilege, of cleansing the Turf of rascaldom as far as possible, of making the transgressor's path difficult, of regulating betting by every means which may protect the citizen from fraud in his free exercise of doing what he pleases with his money.



Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

Few better animals with which to finish any record of the Turf could be conceived than *Sceptre*. From her very first public appearance in the sale ring she was recognised as a sensational filly, and she lived up to her reputation from the time when Mr. R. S. Sievier took £20,000 with him to Newmarket, looked over the Eaton yearlings in company with his late trainer, Charles Morton, and Mr. Peard, the Irish veterinary surgeon, and then deposited the banknotes with Mr. Somerville Tattersall at the Rutland Arms. He made other purchases at that momentous sale, but he was waiting all the time for the filly by *Persimmon* out of *Ornament*, who was led in last but one. He started at 5,000 guineas, bought her at 10,000, and was prepared to go on. With *Duke of Westminster*, his other purchase, she was tried as a young two-year-old, and they both (in receipt of a stone) beat the five-year-old *Leonid*, as Mr. Sievier related in his interesting article in the "Badminton Magazine." Robust and full of courage, all nerves and excitement, yet revelling in her work, she went out and won the Woodcote Stakes against *Csardas*, *Port Blair*, and seven others in the record time of 70 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. for the six furlongs. She then won the July Stakes at Newmarket, but was by no means herself when *Game Chick* and *Csardas* beat her at Doncaster for the Champagne Stakes. *Duke of Westminster* was then sold for £22,000, and *Sceptre* promptly beat him in the Two Thousand as soon as they met again. The horses were moved from Wantage to Shrewton in the spring of 1902. Only a fortnight before the Lincoln Handicap some mistake

seems to have been made in her owner's absence, and it was only by tempting her with a preliminary carrot or an apple that she would eat about 5lb. 4oz. of oats in a day. By the time of the St. Leger she was doing 21lb. without an effort. But that spring must have been a trial. *St. Maclou* beat her at Lincoln by a head. After this Mr. Sievier trained her entirely himself, gave her a sound rest and only increased her work as her appetite returned; but both were still slightly erratic. She was sweating in the paddock before the Two Thousand, but she soon cooled down to business, and easily beat *Ard Patrick*, who finished behind *Pistol*, in the record time of 1 min. 39 sec., with Randall on her back, who had only just turned professional. That afternoon Mr. Charles Greenwood telegraphed to London that she might well

beat *Formosa's* record. There were not many who had supported her for the Two Thousand so strongly as had Mr. Arthur Portman. But every one was to receive a good many shocks before her three-year-old career was over. She twisted a plate just before the start for the One Thousand, and Mr. Sievier had to



"Winifreda" (1897) by "St. Simon."

wrench it off himself. Then she got away badly, being always better when she has warmed to her work; but she beat *St. Windeline* easily in 1 min. 40½ sec., another record.

Then began one of the most interesting discussions as to the Derby I have ever known. Mr. Sievier has put it on record that he stood to win £33,000 on her for the big race. He himself provided almost as much conversation as did his wonderful filly, and while the old hands compared what was at first called the Coronation Derby with the race in the year of Queen Victoria's coronation, with memories of Lord George Bentinck, Lord Albemarle, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and Lord Chesterfield, who accounted for "the classics" between them, younger men remembered that

W. Ridsdale had won with *St. Giles*, and his brother with *Bloomsbury*; that Gully had scored with *Pyrrhus the First* and *Andover*, while his son-in-law owned *Cossack*; that Mr. Snewing won in 1862 with *Caractacus*; that William Chifney won with *Priam*; and the late William I'Anson with *Blink Bonny* and *Blair Athol*. If Gully had been a member of Parliament, John Robinson was in October, 1901, High Sheriff of Nottinghamshire, and owner of Worksop Manor, one of the most historic estates in one of the noblest districts of England. Mr. Robinson's success as a bookmaker was not so strongly reflected in the fortunes of the horses he owned himself as was the case with Gully, Ridsdale, Harry Hill, Fred Swindell, Hargreaves, Saxon, Barber, or John Jackson. But it is no exaggeration to estimate the position won by Mr. Robinson as considerably higher than that of any of his rivals, not only as a sportsman with the Rufford Hounds, or as a breeder with *Breadknife*, but as High Sheriff of the most aristocratic county in England. The owner of the favourite of 1902 could boast, it was recalled, almost as varied a career as any of these. He had been some time in Australia; he was not unknown behind the footlights in South Africa, and had been one of the first to volunteer for the front when war broke out. His enemies remembered he had written a book. His friends knew he had gambled "on everything under the sun," had backed horses, and had laid against them. Those who knew nothing of him could at least appreciate his confidence both in himself and in the mare. And then the connoisseurs of horse-flesh had their word. But those who argued that *Eleanor* (1801), *Blink Bonny* (1857), and *Shotover* (1882) were the only mares to win the blue ribbon, were told that this only proved it was time for an Eaton-bred one to win it again, and were informed that the doctrine of averages was in favour of *Sceptre*, for no filly had even started since *La Flèche* was so strangely beaten by *Sir Hugo* in 1892; and that since *Shotover's* year only four of the 238 animals had been mares.

The great day came at last. I never saw a prettier sight than *Sceptre* cantering and walking all round the course from the paddock past Tattenham Corner to her position right on the outside at the start. I have seldom seen a race that made me sadder than the finish. *Ard Patrick*, looking as strong as a lion, and, trained to the hour, won with comparative ease. Just as easily, a little later on, did *Sceptre* win the Oaks. I was being carried to the hospital as they started, and the news that she had decisively beaten *St. Windeline* was the first thing that brought back any interest in life. She was taken to Paris for the Grand Prix, which she not unnaturally

lost, as, in Mr. Sievier's opinion, she travelled about 200 yards further than the winners, far on the outside. In the Coronation Stakes at Ascot she was many lengths behind when the horses came into full view, swept very wide round the turn, and rushed up the hill in a terrific but unavailing effort to catch the leaders. The next day she easily won the St. James's Palace Stakes from *Flying Lemur* and *Rising Glass*, under Hardy, the apprentice who had ridden her at Lincoln. Work seemed to suit her temper and her appetite; so she went to Goodwood, and was beaten in the Sussex Stakes by *Royal Lancer*; and after going a mile and a half gallop the next day, and a sharp mile the one after, she proceeded to win the Nassau Stakes in a canter (a mile and a half under 9st. 8lb. in 2 min. 40 sec.), and Hardy became her recognised pilot.

Her preparation for the St. Leger was full of rumours. Some said she could not stay. Others said she was not being trained rightly. Meanwhile, Mr. Sievier was taking her over two miles (at 8st. 12lb.), led the first five furlongs by



“O'Donovan Rossa” (1897) by “Donovan.”

Silverhampton (6st. 6lb.), the next five by *Doochary* (7st.), and the last six by *Lavengro* (8st.), and watching her beat the lot. He had also publicly issued a challenge to the world that “*Sceptre* shall run any horse, at weight for age and sex, for £10,000, over from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles.” This was not taken up. She won the St. Leger with the greatest ease. *Ard Patrick*, her most dangerous rival, had gone slightly wrong, and as it seems fated that Irish-bred horses shall be unlucky in the great Doncaster race, she had no difficulty in disposing of *St. Brendan*. She looked fine drawn, and was evidently very fit, and very light-hearted, and came home in a canter with her ears pricked, while the Tykes cheered as loudly as when her sire *Persimmon* had been steered by Watts to victory over the same course. *Cheers* and *Cupbearer* were both knocked out by *Fowling Piece*, whose

jockey was suspended for the rest of the meeting. *Sceptre* then lost the Park Hill Stakes in the effort to give *Elba* 12lb. forty-eight hours after the Leger; and those who had persistently betted against her for the big event considered they had been justified; but the filly's staying powers were full proved. Time 3 min. 12 sec. on a wet day, trained by an amateur confident enough to have refused two offers of 38,000 and 40,000 guineas for her, and ridden by an apprentice only just emancipated from the allowance stage, from the outside, without a single advantage, in weather almost as tempestuous as *Robert the Devil's* year, she won with fully a stone in hand, in the opinion of Mr. Charles Greenwood, who had foretold her victory, and who had always considered that her occasional failures



"La Roche" (1897) by "St. Simon."

only accentuated the brilliancy of her triumphs. These were indeed worth considering, for she had won £25,650 in stakes, and her victory in all the five classic events except the Derby put her ahead of *Formosa*, who won the One Thousand, Oaks, and St. Leger, but ran a dead heat with *Moslem* for the Two Thousand (1868); ahead of *Shotover*, who won

Two Thousand and Derby (1882); ahead of *Eleanor* and *Blink Bonny*, who won Derby and Oaks in 1801 and 1857. No filly has ever won both Derby and Leger. *Sceptre* was the twenty-second to win both One Thousand and Oaks, and she followed *Formosa* (1868), *Hannah* (1871), *Apology* (1874), and *La Flèche* (1892), in winning One Thousand, Oaks, and St. Leger. *Impérieuse* and *Achievement* won the One Thousand and the Leger, in addition to the quartette already named who added the Oaks. But *Achievement*, one of the best mares that ever raced, undoubtedly ought to have defeated *Hippia* in the Oaks. *Sceptre* is the only filly who has won the Two Thousand outright, and added the St. Leger to it; and the only other two who have won Two Thousand, One Thousand, and Oaks are *Crucifix* and

Formosa. The winner of the One Thousand has never won the Derby; but the winners of the Oaks who also put the St. Leger to their credit, before *Sceptre*, were *Queen of Trumps* (1835), *Formosa* (1868), *Hannah* (1871), *Marie Stuart* (1873), *Apology* (1874), *Fannette* (1878), *Seabreeze* (1888), *Memoir* (1890), and *La Flèche* (1892).

Sceptre passed a healthy and comfortable winter, in Mr. Sievier's ownership, for the reserve price of 24,000 guineas was not reached when she was put up for sale at the Houghton Meeting, and at Doncaster Sir Tatton Sykes had offered £25,000 in vain, after the St. Leger. In the spring of 1903 she was privately purchased by Mr. W. Bass of the Tenth Hussars, nephew of Lord Burton, and son of the late Hamar Bass, M.P., owner of *Love Wisely*, winner of the Ascot Cup in the “yellow, green sleeves and cap,” and later on the property of Sir Ernest Cassel. The famous mare went on with her sensational career as gaily as ever in 1903. Ascot was memorable for the success of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's *St. Amant*, *Bass Rock*, and *Kunstler*;



“*Strongbow*” (1897) by “*Morion*”
out of “*La Flèche*.”

of *Fiancée*, owned by Lord Falmouth, whose *Quintessence* seemed likely to recall the ancient triumphs of Mereworth; of the King's three-year-old *Mead* in the Prince of Wales's Stakes; of the onslaught by the Frenchmen in the Gold Cup. In this race every one regretted that the Duke of Portland's game favourite, *William the Third*, was unable to appear, and that *Sceptre*, who would no doubt have carried Mr. Sievier's colours, was not permitted by her new owner to oppose the foreigners. M. de Bremond won for the second time when *Maximum* got home without much trouble. In the Alexandra Plate M. E. de St. Alary's *Arizona* again lowered the English colours, making all the running from beginning to end of the two miles and three-quarters, and finishing fresher than anything else.

Sceptre had, of course, no difficulty in the Hardwicke Stakes, which was in the nature of a training gallop in her careful preparation for the Eclipse Stakes later on. *Zinfandel*, by *Persimmon*, gave a taste of real quality by making very light of 8st. 4lb. in the Gold Vase, which set people wondering what would have happened in the Derby if Colonel McCalmont's death had not voided his nomination. At Goodwood *Rabelais* won Mr. Arthur James his third Cup in successive years, from a poor field, and one result of the Steward's Cup race was a sporting match for £500 a side, later on, between Mr. Bottomley's *Le Blizon* and Mr. J. B. Joel's *Sundridge*, who conceded 2st. all but 2lb. in the later event, and was beaten.

But it was the "Ten Thousand Pounders" which provided the sensation of the



"King's Courier" (1897, U.S.A.) by "Kingston."

season. *Ard Patrick* (with Morny Cannon up) proved himself worthy to rank with *Isinglass*, *St. Frusquin*, *Flying Fox*, and *Epsom Lad* as a good winner of the Princess of Wales's Stakes (a mile and a half), and showed himself to be in splendid condition, though the opposition was not very strong.

July 17, 1903, the day of the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park, will always be remembered as one of the most exciting in the history of the Turf. In a terribly wet year, it gave us rare summer weather. Esher has certainly never been so crowded since *Bendigo's* day, when it rained hard; and the King was in his private stand. *Ard Patrick* and *Sceptre*, those old rivals, were to meet again, and her inexplicable defeat in her second Lincoln Handicap was quite forgotten by her many friends. The two crack four-year-olds were to oppose *Rock Sand*, the eventual winner of the Triple Crown of 1903, who was made first favourite at 11 to 8, with *Sceptre* at 2 to 1, and *Ard Patrick* at 4 to 1. *Duke of Westminster* and *Oriole* (by *Ladas* out of *Orle*) also started. Maher had had so bad an accident on July 10, in a motor car, that

he was unable to ride again till the York meeting in August, and Blackwell had to put up J. H. Martin on Sir James Miller's colt. The meeting of *Ard Patrick*, *Sceptre*, and *Rock Sand* was certainly the finest race seen since *Voltigeur* and *The Flying Dutchman* fought for supremacy; and between the three cracks at Sandown there were no less than seven classic races, rising to eight later in the year. Of these the winner had only one, but that was the Derby. This struggle, and that for the Jockey Club Stakes the same season, remind me that, besides *St. Frusquin's* victory in the Princess of Wales's Stakes already mentioned, there are other famous fields that deserve comparison with them. In the Ascot Cup of 1874, *Boiard*, the French Grand Prix winner, beat the winners of the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, and Two Thousand, besides *Flageolet*, who alone smashed up *Cremorne* and *Favonius* so badly in the Goodwood Cup that they never started again. *Lecturer* beat three Oaks winners in the Ascot Cup. *Beeswing* had *Charles XII.* and *Attila* behind her in the Doncaster Cup. In the Champion Stakes at Newmarket, *Jannette*

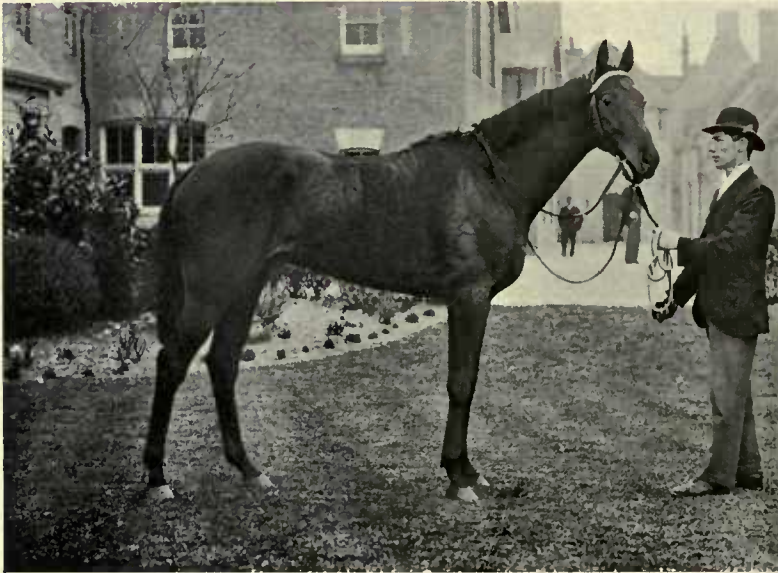


“*Santoi*” (1897) by “*Queen's Birthday*.”

beat two St. Leger winners, one of whom had won the Derby. *St. Gatien* squandered *Melton* when they met. At Kempton Park *Epsom Lad* (“the *Friponnier* of his day”) beat a Derby winner and a St. Leger winner. In the Jockey Club Stakes *Persimmon* anticipated his daughter's performance by coming home in front of a Derby winner and a Two Thousand winner.

There is no doubt that *Rock Sand* would have ranked as an undoubtedly first-rate Derby winner but for this race for the Eclipse; and with the exception of course of *Zinfandel*, he may be something more than “a long way the best of a very bad year;” but in any case the fact that he was well beaten by first and second at Sandown a quarter of a mile from home shows the very exceptional

quality of the cracks of 1902. As was said at the time, if *Gladiateur* and *Blair Athol* had been able to meet, one must have won; but the other would not have lost his title to being an exceptional animal. *Ard Patrick* proved himself a wonder. The fame of *Sceptre* grew no less because a stallion of her own age beat her on the post. Inch by inch the Irishman wore down her lead, and a hundred yards from home he was level. *Sceptre* was beaten by a neck. Those who still upheld her superiority were as vehemently answered by those who still refused to believe that *Rock Sand*, with his favourite jockey, was inferior to either her or the Irishman. The result of the St. Leger confirmed these latter in their opinion; and in the Jockey Club Stakes the mare had to meet him on worse



"Handicapper" (1898) by "Matchmaker."

terms than at Sandown. Maher, too, was to be on his back again, and *Ard Patrick*, who had felt the "leg" he got at Ascot a year before, was not to meet them again, and went to Germany. Darling knew how good he was; and he was therefore among those who refused to support *Rock Sand* when he came out at Newmarket against

the famous mare, *Cappa White*, *William Rufus*, and *Cheers*. The last three, it was recognised, could only be racing for the £1,000 allotted to the third place. But there was tension in the air. Mr. Sievier never stopped backing the mare, and a prominent bookmaker, who favoured Sir James Miller's colt, was never tired of giving him the odds. The rain came down as they started, and *Sceptre* won by four lengths. Every one cheered till they could cheer no more. Mr. Sievier was completely overcome. Lady Noreen Bass and Mr. Arthur Chetwynd were within the barriers while the mare, with her head up and the eyes of a queen, waited outside the weighing-room door. It was a magnificent and never-to-be-forgotten moment. Alec Taylor and his training establishment at

Manton were not the least happy in that delighted throng. Taylor finished third on the list of winning trainers for 1903 with £18,731. With *Rock Sand* alone winning over £18,000, G. Blackwell had not much trouble in putting Newmarket at the head of the Trainers' List of 1903 for the fifth time in seven years, making the fine total of £34,146 for the season, in which *Cinquefoil*, *Rondeau*, *Pharisee*, *Cossack*, *Chanter*, *Flotsam*, *Oriole*, and *Extradition* all assisted, under the colours of Sir James Miller, Sir D. Cooper, and Lord Rosebery.

If *Sceptre* had not won the Jockey Club Stakes, she would probably have gone for the Cesarewitch at 9st. 7lb. But a memorable alternative was given to the public in the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton in October, which came off nine days afterwards, and she carried 9st. 4lb., with fourteen in the field against her, on one of the rare fine days that season. She seemed sore after her racing plates had been put on, and a rumour spread like smoke among the crowd. But as



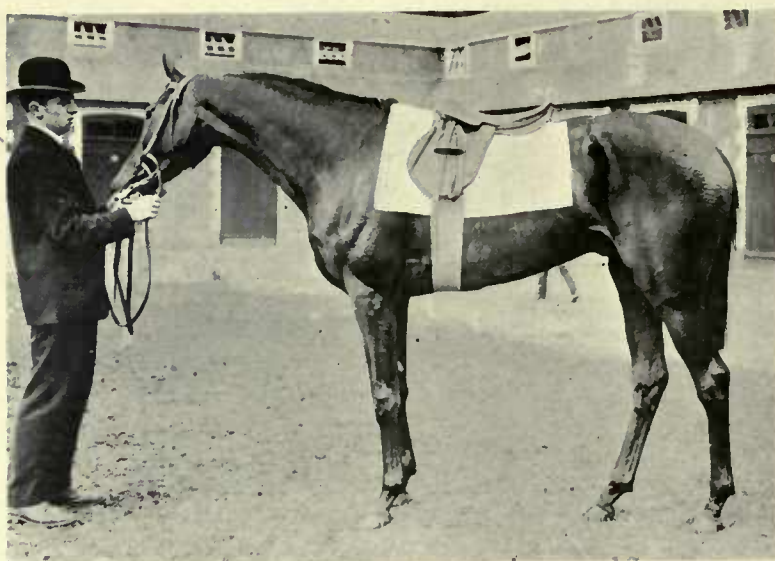
By permission of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."

Finish of "Sceptre's" St. Leger (1902).

soon as her exercise shoes were put on she seemed all right again. However, that meant increased weight, and increased suction on the heavy ground. The odds were 13 to 8 on her at the start. *Soaraway* made running to the bend, then *Happy Slave* took it up. *Sceptre* never came out of the ruck till a quarter of a mile from home. Then Madden sent her along, and in a furlong's length she was within four lengths of *Happy Slave*, whose jockey stuck to the rails. Madden had to challenge on the outside with barely a hundred yards to cover, and he found himself obliged to use his whip. The mare responded in the most gallant style, and just won on the post, conceding 40lb. to *Happy Slave*, 26lb. to *Glass Jug*, the third, and 21lb. to the Oaks winner, *Our Lassie*, who was fifth. Mr. Sievier, such is the irony that sometimes touches the fate of every racing man, had trained *Happy Slave*. After that, she won the Champion Stakes, while *Quintessence* secured the Newmarket Oaks, and the Cheveley Park Stakes were

taken by *Pretty Polly*, who ran and won, like *Crucifix*, nine times as a two-year-old, winning £13,496 in stakes for Major Eustace Loder, as compared with the £4,587 allotted to Lord George Bentinck's over-worked heroine. The way *Pretty Polly* has squandered all opposition indicates a great career for her in the future if she shapes into a strong three-year-old, which all the *Gallinules* have not the habit of doing. At present she stands ahead of *St. Amant*, *Santry*, and *Henry the First*, the best colts of her year, if handicapping may be taken as a guide; but she is not entered for the Two Thousand or Derby.

Many good judges consider *Sceptre* to be the best-shaped animal of her year or any other year. Her perfect head, with its bloodlike, "mealy" muzzle; her



"Maximum II." (Ascot Gold Cup, 1903).

shapely, muscular neck, beautifully fitted into deep shoulders; the humerus both perpendicular and long; her forearm and gaskins phenomenally strong; her short back, wonderful stifle, good loins and quarters, straight hind legs, and deep brisket—these all go to make up a whole that it would be difficult to equal and

almost impossible to excel. If we take the number of their victories as a criterion, no mare has beaten *Beeswing's* 52 wins out of 63 starts, and no mare but her has lasted eight seasons on the Turf. *Alice Hawthorn* won 50 and a dead heat out of 68 starts in seven seasons. *Caller Ou* had to work even harder, for she started 86 times in six seasons for her 44 victories. *Lilian*, who won the Queen's Plate by twelve lengths at the Craven Meeting of 1873, ran 106 races, nearly all from two to three miles, and won 46 of them in six seasons. Good judges place *Achievement*, *Stockwell's* daughter, at the top of the tree, ahead of *Beeswing* and of *Sceptre*, with *La Flèche* and *Hannah* following her. But it is difficult to forget *Marie Stuart*, *Wheel of Fortune*, *Crucifix*, *Formosa*, *Virago*, *Lily Agnes*, *Fleur de Lys*, *Apology*, and *Lady Elizabeth*, probably the best two-year-old ever bred.

London, Virgus & Co.

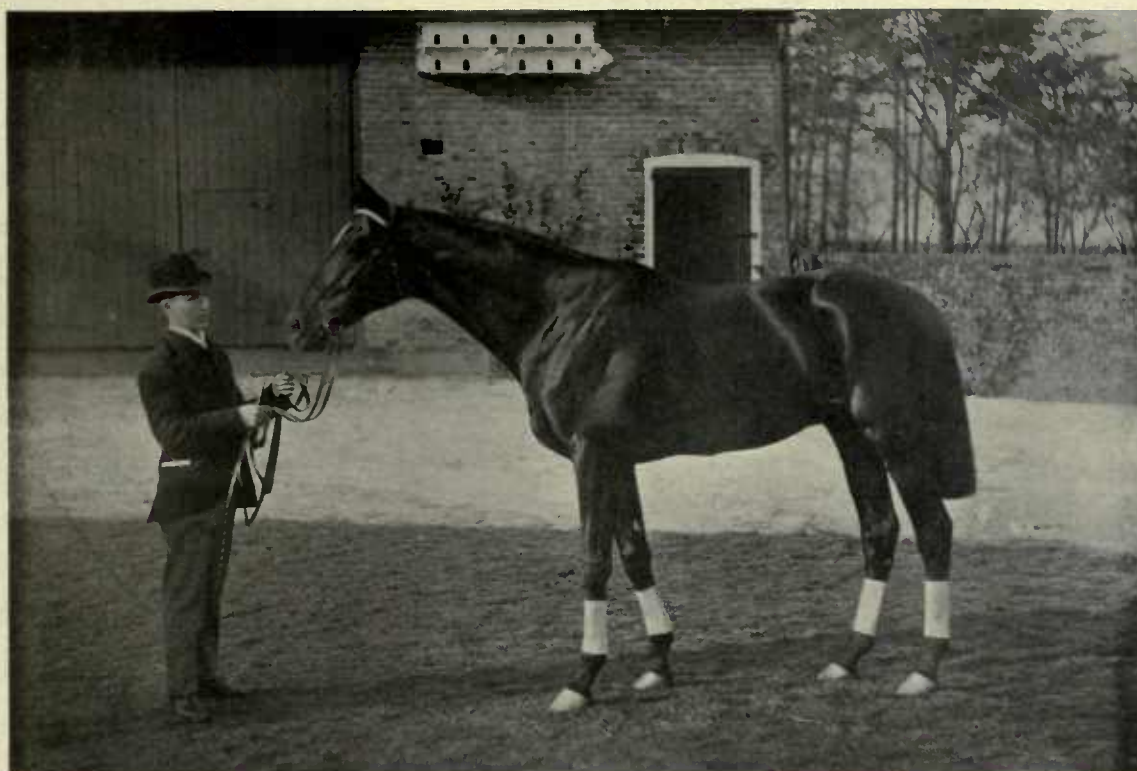


From the Photo by W. Rouch

Septre 1899



And if we are to consider breeding as well as racing records, we must give *Newminster* to *Beeswing*; *Thormanby* to *Alice Hawthorn*; *Ormonde* to *Lily Agnes*. It will be right, too, to remember that *Morganette* must be credited both with *Ard Patrick* and with *Galtce More*, and therefore joins that select band of matrons which contains *Penelope*, dam of *Whalebone* and *Whisker*; *Flyer*, dam of *Rhadamanthus* and *Daedalus*; *Horatia*, dam of *Archduke* and *Paris*; *Arethusa*, dam of *Williamson's Ditto* and *Pan*; *Emma*, dam of *Mundig* and *Cotherstone*; and *Perdita II.*, dam of *Persimmon* and *Diamond Jubilee*. Nor



By permission of "Country Life."

"Bendigo."

should the claims of that remarkable mare, *Princess of Wales*, be forgotten in this connection; for in five consecutive years she bred five own brothers and sisters, all winners—*Albert Victor*, *Louise Victoria*, *Victoria Alexandra*, *George Frederick*, and *Maud Victoria*. Taking breeding and racing together, perhaps *Cobweb*, *Crucifix*, *Beeswing*, *Mendicant*, *Alice Hawthorn*, and *Blink Bonny* may be said to have been the best of the nineteenth century; and no consideration of modern mares would be complete without a glance across the Channel at such flyers as *Fille de l'Air*, *Plaisanterie*, *Kincsem*, and M. Abeille's *La Camargo*.

It will, I believe, be of interest to those who followed the development of the Arab type into the English thoroughbred—which I traced in my first volume from the Elgin marbles, through Leonardo's and Durer's drawings to *Mambrino*—if they will for a moment consider the conformation of *Sceptre* or *Rock Sand*, and compare it with the mare and foal I reproduce on page 708 of this volume from a Thessalian gold drachma (93½ grains) struck at Larissa between B.C. 400 and B.C. 344. Another gold coin of the same date and place shows a galloping horse with a rein that trails across his neck. Both these formed part of the famous Montagu collection. By the kindness of Mr. Newton-Robinson I can trace

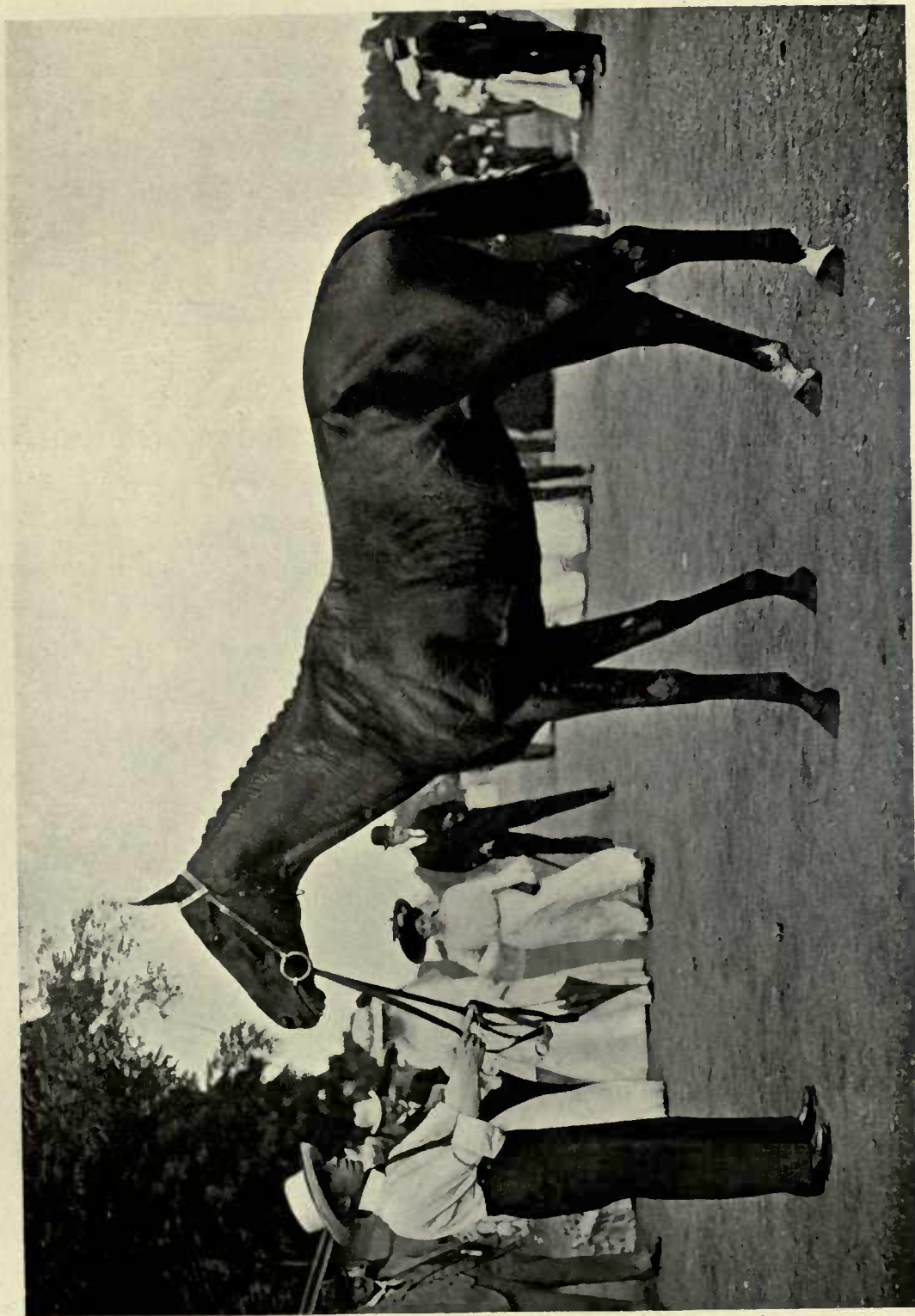


Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

Lord Howard de Walden's
"Zinfandel."

the type through the Græco-Roman times in a ring and a cameo of that period; and finally, Mr. J. P. Heseltine has permitted me to reproduce a famous brown sard bought from the Marlborough collection, with an exquisite carving of a Roman racehorse. The fine muzzle, broad hoof, loaded shoulder, and round barrel, will be found to have persisted from the earliest

times we know the Arab until now; and to make it more clear that the pure Arab blood, when unminged, has retained all its old characteristics, I have also reproduced upon page 705 the favourite horse Warren Hastings used to ride, from Stubbs' painting on porcelain in possession of Sir Walter Gilbey; *Azrek*, a typical animal from Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's Arab Stud at Crabbet Park; and Mr. Charles Furse's spirited sketch for his equestrian portrait of Field Marshal Lord Roberts. This well-known Arab, *Vonolel*, was bought, Lord Roberts tells me, in Bombay, at Abdul Rahman's stable in March, 1877, when it had just been landed from Arabia. *Vonolel* was of pure Nejed breed, and must have been about twenty-seven years old when he died in Dublin



"Ard Patrick" (1899) by "St. Florian."

in 1899, after having taken part in the Diamond Jubilee Procession of two years before.

It is interesting to recall that the central figure of that Procession, our late revered sovereign Queen Victoria, though never a patroness of the Jockey Club, saw her husband's name in the Calendar of 1848 as breeder of a colt by *Sir Hercules* from an *Elis* mare, and approved the accession of her eldest son to the Turf Parliament in 1864. Her personal acquaintance with Racing was much older than either of these events. When only eleven, she was present with her mother at the Worcester Meeting when Mr. Ormsby Gore's *Hesperus* won the Gold Cup on the very day when William IV. won the Goodwood Cup with *Fleur de Lys*, and sailed into second and third places as well. In 1831 she saw, from the Stewards' Stand at Epsom, Lord Jersey's *Riddlesworth* and the King's *Mustachio* colt beaten by the outsider *Spaniel*. In 1834, dressed in "a muslin pelisse lined with primrose-coloured silk, a white chip bonnet, ornamented with a small bouquet of roses, and a wreath of the same flowers round her forehead," she saw Mr. W. Day's *Isabel* win the £70 cup given by the Duchess of Kent, the length of each heat being two miles and a distance. The next season the Princess Victoria not only attended the East Sussex Hunt Races on the Lewes course, but presented the prize with a neat little speech to Mr. Ellman. It was more than sixty years before her son's *Persimmon* got home on Doncaster Town Moor, that *Queen of Trumps* most appropriately won the St. Leger under the eyes of the Princess Victoria on the only occasion when she saw the great race of the North. She was always fond of Ascot, and her last visit was associated with an even more famous heroine of the Turf, for Charlton exhibited *Blink Bonny* to her and Lord Palmerston after the mare had walked over for a sweepstakes.

After the death of Prince Albert, the Queen never went racing again. But her name will always be associated with the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, which was started again by Charles Greville after it had been sold on the death of William IV.; for from those historic paddocks came *Sainfoin*, *Memoir*, *La Flèche*, *Julius*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Springfield*, *Diophantus*, and many more, until all were sold again at Tattersall's in July, 1894. *Springfield*, it should be remembered, was one of the very best sprinters we have ever had. He only failed twice; in the Criterion and in the Dewhurst Stakes which *Kisber* won. He beat *Silvio* in the Champion Stakes Across the Flat, and in the July Cup at Newmarket he fairly made hacks of *Ecossais*, of *Trappist*, who won the Wokingham Stakes under 9st. 10lb., and of



*From the original painting on porcelain by Stubbs (1791),
in the possession of Sir Walter Gilbey.*

Warren Hastings and his Arab.

Lollypop, whose third for the Stewards' Cup with 10st. is the best on record for that race. As Princess of Wales, our present beloved Queen started the modern fashion of ladies going to Newmarket by her visit in the summer of 1881 to the Earl and Countess Cadogan at Rutland Cottage, whence she drove across the Heath, in one of the Cadogan carriages and four, to the July Meeting behind the Ditch.



Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's Arab "Azrek."

The effect that English breeds and English climate have had upon the Arab type suggests one of the most interesting problems raised by such a history as that contained in the present volumes. In my own opinion the English thoroughbred, of the modern type of *Ormonde*, *Ard Patrick*, and *Sceptre*, can best be kept up to their high standard by means of continued and careful reimportation of English stock from those newer countries to which

famous stallions have from time to time been imported. Examples of strains, more or less weak in England, which have already been fortified by reimported stock of the same blood from other pastures, may be found in the *West Australian* line, with *King's Courier* from the United States of America, and *Australian Star* from Australia; the *Ithuriel* line (of which we have only *Ragimunde*, *Son of a Gun*, *Toison d'Or*, and *Tomahawk*) with *Aurum*, *Carbine*, *Gold Medallist*, *Mousquetaire*, *Sternchaser*, and *Trenton*, not to mention future possibilities like *Bistonian*, *Fowling Piece*, *Pistol*, or *Wargrave*; the *Whisker* line with *Abercorn*, *Ilchester*, *Kirkham*, *Stoccado*, *Merman*, and *Patron*; the *Faugh-a-Ballagh* line with *Berzak* and *Don Alonzo*; the *Stockwell* line, through *The Marquis*, with *Newhaven II.*, and the *Pantaloon* line through *Nabot*. The line of *Diomed* is extinct here; though the imported horses, *Americus* and *Pactolus*, may revive it.



A Roman racer.

From a Græco-Roman gem of the first century A.D., in the possession of Mr. C. Newton-Robinson.

I have noticed the proved difficulty of obtaining cavalry remounts from those



*From the original sketch for his portrait by C. W. Furse,
by permission of the artist.*

Lord Roberts and his Arab "Vonolet."

sources which the Turf provides in its English thoroughbred sires; and it is clearly just as useless to expect pure Arab blood to do any more good in producing racers. At a given period it produced the English thoroughbred by processes I have traced; but it is only from the strains of *Herod*, *Matchem*, and *Eclipse* that we can breed the racer of the modern Turf; and those old strains should as far as possible have been previously reinvigorated by the limestone pastures of Australasia. The function of the pure Arab sire now is, in my opinion, to do as much for our Remount Department as he has already done for our Racecourse. Crossed



Thessalian racehorse.

From a gold coin of Larissa, B.C. 400, in the Montagu Collection. By permission of the Autotype Co.



"Pretty Polly" (1901), with Lane up.

with such hardy, typical, indigenous breeds as the Devonshire, Welsh, New Forest, or Highland pony-mare, the Arab sire will produce the small handy, tireless, beautifully built animal for the Mounted Infantry of future warfare. English breeds and English climate will do again what they have done before; and the

Army will be able to call upon small, stout horses from 14.1 to 15 hands, after the pattern of *Gimcrack*, *Highlander*, and the "good little 'uns" of the eighteenth century, for mounted men; while nothing better to serve the guns can be imagined than a cross between an approved thoroughbred and a good Shire.



Thessalian mare and foal.

From a gold coin of Larissa, B.C. 400, in the Montagu Collection. By permission of the Autotype Co.

Scarcely less interesting to me than the breeding of horses has been the development of the human type during those centuries of English Racing I have tried to sketch. In the picture which sets the owner of

Diomed beside the owner of *Rock Sand*—Sir Charles Bunbury beside Sir James Miller—I have endeavoured to indicate, as it were in an allegory, the progression of society on the English Turf from early days until now, from the first Derby until that of 1903.

In the collection of paintings which forms the most valuable feature of these volumes, it will be noticed that the portraits of men and women, before about 1880, are usually far more faithful records of individual character than those of the horses.



*From the print after Dighton
in possession of H.R.H.
Prince Christian.*

*Sir Charles Bunbury,
winner of the first Derby.*



*Sir James Miller, winner
of the Derby of 1903.*

Here and there, of course, a really good artist devoted his attention to the Turf, and in the canvases of Ben Marshall, Barenger, Stubbs, Herring, and a few others, we may perhaps see a real portrait of the animal represented, painted almost as well as those pictures in which Reynolds, Romney, or Gainsborough have immortalised the men and women of their day. But the comparison between past and present in the animal is rendered entirely impossible, from a scientific point of view, owing to the complete absence of sufficient scientifically accurate material; and it is only since the days of instantaneous photography that the biologist has been

able to consider the extremely valuable facts supplied by the life-history of a breed in which more accurate details about pedigree and performance have been preserved, over a longer period of time, than is the case with any other animal known to man. These details, however, are lamentably inadequate from the anatomical point of view. Even concerning *Eclipse*, the most valuable individual animal who ever lived, considerable doubt exists as to various essential details. Very few skeletons of famous horses have been so carefully preserved as to provide adequate proofs of their authenticity or accurate measurements of their framework. It may be hoped that the growing interest taken by owners and breeders in the biological side of their intensely fascinating pursuit will now lead, not only to the preservation



A Roman racehorse.

Much enlarged from an Augustan carved sardonyx in the possession of J. P. Heseltine, Esq. By permission of the Autotype Co.

of the skeletons of such typical animals as *Ormonde*, *St. Simon*, *Flying Fox*, and others, but also to the accurate reproduction of their living framework by the means of plaster casts. The Hungarian Government has already proved the possibility and the value of such a process in various breeds of live stock. The Director of the British Museum of Natural History is perfectly willing to give every facility to owners and breeders in taking a course which will be as useful to them as it will be valuable to the wider interests of scientific

research. That Museum should contain reduced models to scale of all our typical thoroughbreds now living, and skeletons of the best of them. It only remains for owners like the Dukes of Westminster, Devonshire, or Portland to give a lead in doing a public service which will be of inestimable benefit to ourselves and to posterity. The work done by the modern photographer is, of course, highly valuable in this connection. When it is employed, and collected, in such a book as that of Major-General Sir John Hills, it provides exactly the data on which scientific inquiry can proceed until better facts are forthcoming. His measurements of the humerus in proportion to the scapula, and his notes on the formation of the legs and the position of the stifle, are just the right kind of anatomical details which are required. Mr. Muybridge's system of instantaneous photography, and Professor

Marey's work on similar lines, tend in the same beneficial direction. The statue of *King Tom* (p. 490), and the painting of the Arab *Vonolel*, are examples of what modern art can effect when the artist who is great in other directions turns the full power of his genius towards the presentation of that most beautiful of all animals, the horse. I am encouraged to think that the day is now not far distant when we shall see a Derby winner, painted during his lifetime by a President of the Royal Academy, on the walls of Burlington House, and preserved, after his death, within the British Museum of Natural History. So long a



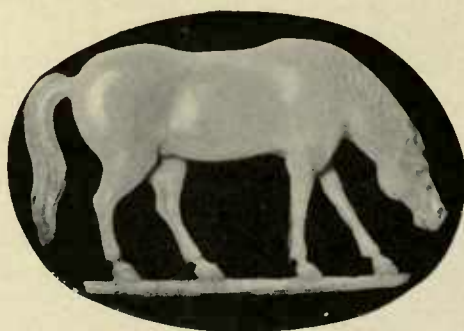
Sir James Miller's "Rock Sand" (Derby, 1903).

pedigree and so good a performance deserve no less a recognition from the nation they have adorned.

Nothing inculcates the virtue of modesty, and an appreciation of the gifts of others, so strongly as the kind of work which has engaged my idle moments for so long. Those who point out my mistakes will only increase my admiration for the many who know more of Turf History than I do, and the many who have so generously placed their knowledge and their treasures at my disposal in time for me to make full use of both. Those who wonder that any inaccuracies should

remain, I can easily forgive. To attempt a History of Racing on the English Turf is a task that involves dealing with facts known to many inveterate partisans in as many different lights. If any single man could have been qualified to write it as it should have been written, that man perhaps was Francis Lawley. Even then the critical connoisseur might have been unhappy without a dash of "The Druid's" cleanly and humorous enthusiasm, a seasoning of Charles Greenwood's judicial accuracy, some of the character-drawing of a Thackeray, some of the genealogical knowledge of a Joseph Osborne, some of the antiquarian research of J. P. Hore, a few of the anecdotes of Edward Spencer, a little of the practical experience of Morny Cannon, some of the traditional lore of a Weatherby or a Tattersall. Such a galaxy of talent exists no longer within a single brain; and the present writer is but too well aware of his own deficiencies in the task of attempting such a survey of Racing as is contained in these pages. It is a labour that must inevitably obscure what is beloved by some in order to record what should be remembered by all. And now that I have "caught the judge's eye," I may confess that I carried more weight than I ever imagined at the start. Between one Oaks day and the next I was prevented writing anything by the untimely ingratitude of one of the mares whose relations I was busy chronicling. At the best, I had to make my living by journalism while I gave my leisure to the book that is now done. But I am content to have attempted it, and—such as it is—I leave it with regret.

March 1, 1904.



A Roman racer.

*From a Græco-Roman gem of the first century A.D.,
in the possession of Mr. C. Newton-Robinson.*

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

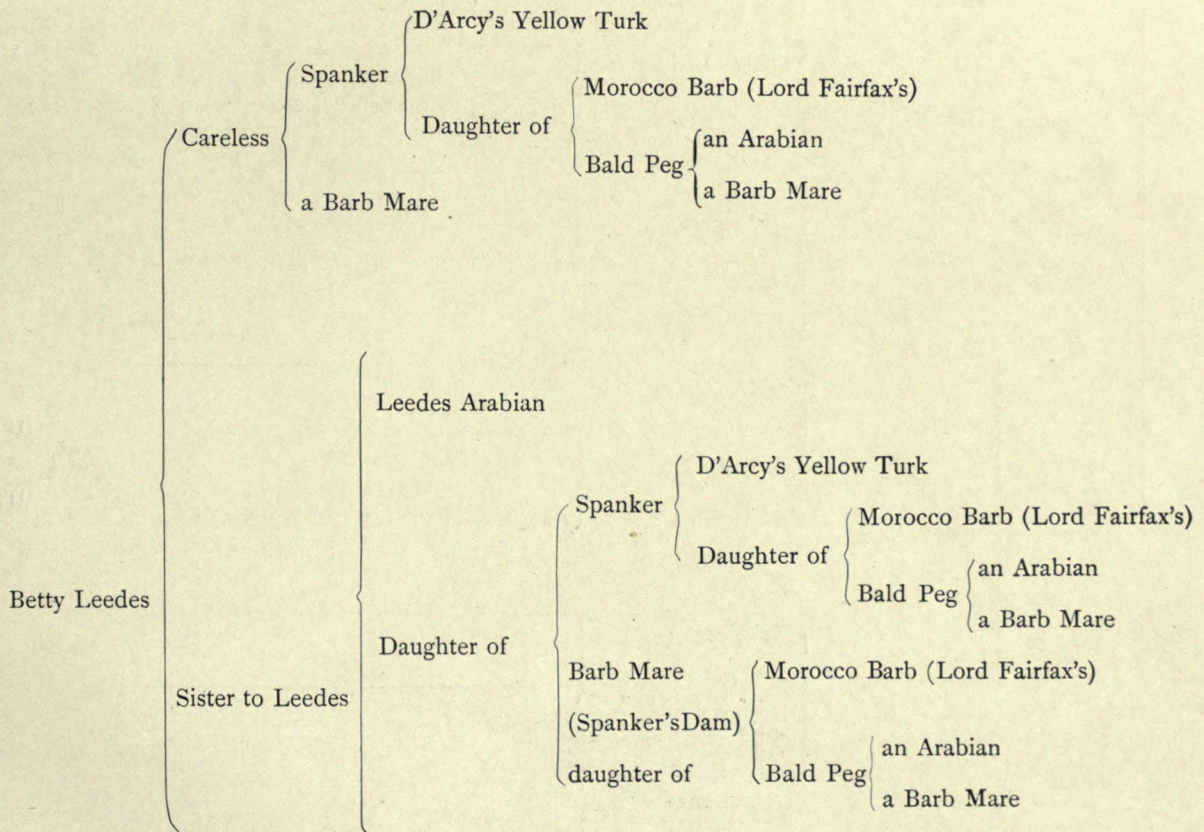
A.—The Pedigree of FLYING CHILDERS, as given by Captain Roger D. Upton in "Newmarket and Arabia" (1873).

FLYING OR DEVONSHIRE CHILDERS, 1715.

[A horse entirely of Eastern descent, and principally of Arabian blood.]

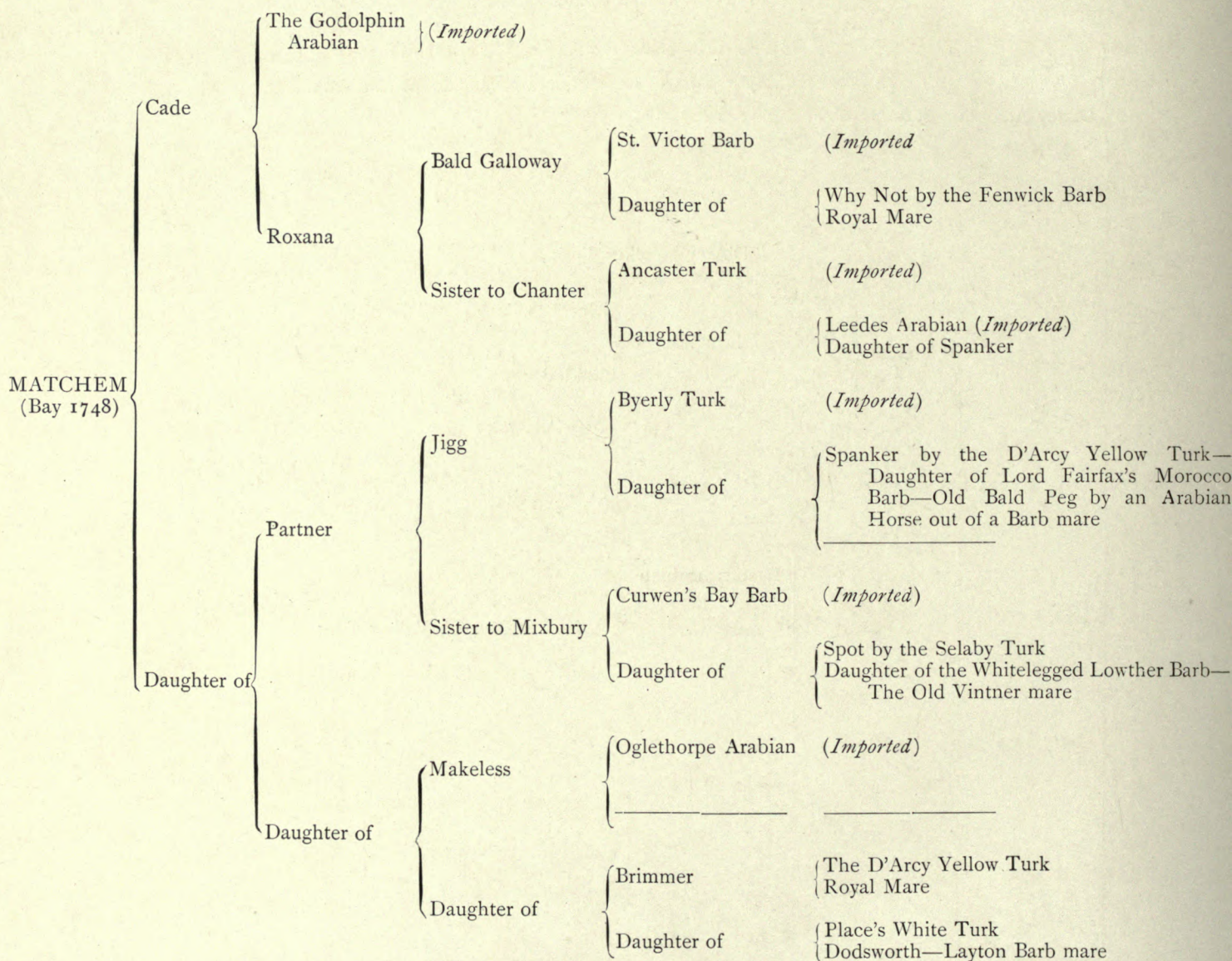
Darley Arabian. A horse of the family called "Managhi"

CHILDERS, 1715.



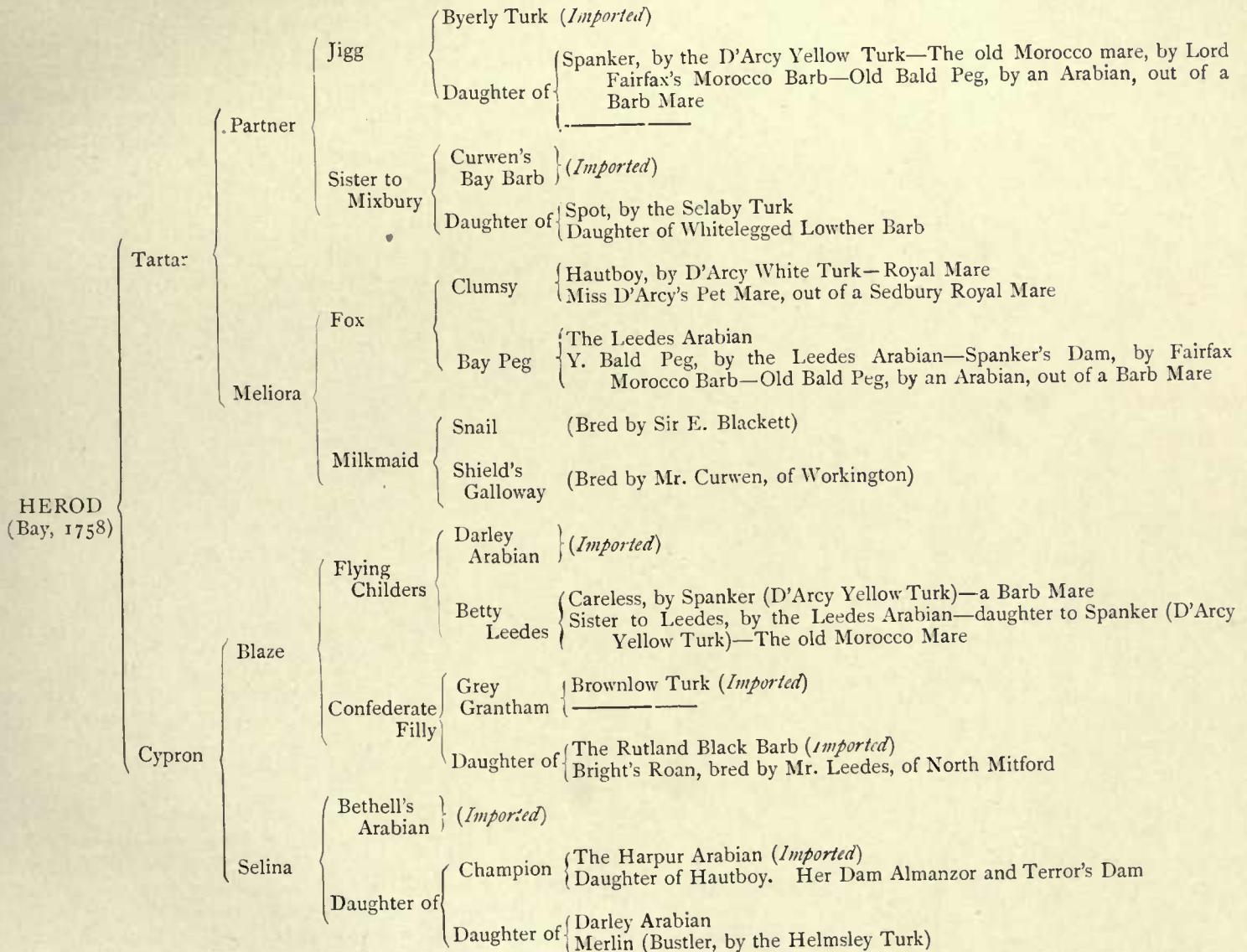
APPENDIX.

B.—The Pedigree of Mr. William Fenwick's MATCHEM, bred by Mr. John Holme in 1748 ;
died at Bywell, Northumberland, in 1781.



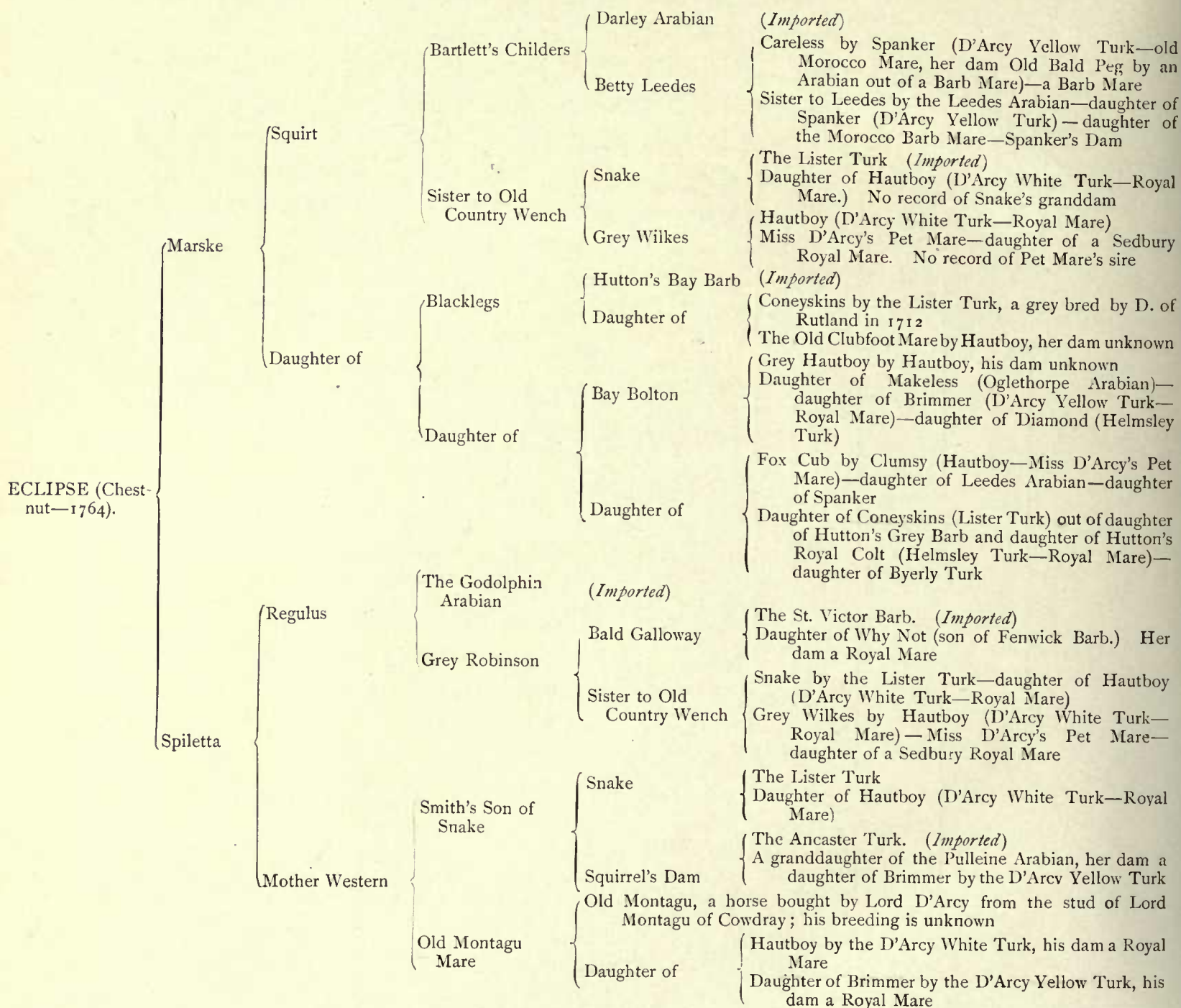
APPENDIX.

C.—The Pedigree of Sir John Moore's HEROD, bred by the Duke of Cumberland in 1758; died at Netherhall, Bury, in 1780.



APPENDIX.

D.—The Pedigree of Colonel O'Kelly's ECLIPSE, who was never beaten. Bred by the Duke of Cumberland in 1764, died at Cannons, Surrey, in 1787.



N.B.—It is also held that the Old Montagu Mare was by Woodcock, who was by Bustler, by the Helmsley Turk.

APPENDIX.

E.—A Table Shewing Descent in the Female Line from an Original Mare.

[From the First Volume of the "General Stud Book."]

1st dam—Burton Barb mare
 2nd „ Mare by Dicky Pierson
 3rd „ Old Thornton by Brimmer
 4th „ Chestnut Thornton by Makeless
 5th „ Lusty Thornton by Crofts's Bay Barb
 6th „ Brown Woodcock by Woodcock
 7th „ Mare by Partner
 8th „ Miss Makeless by Y. Greyhound (son of Brown Farewell).

9th dam—Miss Cade by Cade
 10th „ Mare by Cullen Arabian
 11th „ Mare by Old England
 12th „ Manilla by Goldfinder (gr.-g.-grandam of
 BLACKLOCK)

13th dam—Miss Judy by Alfred
 14th „ Mare by Stamford
 15th „ Electress by Election (grandam of
 TEDDINGTON)
 16th „ Splitvote by St. Luke
 17th „ Bribery by The Libel (dam of
 ST. ALBANS)

13th dam—Hornet by Drone
 14th „ Rival by Sir Peter
 15th „ Thalestris by Alexander
 16th „ Peri by Wanderer (dam of
 SIR HERCULES)

9th dam—Mare by Traveller
 10th „ Lass of the Mill by Oroonoko
 11th „ Atalanta by Matchem
 12th „ Flora by King Fergus
 13th „ Mare by Hyacinthus
 14th „ Treasure by Camillus
 15th „ Leda by Filho da Puta
 16th „ Martha Lynn by Mulatto (dam of
 VOLTIGEUR)

APPENDIX.

F.—The Pedigree of BLACKLOCK.

BLACKLOCK (Bay—1814)	Whitlock (Bay—1803)	Hambletonian (B.—1792)	King Fergus (Ch.—1775)	Eclipse (Ch.—1764)	Marske by Squirt (Bartlet's Childers by Darley A.—sister to Old Country Wench by Snake)—daughter of Blacklegs (Hutton's Bay Barb), etc.		
				Creeping Polly (Ch.—1756)	Spiletta by Regulus (Godolphin Arabian—Grey Robinson by Bald Galloway)—Mother Western (Smith's son of Snake—Old Montague mare)		
				Daughter of (B.—1782)	Black and All Black (also called Othello) by Crab (Acaster Turk—sister to Soreheel by Basto)—Miss Slamerkin by True Blue, etc.		
					Fanny by Tartar (Partner by Jigg—Meliora by Fox, son of Clumsy)—daughter of Starling (Bay Bolton by Grey Hautboy—daughter of Brownlow T.)		
				Highflyer (B.—1774)	Herod by Tartar (above)—Cypron by Blaze (Childers—daughter of Grey Grantham by Brownlow Turk)—Selima by Bethell's Arabian		
				Monimia (Gr.—1771)	Rachel by Blank (Godolphin—Little Hartley mare by Bartlet's Childers)—daughter of Regulus (Godolphin)—daughter of Soreheels (Basto by Byerly T.)		
				Phenomenon (— — —)	Matchem by Cade (Godolphin—Roxana by Bald Galloway, son of St. Victor's Barb)—daughter of Partner (above)—daughter of Matchless		
					Daughter of Alcides (Babraham by Godolphin—Large Hartley mare)—daughter of Crab (above)—Snap's dam by Fox (above)—Gipsy by Bay Bolton, etc.		
				Herod (B.—1758)	Tartar by Partner (above)—Meliora by Fox (Clumsy by Hautboy—Miss D'Arcy's Pet mare)—Milkmaid by Sir W. Blacket's Snail, etc.		
				Frenzy (Ch.—1774)	Cypron by Blaze (Childers—Confederate filly by Grey Grantham)—Selima by Bethell's A.—daughter of Champion (Harpur A.), etc.		
				Rosalind (Ch.—1788)	Atalanta (Ch.—1769)	Matchem (B.—1748)	Eclipse by Marske (above)—Spiletta by Regulus (above)—Mother Western (above)—the Old Montague mare—daughter of Hautboy, etc.
						Lass of the Mill (— 1756)	Daughter of Engineer (Sampson by Blaze—daughter of Greyhound)—Lass of the Mill by Traveller (Partner—daughter of Almanzor by Darley A.), etc.
Pot8os (Ch.—1773)	Cade by Godolphin—Roxana by Bald Galloway (St. Victor's Barb)—daughter of Why Not by Fenwick Barb—sister to Chanter by Acaster Turk						
	Daughter of Partner (Jigg—sister to Mixbury by Curwen's Bay Barb, daughter of Spot)—daughter of Makeless (Oglethorpe Arabian)—daughter of Brimmer						
Lavender (B.—1774)	Oroonoko by Crab (above)—Miss Slamerkin by Y. True Blue (above)—daughter of Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian—D'Arcy's Black-legged Royal mare						
	Lass of the Mill by Traveller (above)—Miss Makeless (above)—Miss Does dam by Woodcock (Merlin—Son of Brimmer)—Croft's Bay Barb						
Coriander (B.—1786)	Eclipse (Ch.—1764)	Marske by Squirt (Bartlet's Childers by Darley Arabian)—daughter of Blacklegs (Hutton's Bay Barb—daughter of Coneyskins, son of Lister Turk)					
	Sportsmistress (— 1765)	Spiletta by Regulus (above)—Mother Western by Smith's son of Snake (Lister Turk)—the Old Montague mare—daughter of Hautboy					
Daughter of (Chestnut—1799)	Wildgoose (B.—1792)	Herod (B.—1758)	Sportsman by Cade (Godolphin—Roxana, as above)—Silvertail by Whitenose (Hall A.—daughter of Heneage's Jigg)—daughter of Rattle, etc.				
			Golden Locks by Oroonoko (above)—daughter of Crab (above)—daughter of Partner (above)—Thwait's Dun mare by the Acaster Turk—Royal mare				
		Highflyer (B.—1774)	Tartar by Partner (above)—Meliora by Fox (above)—Milkmaid by Snail (above)—Shields Galloway (breeding unknown)				
			Rachel (— 1763)			Cypron by Blaze (above)—Selima by Bethell's Arabian—daughter of Champion (Harpur Arabian—daughter of Hautboy)—daughter of Darley Arabian	
		Pot8os (Ch.—1773)	Snap by Snip (Childers—daughter of Basto, sister to Soreheels)—sister to Slip by Fox (Clumsy—Bay Peg by Leedes A.—Gipsy by Bay Bolton, etc.)				
			Miss Roan (Sweet William's dam) by Cade (above)—Madam by Bloody Buttocks (a grey Arabian), rest of parentage unknown				
		Coheiress (Ch.—1786)	Tartar by Partner (above)—Meliora by Fox (above)—Milkmaid by Snail (above)—Shields Galloway (breeding unknown)				
			Manilla (Br.—1777)	Cypron by Blaze (above)—Selima by Bethell's Arabian—daughter of Champion (Harpur Arabian—daughter of Hautboy)—daughter of Darley Arabian			
		Wildgoose (B.—1792)	Blank by the Godolphin Arabian—Little Hartley mare by Bartlet's Childers (Darley A.)—Flying Whig by Williams' Woodstock Arab				
			Daughter of Regulus (above)—daughter of Soreheels (Basto—daughter of Curwen's Bay Barb, sister to Mixbury)—daughter of Makeless (Oglethorpe Arabian)				
		Coheiress (Ch.—1786)	Eclipse by Marske (Squirt by Bartlet's Childers)—Spiletta by Regulus (Godolphin)—Mother Western by Smith's son of Snake (Lister Turk)				
			Manilla (Br.—1777)	Sportsmistress by Sportsman (Cade)—Silvertail by Whitenose—Golden Locks by Oroonoko (above)—daughter of Crab—daughter of Partner, etc.			
Wildgoose (B.—1792)	Goldfinder by Snap (above)—daughter of Blank (above)—daughter of Regulus (above)—Lonsdale Bay Arabian—Bonny Lass by Bay Bolton (above)						
	Daughter of Old England (Godolphin—Little Hartley mare by Bartlet's Childers)—daughter of the Cullen Arabian—daughter of Cade—Miss Makeless						

APPENDIX.

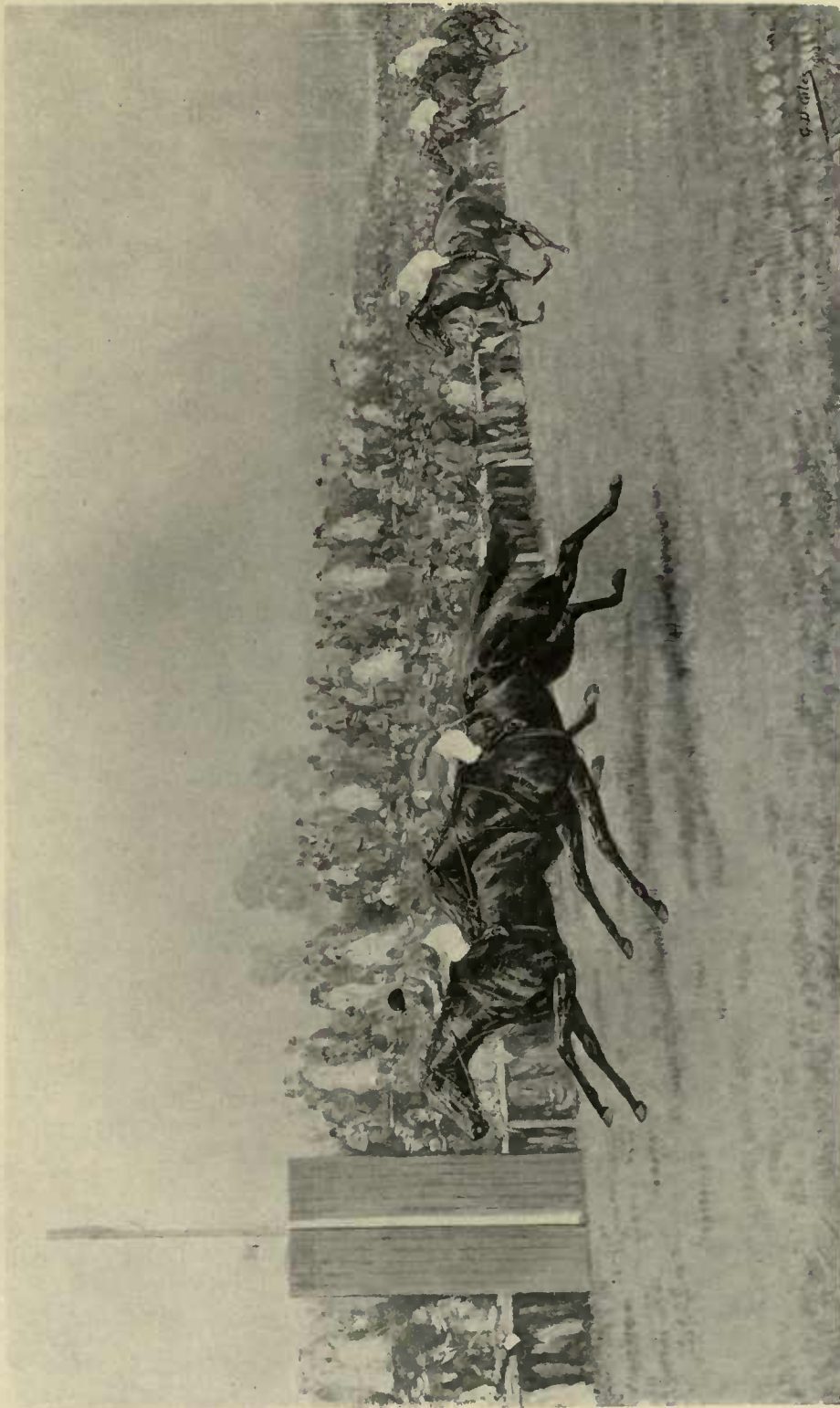
G.—The Pedigree of CARBINE.

CARBINE (Bay—1885)	Musket (Bay —1867)	Daughter of (B.—1857)	Toxopbilite (B.—1855)	Longbow (B.—1849)	Ithuriel (Br.—1841)	Touchstone by Camel (Whalebone)—Banter by Master Henry (Orville) - Boadicea by Alexander (Eclipse)—Brunette by Amaranthus, etc.																				
						Legerdemain (B.—1846)	Miss Bowe (B.—1834)	Verbena by Velocipede (Blacklock)—Rosalba by Milo (Sir Peter)—The Wren by Woodpecker (Herod)—daughter of Alexander—daughter of Highflyer																		
								West Australian (B.—1850)	Pantaloon (Ch.—1824)	Catton by Golumpus (Gohanna)—Lucy Grey by Timothy (Delpini by Highflyer)—Lucy by Florizel (Herod)—Frenzy by Eclipse (Marske), etc.																
										Melbourne (Br.—1834)	Decoy (B.—1830)	Wagtail's dam by Orville (Beningbro')—Miss Grimstone by Weasel (Herod—daughter of Eclipse)—daughter of Ancaster Starling, etc.														
												Mowerina (B.—1843)	Camel Bl.—1822)	Castrel by Buzzard (Woodpecker)—daughter of Alexander (Eclipse)—daughter of Highflyer—daughter of Alfred by Matchem—daughter of Engineer, etc.												
														Daughter of (B.—1829)	Brown Bess (Br.—1844)	Idalia by Peruvian (Sir Peter)—Musidora by Meteor (Eclipse)—Maid of All Work by Highflyer—sister to Tandem by Syphon—daughter of Regulus										
																The Baron (Ch.—1842)	Stockwell (Ch.—1849)	Filho-da-Puta by Haphazard (Sir Peter)—Mrs. Barnet by Waxy (Pot8os)—daughter of Woodpecker (Herod)—Heinel by Squirrel—dau. of Babraham.								
																		Pocahontas (B.—1837)	Knowsley (Br.—1859)	Finesse by Peruvian (Sir Peter)—Violante by John Bull (Fortitude—Xantippe)—sister to Skyscraper by Highflyer—Everlasting (Eclipse), etc.						
																				Orlando (B.—1841)	Daughter of (B.—1853)	Humphry Clinker by Comus (Sorcerer)—Clinkerina by Clinker—Pewet by Tandem—Termagant by Tantrum—Cantatrice by Sampson, etc.				
																						Brown Bess (Br.—1844)	Mersey (Chestnut —1874)	Daughter of Cervantes (Don Quixote by Eclipse)—daughter of Golumpus (Gohanna)—daughter of Paynator—sister to Zodiac by St. George, etc.		
																								Touchstone (Br.—1831)	Newminster (B.—1848)	Touchstone by Camel (Whalebone)—Banter by Master Henry (Orville)—Boadicea by Alexander (Eclipse)—Brunette by Amaranthus, etc.
																										Beeswing (B.—1833)
Euclid (Ch.—1836)	Eulogy (B.—1843)	Whalebone by Waxy (Pot8os—Maria by Herod)—Penelope by Trumpator (Conductor)—Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Snap, etc.																								
		Martha Lynn (Br.—1837)		Daughter of Selim (Buzzard—daughter of Alexander)—Maiden by Sir Peter—daughter of Phenomenon—Matron by Florizel—Maiden by Matchem, etc.																						
					Brutandorf by Blacklock (Whitelock)—Mandane by Pot8os (Eclipse)—Y. Camilla by Woodpecker (Herod)—Misfortune by Dux)—Camilla, etc.																					
					Mrs. Cruickshank by Welbeck (Catton)—Tramp's dam by Gohanna—Fraxinella by Trentham (Sweepstakes)—sister to Goldfinch, etc.																					
					Birdcatcher by Sir Hercules (Whalebone)—Guiccioli by Bob Booty—Flight by Irish Escape—Y. Heroine by Bagot—Heroine by Hero, etc.																					
					Echidna by Economist (Whisker)—Miss Pratt by Blacklock—Gadabout by Orville—Minstrel by Sir Peter—Matron by Florizel, etc.																					
					Glencoe by Sultan (Selim)—Trampoline by Tramp—Web by Waxy—Penelope by Trumpator—Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Snap, etc.																					
					Marpessa by Muley (Orville)—Clare by Marmion—Harpalice by Gohanna—Amazon by Driver—Fractious by Mercury, etc.																					
					Touchstone by Camel (Whalebone)—Banter by Master Henry (Orville)—Boadicea by Alexander (Eclipse)—Brunette by Amaranthus, etc.																					
					Vulture by Langer (Selim)—Kite by Bustard (Castrel)—Olympia by Sir Oliver (Sir Peter)—Harmony by Herod—Rutilia by Blank, etc.																					
					Camel by Whalebone (Waxy)—daughter of Selim—Maiden by Sir Peter—daughter of Phenomenon—Matron by Florizel—Maiden by Matchem, etc.																					
					Daughter of Brutandorf (Blacklock—Mandane)—Mrs. Cruickshank by Welbeck (Catton)—Tramp's dam by Gohanna—Fraxinella by Trentham, etc.																					
	Camel by Whalebone (Waxy)—daughter of Selim—Maiden by Sir Peter—daughter of Phenomenon—Matron by Florizel—Maiden by Matchem, etc.																									
	Banter by Master Henry (Orville)—Boadicea by Alexander—Brunette by Amaranthus—Mayfly by Matchem—daughter of Ancaster Starling, etc.																									
	Dr. Syntax by Paynator (Trumpator)—daughter of Beningbro'—Jenny Mole by Cartuncle (Babraham Blank)—daughter of Prince T'Quassa, etc.																									
	Daughter of Ardrossan (John Bull)—Lady Eliza by Whitworth (Agonistes by Sir Peter—daughter of Jupiter by Eclipse)—daughter of Spadille, etc.																									
	Eniluis by Orville (Beningbro'—Evelina)—Emily by Stamford (Sir Peter—Horatia by Eclipse)—daughter of Whisky (Saltram—Calash), etc.																									
	Maria by Whisker (Waxy)—Penelope by Trumpator)—Gibside Fairy by Hermes (Mercury)—Vicissitude by Pipator (Imperator), etc.																									
	Mulatto by Catton (Golumpus—Lucy Grey by Timothy)—Desdemona by Orville (Beningbro')—Fanny by Sir Peter—daughter of Diomed, etc.																									
	Leda by Filho-da-Puta (Haphazard)—Mrs. Barnet by Waxy)—Treasure by Camillus (Hambletonian)—daughter of Hyacinthus (Coriander), etc.																									

APPENDIX

H.—Three French Pedigrees

MAXIMUM II. (1899)	Chalet	Beauminet	Flageolet	{ Plutus	{ Trumpeter
				{ La Favorite	{ Planet mare
		The Frisky Matron	Beauty	{ Knowsley	{ Monarque
				{ Bargain	{ Constance
			Cremorne	{ Parmesan	{ Stockwell
				{ Rigolboche	{ Orlando mare
			Mayfair	{ The Marquis	{ Barnton
				{ May Queen	{ Kernel
		Dollar	Flying Dutchman	{ Bay Middleton	{ Sweetmeat
				{ Barbelle	{ Gruyere
	Urgence		Payment	{ Slane	{ Rataplan
				{ Receipt	{ Gardham mare
		Promise	Monarque	{ The Emperor	{ Stockwell
				{ Poetess	{ Cinizelli
			Mademoiselle de Chantilly	{ Gladiator	{ Trumpeter
				{ Maid of Mona	{ May Bell
					{ Sultan
					{ Cobweb
					{ Sandbeck
					{ Darioletta
QUO VADIS (1900)	Winkfield's Pride (1893)	Winkfield (1885)	Barcardine (1878)	{ Salon (1861)	{ West Australian (1850)
				{ Ballyree (1872)	{ Birdcatcher mare (1850)
		Alimony (1889)	Chaplet (1872)	{ Beadsman (1855)	{ Belladrum (1866)
				{ Mad. Egline (1857)	{ Bon Accord (1867)
			Isonomy (1875)	{ Sterling (1868)	{ Weatherbit (1842)
				{ Isola Bella (1868)	{ Mendicant (1843)
		Petrarch (1873)	Alibech (1883)	{ Hermit (1864)	{ Cowl (1842)
				{ Daughter of (1874)	{ Diversion (1838)
		Filomena (1888)	Lord Clifden (1860)	{ Newminster (1848)	{ Oxford (1857)
				{ The Slave (1852)	{ Whisper (1857)
			Laura (1860)	{ Orlando (1841)	{ Stockwell (1849)
				{ Torment (1850)	{ Isoline (1860)
		Hawthorndale (1867)	Kettledrum (1858)	{ Rataplan (1850)	{ Newminster (1848)
				{ Hybla (1846)	{ Seclusion (1857)
			Lady Alice Hawthorn (1859)	{ Newminster (1848)	{ Musket (1867)
				{ Lady Hawthorn (1854)	{ Teddington mare (1855)
					{ Touchstone (1831)
					{ Beeswing (1833)
					{ Melbourne (1834)
					{ Volley (1845)
ARIZONA (1899)	Omnium II. (1892)	Upas (1883)	Dollar (1860)	{ Flying Dutchman (1846)	{ Touchstone (1831)
				{ Payment (1848)	{ Vulture (1833)
		Blurette (1886)	Rosemary (1870)	{ Skirmisher (1854)	{ Alarm (1842)
				{ Vertumna (1859)	{ Glencoe mare (1837)
			Wellingtonia (1869)	{ Chattanooga (1862)	{ The Baron (1842)
				{ Arancaria (1862)	{ Pocahontas (1837)
			Blue Serge (1876)	{ Hermit (1864)	{ The Provost (1836)
				{ Blue Sleeves (1869)	{ Otisina (1837)
		Melton (1882)	Master Kildare (1875)	{ Lord Ronald (1862)	{ Touchstone (1831)
				{ Silk (1869)	{ Beeswing (1833)
	Attractive (1888)		Violet Melrose (1875)	{ Scottish Chief (1861)	{ Windhound (1850)
				{ Violet (1864)	{ Alice Hawthorn (1838)
			Macaroni (1860)	{ Sweetmeat (1842)	
				{ Jocose (1843)	
			Curacoa (1860)	{ The Cure (1841)	
				{ Tasmania (1854)	
					{ Bay Middleton (1833)
					{ Barbelle (1836)
					{ Slane (1833)
					{ Receipt (1836)
					{ Voltigeur (1847)



From the painting by G. D. Giles.
By permission of Mr. E. S. Tattersall.

"Ard Patrick" beats "Sceptre" and "Rock Sand" (Eclipse Stakes, 1903).

APPENDIX.

J.—The Pedigree of BEESWING.

BEESWING (Bay—1833)	Dr. Syntax (Br.—1811)	Paynator (Br.—1791)	Trumpator (Bl.—1782)	Conductor by Matchem (Cade—daughter of Partner)—daughter of Snap—daughter of The Cullen A.—Lady Thigh by Partner (Jigg—sister to Mixbury), etc.				
				Brunette by Squirrel—Dove by Matchless—daughter of Ancaster Starling—daughter of Grasshopper—daughter of Sir M. Newton's Bay A.—daughter of Pert, etc.				
				Marc Antony by Spectator—Rachel by Blank (The Godolphin)—daughter of Regulus—daughter of Soreheels—daughter of Makeless—D'Arcy's Royal mare				
				Signora by Snap (Snip by Childers)—Miss Windsor by The Godolphin—sister to Volunteer by Y. Belgrade—daughter of Bartlet's Childers, etc.				
				King Fergus by Eclipse (Marske—Spiletta)—Polly by Black and All Black—Fanny by Tartar—daughter of Old Starling—daughter of Childers, etc.				
				Daughter of Herod—Pyrrha by Matchem—Duchess by Whitenose—Miss Slamerkin by Y. True Blue—daughter of Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, etc.				
				Carbuncle by Babraham Blank (The Godolphin)—daughter of Cade (The Godolphin)—daughter of Fox (Clumsy—Bay Peg)—sister to Bay Bolton, etc.				
				Daughter of Prince T'Quassa (Snip—Dairy Maid)—Bloody Buttocks—daughter of Regulus (The Godolphin)—daughter of Partner (Jigg—sister to Mixbury), etc.				
				Fortitude by Herod (Tartar—Cypron)—daughter of Snap—Milksoy by Cade—Miss Partner by Partner—daughter of Makeless—daughter of Brimmer, etc.				
				Xantippe (sister to Don Quixote) by Eclipse (Marske)—Grecian Princess by Williams's Forester—daughter of Coalition colt—daughter of Bustard, etc.				
Daughter of (Ch.—1817)	Ardrossan (B.—1809)	Miss Whip (— 1793)	John Bull (Ch.—1789)	Volunteer by Eclipse—daughter of Tartar—daughter of Mogul—daughter of Sweepstakes—sister to Sloven by Bay Bolton—daughter of Curwen Bay Barb, etc.				
				Wimbledon by Evergreen (Herod—Angelica)—sister to Calash by Herod—Teresa by Matchem—daughter of Regulus—sister to Ancaster Starling.				
				Agonistes by Sir Peter (Highflyer by Herod)—The Wren by Woodpecker (Herod)—Papillon by Snap—Miss Cleveland by Regulus—Midge, etc.				
				Daughter of Jupiter (Eclipse)—daughter of Highflyer (Herod)—daughter of Matchem—sister to Pioneer by Old England—Little Partner by Traveller, etc.				
				Spadille by Highflyer (Herod)—Flora by Squirrel (Traveller)—Angelica by Snap—daughter of Regulus—Bartlet's Childers—Honeywood Arabian, etc.				
				Sylvia by Y. Marske—Ferret by brother to Silvio (Cade)—Regulus—Lord Morton's A.—Mixbury—Mulso Bay T.—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins, etc.				
				Lady Eliza (B.—1813)	Whitworth (B.—1805)	Daughter of X.Y.Z.'s Dam (B.—1793)	John Bull (Ch.—1789)	Volunteer by Eclipse—daughter of Tartar—daughter of Mogul—daughter of Sweepstakes—sister to Sloven by Bay Bolton—daughter of Curwen Bay Barb, etc.
								Wimbledon by Evergreen (Herod—Angelica)—sister to Calash by Herod—Teresa by Matchem—daughter of Regulus—sister to Ancaster Starling.
								Agonistes by Sir Peter (Highflyer by Herod)—The Wren by Woodpecker (Herod)—Papillon by Snap—Miss Cleveland by Regulus—Midge, etc.
								Daughter of Jupiter (Eclipse)—daughter of Highflyer (Herod)—daughter of Matchem—sister to Pioneer by Old England—Little Partner by Traveller, etc.
Spadille by Highflyer (Herod)—Flora by Squirrel (Traveller)—Angelica by Snap—daughter of Regulus—Bartlet's Childers—Honeywood Arabian, etc.								
Sylvia by Y. Marske—Ferret by brother to Silvio (Cade)—Regulus—Lord Morton's A.—Mixbury—Mulso Bay T.—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins, etc.								
Daughter of (Ch.—1817)	Ardrossan (B.—1809)	Miss Whip (— 1793)	John Bull (Ch.—1789)					Volunteer by Eclipse—daughter of Tartar—daughter of Mogul—daughter of Sweepstakes—sister to Sloven by Bay Bolton—daughter of Curwen Bay Barb, etc.
								Wimbledon by Evergreen (Herod—Angelica)—sister to Calash by Herod—Teresa by Matchem—daughter of Regulus—sister to Ancaster Starling.
								Agonistes by Sir Peter (Highflyer by Herod)—The Wren by Woodpecker (Herod)—Papillon by Snap—Miss Cleveland by Regulus—Midge, etc.
								Daughter of Jupiter (Eclipse)—daughter of Highflyer (Herod)—daughter of Matchem—sister to Pioneer by Old England—Little Partner by Traveller, etc.
				Spadille by Highflyer (Herod)—Flora by Squirrel (Traveller)—Angelica by Snap—daughter of Regulus—Bartlet's Childers—Honeywood Arabian, etc.				
				Sylvia by Y. Marske—Ferret by brother to Silvio (Cade)—Regulus—Lord Morton's A.—Mixbury—Mulso Bay T.—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins, etc.				
				Lady Eliza (B.—1813)	Whitworth (B.—1805)	Daughter of X.Y.Z.'s Dam (B.—1793)	John Bull (Ch.—1789)	Volunteer by Eclipse—daughter of Tartar—daughter of Mogul—daughter of Sweepstakes—sister to Sloven by Bay Bolton—daughter of Curwen Bay Barb, etc.
								Wimbledon by Evergreen (Herod—Angelica)—sister to Calash by Herod—Teresa by Matchem—daughter of Regulus—sister to Ancaster Starling.
								Agonistes by Sir Peter (Highflyer by Herod)—The Wren by Woodpecker (Herod)—Papillon by Snap—Miss Cleveland by Regulus—Midge, etc.
								Daughter of Jupiter (Eclipse)—daughter of Highflyer (Herod)—daughter of Matchem—sister to Pioneer by Old England—Little Partner by Traveller, etc.
Spadille by Highflyer (Herod)—Flora by Squirrel (Traveller)—Angelica by Snap—daughter of Regulus—Bartlet's Childers—Honeywood Arabian, etc.								
Sylvia by Y. Marske—Ferret by brother to Silvio (Cade)—Regulus—Lord Morton's A.—Mixbury—Mulso Bay T.—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins, etc.								

APPENDIX.

K.—The Pedigree of STOCKWELL.

STOCKWELL (Chestnut— 1849)	The Baron (Chestnut —1842)	Echidna (Br.—1837)	Birdcatcher (Ch.—1833)	Sir Hercules (Bl.—1826)	Whalebone (Br.—1807)	Waxy by Pot8os (Eclipse—Sportsmistress by Sportsman)—Maria by Herod (Tartar—Cypron)—Lisette by Snap (Snip by Childers), etc. Penelope by Trumpator (Conductor—Brunette by Squirrel)—Prunella by Highflyer (Herod—Rachel)—Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank, etc.
					Peri (B.—1822)	Wanderer by Gohanna (Mercury—sister to Challenger)—Catherine (sister to Colibri) by Woodpecker (Herod—Miss Ramsden)—Camilla, etc. Thalestris by Alexander (Eclipse—Grecian Princess)—Rival by Sir Peter (Highflyer)—Hornet by Drone (Herod)—Manilla by Goldfinder, etc.
				Guiccioli (Ch.—1826)	Bob Booty (Ch.—1804)	Chanticleer by Woodpecker (Herod—Miss Ramsden)—daughter of Eclipse (Marske)—Rosebud by Snap (Snip)—Miss Belsea by Regulus, etc. Ierne by Bagot (Herod—Marotte by Matchem)—daughter of Gamahoe (Bustard by Crab—daughter of Regulus)—Patty by Tim (Squirt)—Miss Patch, etc.
					Flight (Ch.—1808)	Irish Escape by Commodore (Tug by Herod—Smallhopes)—daughter of Highflyer (Herod—Rachel)—Shift by Sweetbriar (Syphon)—Black Susan, etc. Y. Heroine by Bagot (above)—Heroine by Hero (Cade), sister to Regulus by The Godolphin—Grey Robinson by The Bald Galloway, etc.
				Economist (B.—1826)	Whisker (B.—1812)	Waxy by Pot8os (Eclipse—Sportsmistress by Sportsman)—Maria by Herod (Tartar—Cypron)—Lisette by Snap (Snip by Childers), etc. Penelope by Trumpator (Conductor—Brunette by Squirrel)—Prunella by Highflyer (Herod—Rachel)—Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank, etc.
					Floranthe (B.—1818)	Octavian by Stripling (Phenomenon—Laura by Eclipse)—daughter of Oberon (Highflyer—Queen Mab by Eclipse)—sister to Sharper by Ranthos, etc. Caprice by Anvil (Herod—daughter of Feather—Crazy by Lath)—Madcap by Eclipse—daughter of Blank (Godolphin A.)—daughter of Blaze, etc.
				Miss Pratt (B.—1825)	Blacklock (B.—1817)	Whitlock by Hambletonian (King Fergus by Eclipse—Polly)—Roseline by Phenomenon (Herod—Frenzy)—Atalanta by Matchem (Cade), etc. Daughter of Coriander (Pot8os—Lavender by Herod)—Wild Goose by Highflyer (Herod—Rachel)—Coeheiss by Pot8os (above)—Manilla, etc.
					Gadabout (Br.—1812)	Orville by Beningbro' (King Fergus—daughter of Herod)—Evelina by Highflyer (Herod—Rachel by Blank)—Termagant by Tantrum (Cripple), etc. Minstrel by Sir Peter (Highflyer—Papillon by Snap)—Matron by Florize (Herod)—Maiden by Matchem (Cade)—daughter of Squirt (Syphon), etc.
				Sultan (B.—1816)	Selim (Ch.—1802)	Buzzard by Woodpecker (Herod—Miss Ramsden)—Misfortune by Dux (Matchem—Duchess)—Curiosity by Snap (Snip)—daughter of Regulus, etc. Daughter of Alexander (Eclipse—Grecian Princess)—daughter of Highflyer (Herod—Rachel by Blank)—dau. of Alfred (brother to Conductor by Matchem), etc.
					Bacchante (B.—1809)	Williamson's Ditto by Sir Peter (Highflyer—Papillon)—Arethusa by Dungannon (Eclipse—Aspasia)—daughter of Prophet (Regulus), etc. Sister to Calomel by Mercury (Eclipse—Old Tartar mare)—daughter of Herod—Folly by Marske (Squirt—daughter of Blacklegs)—Vixen by Regulus, etc.
Pocahontas (Bay— 1837)	Glencoe (Ch.—1833)	Trampoline (B.—1825)			Tramp (B.—1810)	Dick Andrews by Joe Andrews (Eclipse—Amaranda)—daughter of Highflyer (Herod—Rachel)—dau. of Cardinal Puff—dau. of Tatler—dau. of Snip, etc. Daughter of Gohanna (Mercury—sister to Challenger by Herod)—Fraxinella by Trentham (Sweepstakes)—daughter of Woodpecker (above)—Everlasting, etc.
					Web (B.—1808)	Waxy by Pot8os (Eclipse—Sportsmistress by Sportsman)—Maria by Herod (Tartar—Cypron)—Lisette by Snap (Snip)—Miss Windsor, etc. Penelope by Trumpator (Conductor—Brunette)—Prunella by Highflyer (Herod—Rachel)—Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank, etc.
						Beningbro' by King Fergus (Eclipse—Polly)—daughter of Herod (Tartar—Cypron)—Pyrrha by Matchem (Cade—daughter of Partner)—Duchess, etc. Evelina by Highflyer (Herod—Rachel by Blank)—Termagant by Tantrum (Cripple by The Godolphin)—daughter of Regulus (The Godolphin), etc.
		Muley (B.—1810)			Orville (B.—1799)	Whisky by Saltram (Eclipse—Virago by Regulus)—Calash by Herod (Tartar—Cypron)—Teresa by Matchem (Cade—daughter of Partner), etc. Y. Giantess (Sorcerer's dam) by Diomed (Florizel—daughter of Spectator)—Giantess by Matchem (Cade—daughter of Partner)—Molly-Long-Legs, etc.
					Eleanor (B.—1798)	Whisky by Saltram (Eclipse—Virago)—Calash by Herod (Tartar—Cypron)—Teresa by Matchem (Cade—daughter of Partner), etc. Y. Noisette by Diomed (Florizel—daughter of Spectator)—Noisette by Squirrel (Traveller—Grey Bloody Buttocks)—Carina by Marske (Squirt), etc.
		Marpessa (B.—1830)			Marmion (B.—1806)	Gohanna by Mercury (Eclipse—Old Tartar mare)—sister to Challenger by Herod (Tartar—Cypron)—Maiden by Matchem (Cade), etc. Amazon by Driver (Trentham—Coquette)—Fraxious by Mercury (Eclipse)—daughter of Woodpecker (Herod)—Everlasting by Eclipse—Ilyana, etc.
					Clare (B.—1824)	
					Harpalice (B.—1814)	

APPENDIX.

L.—The Pedigree of BEND OR.

BEND OR (Chestnut—1877)	Doncaster (Chestnut—1870)	Stockwell (Ch.—1849)	The Baron (Ch.—1842)	Birdcatcher (Ch.—1833)	Sir Hercules by Whalebone (Waxy—Penelope)—Peri by Wanderer—Thalestris by Alexander—Rival by Sir Peter—Hornet by Drone
				Echidna (B.—1838)	Guiccioli by Bob Booty (Chanticleer—Jerne)—Flight by Irish Escape—Young Heroine by Bagot (Herod)—Heroine by Hero—sister to Regulus
				Glencoe (Ch.—1833)	Economist by Whisker (Waxy—Penelope)—Floranthé by Octavian—Caprice by Anvil—Madcap by Eclipse—daughter of Blank—daughter of Blaze
				Pocahontas (B.—1837)	Miss Pratt by Blacklock—Gadabout by Orville—Minstrel by Sir Peter—Matron by Florizel—Maiden by Matchem, etc.
				Marpessa (B.—1830)	Sultan by Selim (Buzzard—daughter of Alexander)—Bacchante by Williamson's Ditto (Sir Peter)—sister to Calomel by Mercury—daughter of Herod.
				Orlando (B.—1841)	Trampoline by Tramp—Web by Waxy—Penelope by Trumpator—Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank, etc.
				Teddington (Ch.—1848)	Muley by Orville (above)—Eleanor by Whisky—Young Giantess by Diomed—Giantess by Matchem—Molly Long Legs by Babraham, etc.
				Miss Twickenham (Ch.—1838)	Clare by Marmion (Whisky—Young Noisette)—Harpalice (Gohanna)—Amazon by Driver—Fractious by Mercury—daughter of Woodpecker, etc.
				Sister to Singapore (B.—1852)	Touchstone by Camel (Whalebone by Waxy)—Banter by Master Henry—Boadicea by Alexander (Eclipse)—Brunette by Amaranthus, etc.
				Ratan (Ch.—1841)	Vulture by Langan—Kite by Mustard—Olympia by Sir Oliver (Sir Peter)—Scotilla by Anvil—Scota by Eclipse—Harmony by Herod—Rutilia, etc.
				Daughter of (Br.—1844)	Rockingham by Humphrey Clinker (Comus—Clinkerina)—Medora by Swordsman (Buffer by Prizefighter)—daughter of Trumpator—Peppermint, etc.
				Pantaloon (B.—1824)	Electress by Election (Gohanna—Chestnut Skim)—daughter of Stamford—Miss Judy by Alfred—Manilla by Goldfinder—daughter of Old England
				Windhound (B.—1850)	Buzzard by Blacklock (above)—Miss Newton by Delpini—Tippie Cyder by King Fergus (Eclipse)—Sylvia by Young Marske (Marske)
				Phryne (Br.—1840)	Daughter of Picton (Smolensko—daughter of Dick Andrews)—daughter of Selim (above)—daughter of Pipator—Queen Mab by Eclipse—dau. of Old Tartar
				Alice Hawthorn (B.—1838)	Melbourne by Humphry Clinker—daughter of Cervantes (Don Quixote)—daughter of Golumpus—daughter of Paynator—sister to Zodiac by St. George, etc.
Rouge Rose Chestnut—1865)	Thormanby (Ch.—1857)	Windhound (B.—1850)	Alice Hawthorn (B.—1838)	Rebecca (B.—1831)	Lizbeth by Phantom (Walton—Julia by Whisky)—Elizabeth by Rainbow—Belvoirina by Stamford—sister to Silver by Mercury—daughter of Herod
				Sandbeck (B.—1818)	Castrel by Buzzard (Woodpecker—Misfortune by Dux)—daughter of Alexander—daughter of Highflyer—dau. of Alfred (brother to Conductor) by Matchem
				Redshank (B.—1833)	Idalia by Peruvian—Musidora by Meteor—Maid of All Work by Highflyer—sister to Tandem by Syphon—daughter of Regulus—daughter of Snip
				Johanna (Ch.—1813)	Touchstone by Camel (Whalebone by Waxy)—Banter by Master Henry—Boadicea by Alexander—Brunette by Amaranthus—Mayfly, etc.
				Delhi (Bl.—1838)	Decoy by Filho-da-Putá (Haphazard—Mrs. Barnet by Waxy)—Finesse by Peruvian—Violante by John Bull—sister to Skyscraper, etc.
Ellen Horne (Ch.—1844)	Thormanby (Ch.—1857)	Windhound (B.—1850)	Alice Hawthorn (B.—1838)	Plenipotentiary (Ch.—1831)	Muley by Orville—Eleanor by Whisky—Young Giantess by Matchem—Giantess by Matchem—Molly Long Legs by Babraham, etc.
				Pawn Junior (Br.—1817)	Nancy by Dick Andrews—Spitfire by Beningbro'—daughter of Young Sir Peter—daughter of Engineer—dau. of Wilson's A.—dau. of Hutton's Spot, etc.
					Lottery by Tramp (above)—Mandane by Pot8os (Eclipse)—Young Camilla by Woodpecker—Camilla by Trentham—daughter of The Godolphin.
Ellen Horne (Ch.—1844)	Thormanby (Ch.—1857)	Windhound (B.—1850)	Alice Hawthorn (B.—1838)		Daughter of Cervantes (Don Quixote—Evelina)—Anticipation by Beningbro'—Expectation (sister to Telemachus) by Herod—daughter of Skim
					Catton by Golumpus—Lucy Grey by Timothy—Lucy by Florizel—Frenzy by Eclipse—daughter of Engineer—daughter of Blank—Lass of the Mill, etc.
					Orvillina (sister to Orville) by Beningbro' (above)—Evelina by Highflyer—Termagant by Tantrum—Cantatrice by Sampson—daughter of Regulus
Ellen Horne (Ch.—1844)	Thormanby (Ch.—1857)	Windhound (B.—1850)	Alice Hawthorn (B.—1838)		Selim by Buzzard—daughter of Alexander—daughter of Highflyer—daughter of Alfred—dau. of Engineer—Bay Malton's dam by Cade—Lass of the Mill, etc.
					Comical's dam by Skyscraper—daughter of Dragon—Fidget's dam by Matchem—sister to Sweetbriar by Syphon—dau. of Shakespeare—dau. of Cade, etc.
					Emilius by Orville—Emily by Stamford—daughter of Whisky—Grey Dorimant by Dorimant—Dizzy by Blank—Dizzy by Driver—daughter of Smiling Tom, etc.
Ellen Horne (Ch.—1844)	Thormanby (Ch.—1857)	Windhound (B.—1850)	Alice Hawthorn (B.—1838)		Harriet by Pericles—daughter of Selim—Pipylina by Sir Peter—Rally by Trumpator—Fancy by Florizel—daughter of Spectator—sister to Horatius, etc.
					Waxy by Pot8os—Maria by Herod (above)—Lisette by Snap (Snip)—Miss Windsor by The Godolphin—sister to Volunteer by Young Belgrade, etc.
					Pawn (sister to Penelope) by Trumpator—Prunella by Highflyer—Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner, etc.

APPENDIX.

M.—The Pedigree of ISINGLASS.

ISINGLASS (Bay—1890)	Isonomy (Bay—1875)	Sterling (B.—1868)	Oxford (Ch.—1857)	Birdcatcher (Ch.—1833)	Sir Hercules by Whalebone (Waxy—Penelope by Trumpator)—Peri by Wanderer (Gohanna)—Thalestris by Alexander (Eclipse)—Rival, etc. Guiccioli by Bob Booty (Chanticleer by Woodpecker—Ierne by Bagot)—Flight by Irish Escape (Commodore—daughter of Highflyer), etc.
				Honey Dear (B.—1844)	Plenipotentiary by Emilius (Orville)—Harriet by Pericles (Evander)—daughter of Selim—Pipylina by Sir Peter—Rally by Trumpator, etc. My Dear by Bay Middleton (Sultan—Cobweb by Phantom)—Miss Letty by Priam (Emilius)—daughter of Orville—daughter of Buzzard, etc.
			Whisper (B.—1857)	Flatcatcher (B.—1841)	Touchstone by Camel (Whalebone—daughter of Selim)—Banter by Master Henry (Orville)—Boadicea by Alexander (Eclipse)—Brunette, etc. Decoy by Filho-da-Putá (Haphazard—Mrs. Barnet by Waxy)—Finesse by Peruvian (Sir Peter—daughter of Bondrow)—Violante, etc.
				Silence (B.—1848)	Melbourne by Humphry Clinker (Comus)—daughter of Cervantes (Don Quixote)—daughter of Golumpus (Gohanna)—daughter of Paynator, etc. Secret by Hornsea (Velocipede by Blacklock)—Solace by Longwaist—Dulcamara by Waxy—Witchery by Sorcerer—Cobbéa, etc.
				The Baron (Ch.—1842)	Birdcatcher by Sir Hercules (Whalebone—Peri by Wanderer)—Guiccioli by Bob Booty (Chanticleer)—Flight by Irish Escape, etc. Echidna by Economist (Whisker—Floranthe by Octavian)—Miss Pratt by Blacklock—Gadabout by Orville—Minstrel by Sir Peter, etc.
		Isola Bella (B.—1868)	Stockwell (Ch.—1849)	Pocahontas (B.—1837)	Glencoe by Sultan (Selim—Bacchante by Williamson's Ditto)—Trampoline by Tramp—Web by Waxy—Penelope by Trumpator, etc. Marpessa by Muley (Orville)—Eleanor by Whisky)—Clare by Marmion (Whisky)—Harpalice by Gohanna—Amazon by Driver, etc.
				Ethelbert (Ch.—1850)	Faugh-a-Ballagh by Sir Hercules (Whalebone—Peri by Wanderer)—Guiccioli by Bob Booty—Flight by Irish Escape (Commodore), etc. Espoir by Liverpool (Tramp—Otis by Bustard)—Esperance by Lapdog (Whalebone)—Gussette by Merlin—Coquette by Dick Andrews, etc.
		Isoline (B.—1860)		Bassishaw (B.—1847)	The Prime Warden by Cadland (Andrew by Orville)—Zarina by Morisco (Muley)—Ina by Smolensko (Sorcerer)—Morgiana, etc. Miss Whinney by Sir Hercules (Whalebone—Peri by Wanderer)—Euphrosyne by Comus (Sorcerer)—sister to Anna Bella by Shuttle, etc.
				Lord Clifden (B.—1860)	Touchstone by Camel (Whalebone—daughter of Selim)—Banter by Master Henry (Orville)—Boadicea by Alexander (Eclipse)—Brunette, etc. Beeswing by Dr. Syntax (Paynator—daughter of Beningbro')—daughter of Ardrossan (John Bull)—Lady Eliza by Whitworth (Agonistes), etc.
					Melbourne by Humphry Clinker (Comus)—daughter of Cervantes (Don Quixote)—daughter of Golumpus (Gohanna)—daughter of Paynator, etc. Volley by Voltaire (Blacklock—daughter of Phantom)—Martha Lynn by Mulatto (Catton)—Leda by Filho-da-Putá—Treasure by Camillus, etc.
		Wenlock (B.—1869)	Mineral (Ch.—1863)	Rataplan (Ch.—1850)	The Baron by Birdcatcher (Sir Hercules—Guiccioli by Bob Booty)—Echidna by Economist (Whisker—Floranthe by Octavian), etc. Pocahontas by Glencoe (Sultan—Trampoline by Tramp)—Marpessa by Muley (Orville)—Eleanor by Whisky)—Clare by Marmion (Whisky), etc.
				Manganese (Ch.—1853)	Birdcatcher by Sir Hercules (Whalebone—Peri by Wanderer)—Guiccioli by Bob Booty—Flight by Irish Escape (Commodore), etc. Moonbeam by Tomboy (Jerry by Smolensko—Beeswing's dam by Ardrossan)—Lunatic by Prime Minister (Sancho)—Maniac, etc.
	Deadlock (Chestnut—1878)	Malpractice (B.—1864)	Chevalier d'Industrie (B.—1854)	Orlando (B.—1841)	Touchstone by Camel (Whalebone—daughter of Selim)—Banter by Master Henry (Orville)—Boadicea by Alexander (Eclipse)—Brunette, etc. Vulture by Langar (Selim—daughter of Walton)—Kite by Bustard—Olympia by Sir Oliver—Scotilla by Anvil (Herod)—Scota, etc.
				Industry (B.—1835)	Priam by Emilius (Orville)—Emily by Stamford)—Cressida by Whisky (Saltram)—Y. Giantess by Diomed—Giantess by Matchem, etc. Arachne by Filho-da-Putá (Haphazard—Mrs. Barnet by Waxy)—Treasure by Camillus (Hambletonian)—daughter of Hyacinthus, etc.
				The Flying Dutchman (B.—1846)	Bay Middleton by Sultan (Selim—Bacchante by Williamson's Ditto)—Cobweb by Phantom (Walton)—Filagree by Soothsayer (Sorcerer), etc. Barbelle by Sandbeck (Catton)—Orvillina, sister to Orville)—Darioletta by Amadis (Don Quixote)—Selima by Selim—daughter of Pot8os, etc.
			Dutchman's Daughter (B.—1854)	Red Rose (Ch.—1836)	Rubini by St. Patrick (Walton—daughter of Dick Andrews)—Slight by Selim—daughter of Pot8os—Editha by Herod—Elfrida by Snap, etc. Sweetbriar by Sultan—Antiope by Whalebone—Amazon by Driver (Trentham)—Fractious by Mercury (Eclipse)—Woodpecker, etc.

APPENDIX.

N.—The Pedigree of PERSIMMON.

PERSIMMON (Bay—1893)	St. Simon (Brown—1881)	Galopin (Br.—1872)	Vedette (Br.—1854)	Voltigeur (Br.—1847)	{ Voltaire by Blacklock. { Martha Lynn by Mulatto.
				Mrs. Ridgway (Ro.—1849)	{ Birdcatcher by Sir Hercules. { Nan Darrel by Inheritor.
		Flying Duchess (B.—1853)		The Flying Dutchman (Br.—1846)	{ Bay Middleton by Sultan. { Barbelle by Sandbeck.
				Merope (B.—1841)	{ Voltaire by Blacklock. { Velocipede's dam by Juniper.
		St. Angela (B.—1865)	King Tom (B.—1857)	Harkaway (Ch.—1834)	{ Economist by Whisker. { Fanny Dawson by Nabocklish.
				Pocahontas (B.—1837)	{ Glencoe by Sultan. { Marpessa by Muley.
	Perdita II. (Bay—1881)	Adeline (B.—1851)		Ion (B.—1835)	{ Cain by Paulowitz. { Margaret by Edmund.
				Little Fairy (B.—1832)	{ Hornsea by Velocipede. { Lacerta by Zodiac.
		Lord Clifden (B.—1860)		Newminster (B.—1848)	{ Touchstone by Camel. { Beeswing by Dr. Syntax.
				The Slave (B.—1852)	{ Melbourne by Humphry Clinker. { Volley (sister to Voltigeur) by Voltaire.
		Lady Langden (Br.—1868)		Kettledrum (Ch.—1858)	{ Rataplan by The Baron. { Hybla by The Provost.
				Haricot (Br.—1847)	{ Lanercost by Liverpool. { Queen Mary by Gladiator.
	Hermione (B.—1875)	Y. Melbourne (B.—1855)		Melbourne (Br.—1834)	{ Humphry Clinker by Comus. { Daughter of Cervantes.
				Clarissa (B.—1846)	{ Pantaloon by Castrel. { Daughter of Glencoe.
		La Belle Helene (Br.—1866)		St. Albans (Ch.—1857)	{ Stockwell by The Baron. { Bribery by The Libel.
				Teterrima (Br.—1859)	{ Voltigeur by Voltaire. { Ellen Middleton (dam of Wild Dayrell) by Bay Middleton.

APPENDIX.

O.—A contemporary ballad on a meeting held on Gatherley Moor in the first quarter of the Seventeenth Century.

"You heard how Gatherly Race was run,
What 'horses lost, what horses won,
And all things else that there was done
That day.

Bay Corbet first the start he got,
A horse well known, all fire hot,
But he full soon his fire had shot,
What ho!

Now for a new race I shall you tell
Was neither run for bowl or bell,
But for a great wager as it befell,
Men say.

For he was out of growth so sore
He could not run as heretofore
Nor ne'er will run so any more
I trow.

Three gentlemen of good report
This race did make, to make some sport
To which great company did resort
With speed.

Grey Ellerton then got the lead
A gallant beast of mickle speed
For he did win the race indeed.
Even so.

To start them then they did require
A gallant youth, a brave esquire,
Who yielded soon to their desire
Indeed.

Grey Appleton the hindmost came
And yet the horse was not to blame
The rider needs must have the shame
For that.

They started well, as I heard tell,
With 'Now! St. George, God speed you well!'
Let every man look to himsel
For me.

For tho' he chanced to come behind
Yet did he run his rider blind;
He was a horseman of the right kind
That's flat.

From Lavern Hill to Popleton Ash
These horses run with spur and lash
Through mire and sand and dirt, dish dash
All three.

For when the race was past and done
He knew not who had lost nor won
For he saw neither moon nor sun
As then.

And thus the race is at an end
And so farewell to foe and friend
God send us joy unto our end.

Amen."

APPENDIX.

P.—The Original Articles for the Twelve Stone Plate at Newmarket instituted by King Charles II. in 1665.

- “Articles ordered by His Majestie to be observed by all persons that put in horses to run for the Plate, the new Round heate at Newmarkett, set out the 26th day of October in the 17th year of our Sovereign Lord King Charles II. Which Plate to be rid for yearly the seconde Thursday in October for ever.
- “Imprim’s—That every horse, mare or gelding that rideth for this prize shalbe led out between eleven and twelve of the clock in the forenoon, and shalbe ready to start by one of the same day.
- “Item—Eury horse that rideth shalbe bridled, saddled, and shod, and his rider shall weigh twelve stone fourteen pounds to the stone; and eury rider that wanteth above one pound and a halfe after he hath rid the heat, shall win no plate or prize.
- “Item—Eury horse that rides the new Round Course three times over (set out the 16th day of October in the 17th year of King Charles II.) on the outside of the Ditch from Newmarket, shall leave all the posts and flags the first and last heats on the right hand, and the second on the left hand, starting and ending at the weighing post, by Cambridge Gap, called Thomond’s Post.
- “Item—Whatsoever horse rideth willingly, or for advantage, within any of the said flags, shall win no plate or prize, but lose his stakes, and ride no more; but if he be thrust by any horse against his will, then he shall lose only the heate; provided he keeps all the rest of the flags, and come within distance.
- “Item—It is allowed for any horse to be relieved at the discrecion of the owner at the end of each heat, and eury horse shall haue half an hour’s time to rub between each heat.
- “Item—Whosoever doth stop or stay any of the horses that rideth for this plate or prize, if he be either owner, servant, party, or bettor, and it appears to be willingly done, he shall win no plate, prize, or bets.
- “Item—Eury rider that layeth hold on, or striketh any of the riders, shall win no plate or prize.
- “Item—If any horse, mare, or gelding, shall fall by any mischance, so that the rider be dismounted, and if he does his best afterwards to get within distance, and ride fair (which shall be determined by the Judges of the Field) he shall only lose the heat.
- “Item—Any of the Judges may weigh any of the riders at the end of any of the heats; and if he be found to have fraudulently cast away any of his weight, and want any more than his pound and a halfe, he shall lose the plate, prize, and stakes.
- “Item—If any difference shalbe about riding for this plate, which is not expressed in these articles, it shalbe referred to the noblemen and gentlemen which are then present, and being contributors to the said plate; but more especially the Judges, the Judge being to be chosen every time the plate or prize is run for, by the major part of the contributors that are there present.
- “Item—Eury horse that winneth three heats shall win the plate or prize, without running the course.
- “Item—Eury horse that runneth for the plate or prize shall put in three pounds, except it be a contributor’s horse, and then he shall put in forty shillings.
- “Item—Whosoever winneth the plate or prize shall give to the Clerk of the Course twenty shillings, to be distributed to the poor on both sides of Newmarket, and twenty shillings to the Clerk of the Race; for which he is to keep the course plain and free from cart roots.

APPENDIX

- “Item—The Clerk of the Race is to receive the stakes before any horse starts, and is to deliver it to the tenant for the time being, who is to give sufficient security, not only for his rent, but likewise to add such stakes to the ensuing plate or prize the next year.
- “Item—Eury Horse, Mare, or Gelding, that rideth for this plate or prize, shall likewise deposit twenty shillings for every heat, which the winning horse shall haue; and the last horse of every heat shall pay the second horse's stakes and his own, which stakes are likewise to be deposited into the Clerk of the Race's hands before the horses start, to pay the winning horse his stakes every heat, and likewise twenty shillings to the second horse, to save his stakes; but if there runneth but two horses, then no stakes to be run for but what is to add to the next year's plate.
- “Item—No horse that winneth not one of the three Heats shalbe permitted to come in and run the course.
- “Item—The plate or prize is to be run for the second Thursday in October, every rider carrying twelve stone weight at fourteen pounds to the stone besides bridle and saddle; and if any gentleman that rides shall carry weight in his saddle he shall haue liberty, provided he allows two pounds to the rest for the weight of their saddles.
- “Item—The Clerk of the Race is to summons the riders to start again at the end of half an hour by the signal of drum, trumpet, or any other way, setting up an hourglass for that purpose.
- “Item—No man is admitted to ride for this prize that is either a serving man or groom.
- “Item—That horses that after the running of the three heats shall run the four mile course, shall lead away and start within an hour and halfe or else to win no plate or prize.”

Q.—Winning Owners.

	1899.	1900.	1901.	1902.	1903.	Number of winners.	Number of races won.
Sir J. Miller	£ 1,181	£ 5,793	£ 5,661	£ 11,056	£ 24,763	8	15
Mr. L. de Rothschild	11,444½	4,642½	11,406	3,659½	18,836½	14	35
Mr. J. Gubbins	1,838	1,561	6,517	13,699	18,567	4	6
Major E. Loder	—	4,430	9,320	5,138	15,738	3	12
Sir J. Blundell Maple	6,134	9,287½	21,370	17,912½	15,167½	28	58
Mr. W. Bass	—	—	—	—	14,390½	3	8
Mr. J. Musker	3,723	16,687	5,252½	4,773½	13,939	9	20
Sir E. Cassel	3,703	7,957	9,711	6,549½	13,674½	11	25
Mr. J. B. Joel	—	2,554	747	4,337	11,890	9	20
Lord Howard de Walden	—	—	—	847	9,915	14	22
Lord Carnarvon	1,663	2,602	819	5,370	9,477	12	22
Lord Falmouth	—	603½	2,986	2,820	8,111	2	6
Lord Ellesmere	6,979	4,472½	2,314½	5,330	7,903½	4	24
Mr. Arthur James	10,695	3,244	5,800	16,585½	7,653½	7	11
Mr. L. Brassey	2,620	10,067	1,772	4,903	6,372	8	14
Major J. D. Edwards	2,238	525	687	2,562	5,305	8	15
Mr. H. E. Randall	—	100	1,895	3,198	5,138	11	15
Mr. G. Thursby	—	—	—	3,844	4,927	10	17
Mr. J. R. Keene	—	788	2,399	551	4,616	5	5
Mr. G. A. Prentice	195	—	1,795	2,956	4,594	—	—
Mr. W. M. G. Singer	1,050	3,524	3,637	2,156	4,278	—	—
Lord Wolverton	274	1,589	3,155	3,657	4,162	—	—
Mr. Douglas Baird	3,410	5,689½	3,999	2,547½	3,969	—	—
Lord Rosebery	6,579	485	—	—	3,933	—	—
Sir E. Vincent	1,645	1,538	7,299	7,948	3,808½	—	—
Captain F. Forester	1,514	640	273	3,539	3,637	—	—
Mr. W. C. Whitney	—	2,253	19,720½	5,560	3,569	—	—
Duke of Devonshire	5,242	3,690	4,888	13,357	3,525	—	—
M. J. de Bremond	1,395	—	—	—	3,390	—	—
Lord Dunraven	823	1,211	1,888	1,999	3,328	—	—

APPENDIX.

R.—Buckle's last Race-Card. Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Saturday, November 6, 1831.

Mr. Dilly's *Lioness*, 8st. 7lb., beat Capt. Bulkeley's sister to *Pinwire*, 6st. 11lb., Ab. M., 50, h. ft.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each. First half of Ab. M.

Capt. Byng's <i>Dryad</i>	2	8st.	2lb.	1
Col. Peel's <i>Eccentricity</i>	2	7st.	7lb.	2
Mr. Udny's <i>Conservator</i>	4	8st.	7lb.	3
Gen. Grosvenor's <i>Bartolozzi</i>	2	6st.	13lb.	4

Mr. Vansittart's *Rubini*, 8st., beat Mr. Cooke's *Cloudesley*, 8st. 12lb. Ab. M., 100, h. ft.

Ld. Chesterfield's *Titania*, 9st., beat Ld. Worcester's *Haymaker*, 6st. 12lb. T. Y. C., 50.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb. First half of Ab. M.

D. of Grafton's bl. c. <i>Ebony</i>	1
Mr. Gratwicke's gr. f. by <i>Middleton</i> out of <i>Fest</i>	2
Mr. Greville's <i>Agincourt</i>	3
Mr. Henry's ch. f. by <i>Middleton</i> , dam by <i>Merlin</i> out of <i>Seamew</i>	4

Captain Rous's *Crutch*, 8st. 2lb., beat Mr. Henry's *Agrable*, 8st. 7lb. T. Y. C. 100, h. ft.

Mr. Henry's *Margaret*, 8st. 5lb., beat Mr. Greville's *Margravine*, 8st. 3lb. T. Y. C., 100, h. ft.

Mr. Pettit's f. by *Partisan* out of *Bravura*, 8st. 3lb., beat Mr. Osbaldeston's *Peter Pinder*, 8st. 5lb. T. Y. C., 50, h. ft.

Ld. Jersey's *Blunderer*, 8st. 2lb., beat Ld. Orford's *Grand Duke*, 8st. 8lb. A. F., 100.

Mr. Henry's *Protocol*, 8st. 11lb., beat Sir M. Wood's *Captain Arthur*, 8st. 12lb. A. F., 100.

Mr. Chapman's *The Cardinal*, 8st. 2lb., beat Ld. Worcester's *Coulon*, 8st. 11lb. A. F., 100, h. ft.

Sir M. Wood's *Galantine* recd. ft. from Mr. Greville's *Earwig*, 8st. 5lb. each. B. C., 100, h. ft.

N.B.—Two guineas of the entrance money for the Plates (except for the Handicap Plate on Monday) will be returned to the owners of those horses which start, and of those which are drawn at or before the time of reading the list the evening before running.

Persons having horses engaged are requested to take notice, that the stakes must be made before starting for the first race of the day, and that all forfeits must be declared to the keeper of the Matchbook, by ten o'clock the night before the race was intended to be run, whether the list be then read or not, and the forfeits must be paid the day the race is run, otherwise the discount will not be allowed.

S.—Four Days' Racing in 1903.

SANDOWN, ECLIPSE STAKES; NEWMARKET, JOCKEY CLUB STAKES; TWO DAYS OF THE HOUGHTON
MEETING.

SANDOWN ECLIPSE MEETING, 1903.

Stewards—EARL OF DURHAM, LORD RENDLESHAM, MR. L. DE ROTHSCHILD, and GENERAL OWEN WILLIAMS. *Judge*—MR. C. E. ROBINSON. *Starter*—MR. A. COVENTRY. *Clerk of the Scales*—MR. W. C. MANNING. *Handicappers*—MESSRS. DAWKINS, KEYSER, and LEE. *Clerk of the Course and Stakeholder*—MR. H. WILLIAMS.

FRIDAY, JULY 17.

3.10.—The Sixteenth Renewal of the ECLIPSE STAKES of 10,000 sovs.; the second receives 500 sovs.; the third 100 sovs.; and the nominator of the winner 500 sovs.; weight for age, penalties, etc. Eclipse Stakes Course (one mile and a quarter).

1. Mr. J. Gubbins's br. c. <i>Ard Patrick</i> , by <i>St. Florian</i> — <i>Morganette</i> , 4 yrs., 10st. 2lb. (violet, crimson buttons and cap)	O. Madden	1
2. Mr. W. Bass's b. f. <i>Sceptre</i> , by <i>Persimmon</i> — <i>Ornament</i> , 4 yrs., 9st. 13lb. (yellow, green sleeves and cap)	F. Hardy	2
4. Sir J. Miller's br. c. <i>Rock Sand</i> , by <i>Sainfoin</i> — <i>Roquebrune</i> , 3 yrs., 9st. 4lb. (white, primrose braid, sleeves, and cap)	J. H. Martin	3
3. Mr. G. Faber's <i>Duke of Westminster</i> , by <i>Orme</i> — <i>Gantlet</i> , 4 yrs., 9st. 13lb. (white, yellow collar)	M. Cannon	4
6. Lord Rosebery's <i>Oriole</i> , by <i>Ladas</i> — <i>Ore</i> , 3 yrs., 8st. 12lb. (primrose and rose hoops, rose cap)	W. Halsey	0

The figures preceding the owners' names correspond with the numbers on the card.
(Race started at 3.15. Winner trained by S. Darling, at Beckhampton.)

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Betting: 5 to 4 against *Rock Sand*, 7 to 4 *Sceptre*, 5 to 1 *Ard Patrick*, 100 to 6 *Duke of Westminster*, and 33 to 1 *Oriole* (offered).

Both the parade and canter were led by *Ard Patrick*, and the horses assembled at the post a few minutes after the hour fixed for the start, and a minute after the white flag went up the barrier was released. The first away was *Rock Sand*, followed by *Oriole* and *Ard Patrick*, with *Duke of Westminster* last. On settling down into their places *Oriole* drew out clear of *Rock Sand* and *Ard Patrick*, with *Sceptre* next. A mile from home *Ard Patrick* joined *Rock Sand*, but *Oriole* continued to lead until fairly in the line for home, where *Ard Patrick* drew to the front, followed by *Rock Sand* and *Sceptre*. A quarter of a mile from home *Sceptre* became second, and, passing *Ard Patrick* soon afterwards, the pair fought out a most exciting finish, *Ard Patrick* winning by a neck; three lengths separated the second and third. *Duke of Westminster* was fourth. Time, by Benson's chronograph, 2 min. 7½ sec.

It was early known that Mr. Gubbins had agreed overnight with Count Lehndorff, through the International Horse Agency and Exchange (Limited), to sell *Ard Patrick* for delivery after running not more than three weight-for-age engagements during the remainder of the current season. The price is 20,000 guineas, the same as the Russian Government gave for *Galtze More*, through the same Agency, but with this important difference—that Mr. Gubbins has three valuable races to the good, one of which, the Eclipse Stakes, he has already won, and the other two—the Jockey Club and the Champion Stakes—he will probably win.

But as to the race, the race—for few looked at any other to-day—well, they paraded and cantered, nothing going down quite so well as *Sceptre*, though *Ard Patrick* also strode out with the utmost freedom. And now they were at the gate. I could feel my heart going thump, thump, as I doubt not many others did. It was a supreme moment, one in which you seem to live through ages, and then up went the barrier. The start was superb. Presently *Oriole* dashed to the front, followed by *Rock Sand*, with *Ard Patrick* always lying handy, *Sceptre*, as usual, a bit slow in getting fairly into her stride, and *Duke of Westminster* dropped behind last. Just as they neared the top turn I saw what made me sure *Ard Patrick* would beat *Rock Sand*, for Madden took his mount up without any apparent effort, and gained a good place for the crucial turn. The big horse came round it well, and *Sceptre* was now fairly moving, so that although *Ard Patrick* got first run into the straight and soon settled the leaders, *Sceptre* was hard on his tracks, and a furlong from home seemed to have taken his measure. Already there was a roar of delight over the anticipated victory of the public idol. "*Sceptre* wins!" Yes, it seemed clear as the day. There she was, making one of her brilliant runs, which no opponent yet has ever stalled off, for *Sceptre* has never been beaten when putting in her best efforts. "Come on, old girl!" cried an irreverent admirer; and then came first a murmur, growing quickly into a shout, "*Ard Patrick! Ard Patrick!*" and people choked and gasped with excitement. What a race! What a race!

The gallant Irishman had come again with extraordinary resolution and courage, but the mare also held on, amazed, I dare say, to find any presumptuous horse challenging her supremacy. Yes, she held on, and both jockeys rode for their lives. *Rock Sand* faded away; you only saw the splendid duel as it progressed in all its bitterness and all its beauty before your eyes. Not till very close home could the most acute of judges have foretold the result, and then *Ard Patrick* fairly battled the mare out of the race, but only by a neck, and a great sigh of relief went up from all and sundry. Few could pull themselves together for several minutes after seeing this sight of a lifetime. For my part I could scarcely bear to think of it, so overpowering had it been; and, after just staying to see the winner and *Sceptre* weigh in, I went home. No more racing, no race but one to-day.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1903.

THIRD DAY.—THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1.

3.0.—The JOCKEY CLUB STAKES of 10,000 sovs.; the second received 1,500 sovs.; the third 1,000 sovs.; the nominator of the winner 400 sovs., and the nominator of the second 200 sovs.; weight for age, etc. Last mile and three-quarters of Cesarewitch Course.

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|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------|---|
| 3. Mr. W. Bass's b. f. <i>Sceptre</i> , by <i>Persimmon</i> — <i>Ornament</i> , 4 yrs., 10st. (yellow, green sleeves and cap)... | ... | ... | ... | ... | F. Hardy | 1 |
| 5. Sir J. Miller's br. c. <i>Rock Sand</i> , by <i>Sainfoin</i> — <i>Roguebrune</i> , 3 yrs., 8st. 13lb (white, primrose braid, sleeves, and cap)... | ... | ... | ... | ... | D. Maher | 2 |
| 6. Mr. W. B. Pinfey's b. g. <i>Cappa White</i> , by <i>Buckingham</i> — <i>Eivir</i> , 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb. (light blue and black hoops)... | ... | ... | ... | ... | B. Dillon | 3 |
| 4. Mr. J. Musker's <i>William Rufus</i> , by <i>Melton</i> — <i>Simena</i> , 3 yrs., 8st. 13lb. (light blue, violet sleeves, grey cap)... | ... | ... | ... | ... | O. Madden | 4 |
| 2. Duke of Devonshire's <i>Cheers</i> , by <i>Persimmon</i> — <i>Applause II</i> , 4 yrs., 10st. (straw)... | ... | ... | ... | ... | W. Halsey | 0 |

The figures preceding the owners' names correspond with the numbers on the card.

(Race started at 3.11. Winner trained by A. Taylor, at Manton, and bred by the late Duke of Westminster.)

It was very soon a case of laying odds 11 to 10 on *Rock Sand*, but, at the same time, *Sceptre* had adherents galore at 11 to 8 and 5 to 4, and to the pair the betting may be said to have been confined throughout. Certainly *Cappa White* had occasional friends at 20 to 1, and now and again 50 to 1 was booked *William Rufus*, and 100 to 1 the fifth competitor, *Cheers*.

Betting at the start: 11 to 10 on *Rock Sand*, 5 to 4 against *Sceptre*, 20 to 1 against *Cappa White*, 50 to 1 against *William Rufus*, 100 to 1 against *Cheers* (offered).

Neither *Sceptre*, *Cappa White*, nor *Cheers* was on view in the paddock, and *William Rufus* cantered down to the post in front of *Rock Sand*. The white flag was hoisted at 3.10, the lot being despatched to a capital start a minute later, *Cappa White* showing the way to *Rock Sand* and *William Rufus*, with *Cheers* whipping in. There was no change whatever till about six furlongs from home, when *Sceptre* took third place, and, gradually improving her position, she drew to the front after passing

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the Bushes, at which point Maher began to be uneasy on the favourite, who was lying second, with *Cappa White* next. Thenceforward the race resolved itself into a procession, *Sceptre* maintaining her lead, and won easily amidst a scene of the wildest enthusiasm by four lengths; two lengths divided the second and third. *Cheers* was last throughout. Time by Benson's chronograph, 3 min. 10 sec. Value of the stakes, £7,185.

As soon as *Sceptre* drew up to her opponents on reaching the Bushes she did what we, with many others, thought next to an impossibility. It was not the fact of conceding the 15lb.—the breeding allowance of *Rock Sand* was discovered to be 6lb. instead of 9lb.—but the way it was accomplished. She was travelling as smoothly as possible when she pulled her way there, and one, of course, expected to see a fight, or the weight tell. But it was not so. Maher at once had to ask his colt, and it took but very few strides to tell us of an easy result; indeed, as she showed the latest triple crown hero a clean pair of heels rising out of the dip, a roar began not frequently heard from Newmarket stands, and was continued until the horses were out of view. We do not often find cheering in the Birdcage—not the etiquette of Newmarket; but under weight of excitement of this grand performance it was excusable. As Lady Noreen Bass patted and fondled the heroine of the hour, folks gave vent to their feelings, and the filly did not seem very much fatigued under all circumstances. *Rock Sand* ended up a season most favourable to Sir James Miller and Blackwell, his trainer, despite his two hollow defeats when meeting those of advanced ages.

The weather was fine except for a slight fall of rain during the race, and the attendance was larger than on the previous days during the meeting. The Duke of Cambridge honoured the gathering with his presence. Among the company, besides the Earl of Durham and Mr. A. James (Stewards of the Jockey Club), we noticed Prince Soltykoff, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Marquis of Cholmondeley, Earl and Countess of Coventry, Rajah of Padukota, Earl of Harewood, Lord and Lady Marcus Beresford, Lord Kesteven, Lady Anne Lambton, Lord and Lady Lurgan, Lady Prinsep, Lady Barbara Smith, Lord and Lady Alice Stanley, Lord Villiers, Lord Westbury, Hon. G. Lambton, Hon. Francis Lambton, Hon. F. W. Lambton, Hon. Humphrey Sturt, M.P., Hon. Hugh Astley, Hon. B. Boyle, Hon. A. Brabazon, Sir Patrick Blake, Sir Daniel and Lady Cooper, Sir Edwin Egerton, Sir John Kelk, Sir James and the Hon. Lady Miller, Sir Edgar Vincent, Sir A. Thornhill, Sir Charles Nugent, Major B. Atkinson, Colonel E. W. D. Baird, Colonel P. Bagot, Major L. E. Barry, Captain W. A. E. and Lady Lilian Boyd, Major F. L. Braithwaite, Colonel and Mrs. Chaine, Captain Cookson, Colonel Cumberlege, Colonel Augustus FitzGeorge, Rear-Admiral Adolphus FitzGeorge, Colonel and Mrs. H. Fludyer, Major Hall, Captain J. G. R. Homfray, Captain Hunt, General A. Williams, Major Finies, Major Paul, Colonel Hutton, Colonel Irwin, Captain Laing, Major C. Lambton, Captain Milligan, Major Ord, Captain Soames, Captain the Hon. A. C. E. Somerset, Major and Lady Elena Wickham, Mr. Argenti, Mr. John Barker, Mr. H. F. Beaumont, Mr. W. C. Beaumont, Mr. A. Brisco, Mr. A. M. Cardwell, Mr. E. C. Clayton, Mr. Harvey Combe, Mr. W. Cooper, Mr. A. W. Cox, Mr. Ernest Dresden, Mr. C. A. Egerton, Mr. Fairie, Mr. C. J. F. Fawcett, Mr. Tresham Gilbey, Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, Mr. E. Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. James, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. King, Mr. J. W. and Lady Isabel Larnach, Mr. W. F. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Leigh, Mr. Theodore Lloyd, Mr. J. H. Locke, Mr. Eustace Loder, Mr. Rochfort Maguire, M.P., Mr. A. W. Merry, Mr. C. J. Merry, Mr. J. A. Miller, Mr. J. Musker, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Newton, Mr. R. A. Oswald, Mr. Hugh Owen, Mr. John E. Platt, Mr. G. A. Prentice, Mr. Arthur Portman, Mr. R. Pryor, Mr. W. Raphael, Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P., Mr. Ernest de la Rue, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert de la Rue, Mr. H. Salvin, Mr. A. J. Schwabe, Mr. Sheriffe, Mr. W. Taylor Sharpe, Mr. J. Tait, jun., Mrs. Montague Tharp, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, Mr. Munro Walker, Mr. A. E. Watson, Miss Watson, Mr. M. Weyland, Mr. J. B. Wood and Mr. C. F. Young.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING, 1903.

FIRST DAY.—TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27.

2.0—The FORDHAM WELTER HANDICAP of 251 sovs. Rouse Course (five furlongs).

Mr. J. Pincus's ch. g. by <i>Despair</i> — <i>Light of the Harem</i> , 4 yrs., 7st.	Plant	1
Mr. H. J. King's br. f. <i>Mimicry</i> , 4 yrs., 9st.	H. Jones	2
Mr. J. R. Keen's ch. c. <i>Hurst Park II.</i> , 3 yrs., 8st. 7lb.	Lyne	3
Sir E. Gorst's <i>Pansy Masters</i> , 3 yrs., 8st. 7lb.	W. Lane	0
Duke of Devonshire's <i>Lady Burgoyne</i> , 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb.	Trigg	0
Mr. C. Levy's <i>La Uruguay</i> , aged, 8st. 1lb.	J. H. Martin	0
Mr. L. de Rothschild's <i>Fosco</i> , aged, 7st. 13lb.	Hardy	0
Mr. E. Bonner's <i>Mount Lyell</i> , 5 yrs., 7st. 12lb.	Watts	0
Mr. Fairie's <i>Rinaldo</i> , 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb.	Heppell	0

(Race started at 2.2. Winner trained by Owner, at Newmarket, and bred by Mr. J. A. Miller.)

In quick succession 4 to 1, 7 to 2, 3 to 1, and 5 to 2 was booked in favour of *Hurst Park II.*, but at the same time *La Uruguay* had an immense following at 5 to 1 and half a point less, and three others soundly supported at 100 to 12. 8 to 1, 100 to 14, and 7 to 1 were *Mimicry*, *Fosco*, and *Lady Burgoyne*. As regards the winner or any other, 100's to 8 were finally obtainable.

Betting: 5 to 2 against *Hurst Park II.*, 9 to 2 against *La Uruguay*, 7 to 1 each against *Mimicry*, *Lady Burgoyne*, and *Fosco*, and 100 to 8 against any other (offered).

Pansy Masters, on the lower ground, showed the way to *Fosco*, on the left, *Hurst Park II.*, on the top ground, *Mimicry* and *La Uruguay*, with *Mount Lyell* and *Lady Burgoyne* next, to the Dip, when *Mimicry* and *Hurst Park II.* took a slight

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lead of *Light of the Harem* gelding, but the latter, coming with a wet sail up the hill, won by three-parts of a length; a head divided the second and third. *La Uruguay* was fourth, *Lady Burgoyne* fifth, *Fosco* sixth, and *Mount Lyell* last. Time by Benson's chronograph, 1 min. 6½ sec.

3.30—THE OLD NURSERY STAKES (handicap) of 226 sovs. R.M. (one mile).

Mr. J. Pincus's br. g. by <i>Florizel II.</i> — <i>Profit</i> , 7st. 12lb	W. Lane	1
Mr. H. E. Randall's b. g. <i>Love Game</i> , 8st.	Randall	2
Mr. R. S. Sievier's b. f. <i>St. Joie</i> , 8st. 3lb.	Hardy	3
Mr. Fairie's <i>Charmer</i> , 6st. 11lb.	Heppell	4
Mr. M. Gurry's <i>Lady Dundas</i> , 8st. 2lb.	Watts	0
Mr. H. J. King's <i>Fanfare</i> , 7st. 9lb.*	Bott	0
Mr. Douglas Baird's <i>Marmontel</i> , 8st.	H. Aylin	0
Mr. E. L. Heinemann's <i>Lucid</i> , 7st. 8lb.*	Dawson	0
Major J. D. Edwards's <i>Volar</i> , 7st. 10lb.	J. H. Martin	0
Duke of Devonshire's f. by <i>St. Frusquin</i> — <i>Ronaldina</i> , 7st. 6lb.	Griggs	0
Mr. T. Simpson Jay's <i>Castellar</i> , 7st. 3lb.	Trigg	0
Lord Ellesmere's <i>Somersault</i> , 6st. 5lb.*	J. Jarvis	0

* 5lb. apprentice allowance deducted.

(Race started at 3.37. Winner trained by Owner, at Newmarket, and bred by Mr. W. M. Low.)

Weight of money soon disclosed *Somersault* in the light of a distinctive first fancy at 7 to 2. This notwithstanding, *Profit* gelding had friends in force at 4 to 1 or anything over, and very good sums went on *Volar* at 8 to 1, 100 to 14, and 7 to 1. *St. Joie* was backed at 100's to 12 and 8 to 1, and so was *Lady Dundas* at 10 to 1, 100 to 12, and so forth. *Marmontel* had supporters at 100's to 7 and 8. Nothing else could boast an admirer.

Betting: 7 to 2 against *Somersault*, 4 to 1 against *Profit* gelding, 7 to 1 against *Volar*, 8 to 1 against *St. Joie*, 100 to 12 against *Lady Dundas*, 100 to 8 against *Marmontel*, and 100 to 7 against any other (offered).

The *Profit* gelding, on the lower ground, slipped away with a clear lead of *Volar*, in the centre, *Castellar*, and *Ronaldina* filly, with *Fanfare*, *St. Joie*, and *Somersault* next, and, holding the lead throughout, won in a canter by four lengths from *Love Game* and *St. Joie*, who were only separated by a head. *Charmer*, close up, was fourth, *Somersault* fifth, *Castellar* sixth, *Fanfare* seventh, *Marmontel* next, and *Volar* last. Time by Benson's chronograph, 1 min. 52½ sec.

4.0—THE LIMEKILN STAKES of 415 sovs.; weight for age, etc. A.F. (one mile, two furlongs).

Mr. W. Bass's b. f. <i>Sceptre</i> , by <i>Persimmon</i> — <i>Ornament</i> , 4 yrs., 9st. 11lb.	Hardy	1
Prince Soltykoff's b. c. <i>Paregoric</i> , 3 yrs., 8st. 1lb.	Watts	2

(Race started at 4.6. Winner trained by A. Taylor, at Manton, and bred by the late Duke of Westminster.)

Such an absolute certainty was this race considered for *Sceptre* that the extravagant odds of 66 to 1 were at once laid on, and these were immediately followed by considerations of 100 to 1.

Betting: 100 to 1 on *Sceptre*.

Sceptre made the whole of the running, and won in a canter by eight lengths. Time by Benson's chronograph, 2 min. 30½ sec.

4.30—THE CRITERION STAKES of 706 sovs., for two year olds; colts, 8st. 8lb.; fillies and geldings, 8st. 6lb.; winners extra. Criterion Course (six furlongs).

Major Eustace Loder's ch. f. <i>Pretty Polly</i> , by <i>Gallinule</i> — <i>Admiration</i> , 9st. 2lb.	W. Lane	1
Mr. W. C. Whitney's b. c. <i>Hands Down</i> , 9st. 1lb.	J. H. Martin	2

(Race started at 4.30. Winner trained by Mr. Gilpin, at Newmarket, and bred by Owner.)

It was another case of long odds on, 100's to 7 being finally betted on *Pretty Polly*.

Betting: 100 to 7 on *Pretty Polly*, who waited on *Hands Down* till below the distance, when she drew out and won in a canter by a length and a half. Time by Benson's chronograph, 1 min. 24½ sec.

This has been a day of some moment. We have seen *Sceptre* and *Pretty Polly* run and, of course, win. We have seen *Sceptre* in the paddock both before and after her race, and very beautiful she looked, despite her broken coat. We have seen other things of importance, and have pursued investigations into the Cambridgeshire possibilities and probabilities in the time-honoured manner, but everything has sunk into insignificance by comparison with Mr. Pincus. Few, indeed, are the men who can live for years in a place like Newmarket, where rivalries must needs be created, and come out of it with such a tremendous demonstration of the goodwill of all and sundry as Jacob Pincus did to-day. It must be remembered, too, that it was no Englishman they were cheering, but an American trainer, and one who twenty-two years ago first captured a Derby and St. Leger for an American owner. His Majesty the King arrived in time for the first race.

THIRD DAY.—THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29.

JOCKEY CLUB CUP of 500 sovs. (a cup value 100 sovs. and the remainder in specie), added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., weight for age, etc.; the second received 50 sovs. Cesarewitch Course (two miles two furlongs).

His Majesty's <i>Mead</i> , by <i>Persimmon</i> — <i>Meadow Chat</i> , 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb.	Watts	1
M. M. Caillault's <i>Chatte Blanche</i> , 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.	Hardy	2
Lord Howard de Walden's <i>St. Maclou</i> , 5 yrs., 9st. 1lb.	Cain	3

(Winner trained by R. Marsh.)

Betting: 6 to 4 against *St. Maclou*, 2 to 1 *Chatte Blanche*, 9 to 4 *Mead*.

St. Maclou led until fairly on to the flat, when *Chatte Blanche* assumed the lead, but gave way as the Bushes were neared to *Mead*, who won, amidst hearty cheering, by six lengths; a bad third.

After a protracted period of wet and gloom it was a relief this morning to find that there were such distinct signs of improvement, and, indeed, the early sunshine engendered a strong feeling of exhilaration;

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thus people were out betimes, as a stroll on the heath before breakfast is to many one of the most delightful features of the week's visit to headquarters. Amongst those who witnessed the horses at exercise was his Majesty the King, who was again mounted on his hack. As the day wore on the weather became of the very best autumn type, and such an enjoyable afternoon has not been experienced for a long time.

The field for the Jockey Club Cup cut down to limited proportions. I believe that, had it been known in the early part of the week that *Zinfandel* did not run, *Wavelet's Pride* would have been started for the race. *St. Maclou* was left to do battle single-handed for Major Beatty's stable, and as he was only opposed by *Mead* and the French filly, *Chatte Blanche*, it was thought he would place the prize to the credit of Lord Howard de Walden. *Mead* had so utterly failed to extend *Rondeau* in the Lowther Stakes here a fortnight ago that it was not easy to regard his prospects in an optimistic light, but the French filly, *Chatte Blanche*, had some very fair form to her credit on the other side of the Channel. *St. Maclou* was not in one of his best moods, and the precaution had to be taken of saddling him at home two hours previous to the race, so, perhaps, his connections were not unprepared for his sulky exhibition. As a matter of fact, he obstinately refused to gallop, and the issue was in the last half-mile left to the other pair, of whom *Mead* stayed the longer, and won by half a dozen lengths. Needless to say, the success of the King's horse was immensely popular, and his Majesty was obviously much pleased when he went into the Birdcage to see the son of *Persimmon* return to the unsaddling enclosure. The Royal livery has been so singularly out of luck this year that it is most gratifying to chronicle a change in Fortune's wheel in regard to Egerton House, and it is to be hoped that this will be only a prelude to further successes.

NOTE.—The above extracts were made from "The Daily Telegraph," "Sportsman," "Sporting Life," and "Sporting Times."

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To many other Authors, Newspapers, and Magazines the writer desires to make his acknowledgments, regretting that space forbids him to print the names of all.

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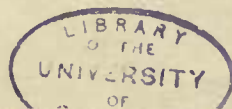
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